

Denis Leary, Traditional Irish Folk Song

I want you to get a gun
And head on down to Washington
I want you to climb up high
High in the sky and shoot them all
Th-th-they don't deserve to live
What did they every give to you? Na na na na na
You know what I want you to do? I want you to go upstairs to that
apartment where that guy keeps playing that Barry Manilow record
"Copacabana" over and over and over again. I want you to ring the
doorbell, and when he answers the door, I want you to stab him in the neck
with a Number 2 pencil over and over and over again because he must pay!
Chop him up and put him in the freezer and as you leave the apartment,
light the place on fire!

CHORUS

Voices in my head
These are the voices in my head
Voices in my head
These are the voices in my head
You should dress up like a clown
Bark bark howl

Hi you never called me back. I got the pictures back from Thanksgiving. I
don't know why you wear that earring. If your father was alive I don't
know what he'd say. I was talking to Mrs. Corelli yesterday. You know
Bobby Corelli who was in your grade? He got promoted again in his law
firm. He's making \$175,000 a year now. Are you on drugs? Why don't you
ever call me back? When are you gonna get married son? Isn't it about time
you settled down and got yourself a wife and got yourself a house and got
a kid, and got a car, and got a dog and got a lawnmowerk, and got a nice
picket fence...

CHORUS

The voice in my head-
Why, why is it every time
I gotta wait on fuckin' line?
Why is it every time I turn on my television set I gotta see Sally
Struthers and those starving kids? Why can't somebody just send her a
check and shut her and those god damn kids up? Jesus fucking Christ!
Where's Rob Reiner when you need him?
Why, why don't they drop the bomb
Right on top of everyone? Na na na na na

CHORUS