

Pain, Man Upstairs (What A Man Version)

On the wedding anniversary
Of the Johnson's
They went out on a date.
Little Jimmy had strict orders
To be in bed, to be in bed by eight.
But little Jimmy knew they'd be late,
And he liked TV, he thought it was great
He's not alone
Turning channels, Jimmy faltered
After hearing what he thought might have been
Creepy chuckles, scary breathing,
And the sounds of metal s-s-s-s-scraping on wood.
Hired by the Johnson's that day
He's professional
And likes things his way
Or not at all
He's for hire
The man upstairs
He'll take care of you.
Jimmy grabbed the phone receiver,
Called the fuzz up
While he peed in his pants
Down the staircase
In the next room
Here he comes, kid,
Hatchet clutched in his hands.
Jimmy trembled and crept through the dark
Into the kitchen
Where all the knives are
He's not alone
Here comes the man
He's for hire
The man upstairs
He'll take care of you.
What a man, what a man, what a man, what a mighty good man!
What a man, what a man, what a man, what a mighty good man, a mighty mighty good man!
What a man, what a man, what a man, what a mighty good man!
I'm the man, the man from upstairs!
I'm the man, the man from upstairs!
I'm the man, the man from upstairs!
I'm the man, the man from upstairs!
Whoa, yeah yeah yeah!
Go!
ONE!
TWO!
ONE!
TWO!
ONE TWO THREE FOUR!