

# Sloppy Seconds, I Want 'Em Dead

I took my car in to get it fixed  
And i give the keys to some toothless hick  
Who picks his nose and spits  
I want him dead!

And later on i go to shop for clothes  
And the sales clerk strikes a snotty pose  
"Can i help you with those?"  
I want him dead!

And every time i see that stuck up topless dancer  
I only want her to grow old and die of cancer  
Cause i wanna set a bonfire in her hair  
See her fry in the electric chair  
Cause thats how much i care  
I want her dead!

And i ask myself well how can it be right  
To wish these awful deaths on people day and night  
But when i ask why thats the way that it must be  
I only tell myself 'well better them than me'.

Cause it's not that i'm such an awful guy  
Don't ask me cause i don't know why  
But certain people must die  
I want 'em dead!

Yeah, I wish they'd take a leap from a windowsill,  
Or overdose on sleeping pills  
Curiosity kills  
I want 'em dead!

Everyone who's afraid to dance  
And everyone who wears panthers' pants  
And the whole nation of France  
I want 'em dead!

You better take a dive on a live grenade  
Or slit your throat with a razor blade  
I wish you'd all get aids  
I want 'em dead!

Whoaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!  
They got a go  
They got a go  
They got a go  
I want 'em dead!  
And I  
Don't know why they got a die  
But i want them dead!

De-de-de-dead  
Dead  
Dead  
Dead  
I want 'em dead  
DEAD!