

Richard O'Brien, Eddie

From the day he was born
He was trouble
He was the thorn
In his mother's side
She tried in vain

But he never caused her nothing but pain

He left home the day she died
From the day he was born
All he wanted
Was and rock n roll
Porn und ein motor bike
She looted up junk

He was a low down
Cheap little punk

Taking everyone
For a ride

When Eddie said he didn't like his teddy
You knew he was a no good kid
But when he threatened you life with switchblade knife

What a guy

Makes you cry

Und I did

Everybody shoved him
I very nearly loved him
I said hey
Listen to me
Stay sane inside insanity
But he locked the door and threw away the keys

But he must have been drawn
Into something
Making him warn me in a note which reads

I'm out of my head
Of hurry or I may be dead
They mustn't carry out their evil deeds

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