

Faster Pussycat, Cryin Shame

There was a haunting
Evil breeze blowing off the bay
That kasso smiled
As he took the kid's life away
The midway was his private oasis
Where the dope got just a little too strong
Relax, Jummy boy, it's only homicide
The punk will never know what's going on

Wake me when it's over and it's done
Why can ya see the poor boy bleed
Does it make you numb

It's a cryin' shame
I got blood on my hands
And my life's going down the drain
It's a cryin' shame
I got blood on my hands
Man it's a crying shame

From the Northport gazebo
To the Aztakea Woods they strayed
They butchered the boy
And threw his body in a shallow grave
For weeks under the leaves
He just sat there dead
Without a breath of life in his bones

He left his ma and pa cryin
Wondering and whining...
Why their little boy never came home

Wake me when it's over and it's done
Why can ya see the poor boy bleed
Does it make you numb

It's a cryin' shame
I got blood on my hands
And my life's going down the drain
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Say it no Lord help me Jesus Christ
It's all over now kiss your ass goodbye

Wake me when it's over and it's done
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