

# Cherry Poppin' Daddies, Cosa Nostra

Lead pipe slammed in a storekeeper's head  
Looks like spaghetti decomposin in bed  
Please don't shoot, God think of my kids  
You shut your yap you dirty piece of shit

We're Cosa Nostra Cosa Nostra

A greasy nightclub up on a tinsel stage  
Outside they bother you for money  
Just goin' along for the boss everyday so matter a fact when she sucks him

Do like the animals do  
I hear the maggots have chewed who you most loved  
How they've come for you

It takes some pressure to make a diamond  
It takes some losin' to win a soul  
It takes a bleak house to run away from  
It takes a warm bed to appreciate the cold world inside of you

Shouldn't of dropped out of school to the bus tub  
Are you unloved  
Make the most of  
Make the most of what's still left of you