

# Wednesday 13, No Rabbit In The Hat

Bang my head against the wall  
If it wasn't for the blood I wouldn't know it at all  
Smile at the camera with broken teeth  
Slit my wrists say cheese and watch I bleed

Well it's ghouls night out creeps on parade  
Creatures of the night they serenade  
A penny for your thoughts, pennies for your eyes  
I cross my fucking heart that I hope you die

And I've got an addiction  
To ammunition, yeah, yeah  
Well sticks and stones can break your bones  
But a twelve gauge sawn off  
Will blow your fucking head off

No tricks up my sleeve, no rabbit in the hat  
Blood on my hands a rat in the trap  
Laughing down the barrel of a gun that's at your head  
Pull the trigger, bang, bang now you're dead

Everything will be all right  
If I could just get out alive  
Guess I could pray if all else fails  
Even though it's bullshit but I might as well

I'm running like a rat now through this maze  
With a bottle of booze and a hand grenade  
Screaming bloody murder at the top of my lungs  
Deaths a mother fucker but it sure is fun

Ladies and gentlemen as you can see  
I have no tricks up my sleeve  
And there is certainly no rabbit in the hat