

Wednesday 13, American Werewolves In London

Full moon tonight
The stars are shining bright
There's something in the shadows giving you a fright
Such a gruesome sight
Seeing the children of the night
Destroying humans one by one
With no compassion for life

And with the dawn comes a new day
And we return to our normal ways
No memory of what we've done
Except the signs that we had fun

Now we're waking up with scratches on our back
And flesh underneath our nails
We're going down to Piccadilly Square
To raise a little hell

And now we're on the run
And you know we're having so much fun
Being American werewolves in London

So who's left, who will be next
There's no preference here
Just as long as there's flesh
And now there's no way out
You're all going down
Piece by piece, and limb by limb
Scattered all around on the ground

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