

# Robert Calvert, Revenge

He went to work  
Went on with a Thompson gun  
Ten magazines and his case weighed a ton  
Booked a hotel room with a view of the street  
And a speakeasy bar room where the hoodlums all meet

He sat up till dawn  
The sky was all torn  
The sun was a slaughter of red  
But he waited until he slayed before he went to bed  
For the one with the stick pin  
Who shot his daddy dead

He knelt with the parts spread on the hotel room floor  
For cleaning and oiling when he heard the door  
He called out "Who's that?";

And a voice said "The maid."  
He said "Come later, if you want to get laid."

He waited till ten  
Then he saw the men  
Four men in a Ford limousine  
He fired through the curtain so he would not be seen  
And got all four of those men  
And he got away clean

Revenge is sweet  
Revenge is sweet  
You know  
Revenge is sweet  
Revenge so sweet