

# Euthanasia

## Tygers of Pan Tang

One, two, three, four, Euthanasia OK  
Kill 'em off if you can  
The gas is nice, but the needle's better,  
Grandma.

Oh yeah Euthanasia OK,  
All the way, Euthanasia.

Come on oldies it's your momentous day  
To be murdered in this way.  
You could only live for 30 years more,  
So what reason have you got to stay.

Come into the chamber, it's really clean.  
You won't catch any disease,  
Oh Gran, we're not that mean.

Forgive us but you will have to pay,  
Riding on our backs 60 years of the way.  
Now close your eyes and hold your breath.  
Open the gates, this is your final day.

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Lyrics submitted by pascal leroy.

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