

The Offspring, Beheaded '99

Mommy doesn't have a head any more
Keep it underneath my bed on the floor
Well that's alright, that's OK
She never really used her head anyway
Daddy called me a silly bore
Bet he won't say that any more
Because the way his body is severed too
His vocal chords are gonna be hard to use
Beheaded, watch you spurt like a garden hose
Beheaded, bloody mess all over my clothes
Watch my girl friend come to the door
Chop off her head, she falls to the floor
Now watching my baby's jugular blow
Really makes my motor go
Wrap a towel round the bloody stump
Take my baby's body to the city dump
Then wipe the mess off the bloody axe
Scoop all the heads into my burlap sack
Beheaded, watch her spurt like a garden hose
Beheaded, bloody mess all over my clothes
All my collection, adorns my room on bamboo poles
Use to be a little, but a little got more and more
Now I'm craving yours
Night brings bad dreams, bad dreams and guillotines
Off with her head
Off with her head
Off with her head
Off with her head
Off with her head
Off with her head
Find another victim for my machine
Put him in a home-made guillotine
Blade falls, gonna need a casket
Watch your head plop in a wicker basket
Leave the house at a quarter to four
Come back with sixteen or more
Cause the more I walk, the more I see
I got a funny feeling coming over me
Beheaded, watch you spurt like a garden hose
Beheaded, bloody mess all over my clothes