

Frankie Castle, Frankie Castle, Call 666

Scared to death, prepared a statement, stressed
My paycheck's less than I care to confess
Behind this door is the office where my boss lives
Cognisant on the part of it I can't suppress
Nevertheless, practice my statement like Luca Brasi
While the world moves slowmotion Koyaanisqatsi
Hearts racing, what in tarnation is holding me back?
Afraid asking for a donation will get me sacked
Like a llama who's been messing with the opening credits
Uncopesetic on accounta my restitution fetish
Lettuce is what I need, burst my pocket seams
While Rocket Teams oppose my ever sloppy schemes

I need tangible greens not imaginary fiends
Pan and scans scenes make way for widescreens
I'm a reindeer and my GM's a pair of highbeams
Gotta fiegn clear thinking in wake of goodbye themes
Can't comply, must defy, the revolution is coming
But until then I need more recompence for this drumming
Something other than minimum wage for this page
Who hovers over displays overdone with cliches

Mumble, choke, stammer, sweat
Stumble over lines, forget
That my fellow employees have fatter checks
With necks adorning pearls on the fairer sex
Complex monatry dispersion, diversion from work immersion
Make a clerk conversion complete with Sunday church excursions
The money in one day isn't enough for this bum, say
I should resort gangbang rigermarol and gun play

Sell coke like Tony Montana, carry a pistol
And kill anyone who touches my sister's culo
Cool it bro, gotta stay calm clear headed
Instead of the opposed stay composed and collected
Fear of being rejected is keeping me from knocking
On the door, poking my head in "Can I ask you a question?"
So I sit waiting writing things to say on note cards
Petrified of being demoted to a goat farm

I don't mean harm, this isn't cause for alarm
Just a couple bucks more an hour will keep me on par
With the budget, tired of fudgin' numbers to afford
The latest in technology and another power chord
It's not a lot to ask, beats donning a mask
Fightin' the crime of sobriety whilst grasping a flask
If I ask for too much the next check could be my last
Gotta think of some clever reason for more payment fast

Hmmm...hm...wait a second...that's it...got it!
(knock knock)

Hey there Boss, nice to see you haven't lost
Your delightful demeanor and keener sense not to toss
My butt out in the cold, you've been sold on my willingness
To fullfill what's needed by what Corperate's instilling us
And a few more shillings wouldn't hurt in my payment
And if not I'm prepared to write Corperate a statement
Pertaining on how the store is run and your complete lack of class
And how sometimes you empty the till and fill your pockets with cash

And that one time you gave your whole family store credit
For free, wheeling and dealing, partaking in steeling
Racketeering at night, turn the store to a whorehouse

Borders is your front for an immoral hardcore crowd
Tasteless, dispicable, invisible in the daylight
This hayride stops here lest I cut in on the sideline
I want a slice off the top from this den of iniquities
Sick of the 8 bucks an hour antiquities
Plus a bit more for keeping my mouth shut, and just in case
I'll keep the cops on speed dial to bust up the place
A steady cash flow for Smash Bros. and comics
And Castle will make sure not to Robotnic your Sonic
Three months vacation complete with compensation
Or else the temptation to give feds information
With no hesitation you'd face some criminal charges
Forcing customers to buy books with subliminal jargon
Liberal "bargains" that cost more than the list price
Sponsering and taking bets on after hours fist fights
Selling book covers that don't ever fit right
Rook's got other demands so why don't you just sit tight
I need a decade subscription to Xbox Live Gold
No eyes rolled, I need all that I'm owed
I want an iPhone with the number blocked for crank calls
And Bill Gates's personal line so I can buzz him from time to time
And make sure Rami gets workin' on Evil Dead 4
I wanna see Ash workin' at the S Mart store
And get me Jana Tylova so I can raise my Brain Age
And a spot on Warped Tour and ensure the main stage
As immiture as it sounds I wanna everything in Lost and Found
And every album I make mixed in 5.1 surround
I mean, that is, unless you wanna be turned in
I'd have trouble telling the authorities just where to begin
This list of felonies would make any cop grin
While you cry I'd stand by playin' the smallest violin
When you decide that I'm in on half of the profits
I'll promise not to disclose to the cops and copettes

And you and me will always be
Best buddies