

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