

# Andrew Jackson Jihad, Bang, Bang, Bang

You're helpless and hopeless  
You want to help out the homeless  
But you've got problems  
You're selfish and worthless  
And you have no fucking purpose  
You're a cancer causing, cancer having slob  
Whoa, Who-oa, Whoa

There are morals that conflict with orals  
That conflict with anals, that believe in angels  
Angels are hating on you  
Good is the absence of evil  
And evil is the absence of good  
There is an axis of evil rolling into this neighborhood  
With the sound of gun shots  
Bang! Bang! Bang!  
Whoa, Whoa, Whoa

It was then that I found I am vampire  
I have fangs fucking 15 inches long  
And the sanguinary sweetness of stealing someones blood  
Feels so good I am compelled to sing this song  
At night when I retire to my coffin, to sleep for a hundred years or more  
All you people that I know will have died long ago and your children will have died 10 years before  
Whoa, Whoa, Whoa