

# Lordi, Mr. Killjoy

Your shindig's kinda boring  
Shall I spike the punch with cyanide?  
I gotta warn you - You'll need a coroner tonite

If you see me, better flee me  
If you hear me, better fear me  
I help you from the fryer into the fire

Nananananah - Calling Mr. Killjoy  
I'm the death of every party  
Nananananah - Calling Mr. Killjoy  
And I don't care if you don't like me

I'm here to fix your troubles  
Rude force applied with some finess  
When people are the problem  
My hatchet always works the best (Oh, yes it will)

I made you suffer and that doesn't feel right  
I thought my knife would snuff you out like a light  
How rude of me, a quick be-heading will end your fright