

Dogs With Jobs, Its Killing Time

I woke up this morning
with a thought in my head
I like the idea of seeing you dead
It's not that I hate you
I just need something to do
I think I'll kill some time
I'll do it killing YOU
What's the point of shooting you
with a plain old boring gun
Why should I shoot when
I could beat you with a boot
Not too quick, not too slow
Just like on TV!!!

It's killing time, it's killing time
I need something to do
It's killing time, it's killing time
It's killing time, it's killing time
Gotta keep myself amused
It's killing time, it's killing time

I like the way you stammer
when I whack you with a hammer
I like the way you shake
when I poke you with a rake
We're gonna play a game
HOT AS HELL is it's name
We'll play it on the porch
with a lighter and a torch
I'll smother you in chocolate
to make you nice and sweet
Then I'll chop you into pieces
like halloweeny treats
I'll find myself a cleaver
to lop off your little ears
and while you lie there bleeding
I'll down a few cold beers

Come here
Come here!
I mean it!
Alright... have it your way...

Down the stairs with love
with a not so gentle shove
I'll grab a file to scrape you
then stuff you up and bake you

Zap you in the microwave
till you're burnt to powder
Like a manical gourmet
I'll boil your bones in chowder