

Tear Garden, Psycho 9

I took my customary stroll
In the mid-day sun
Got my devil diviner
Hand on my gun
Now the game's for you
We do it for fun
Look out!
Got this itch inside my skull
Got a clip on my wings
Now I'm seeing you peripheral
Or what's under your skin
Got a basket full of puppets
A hatful of pins
Look out!
Some folks set up a posse
In the local estate now to cripple me
Crisp at the stake
You forgot a few believers
You made a mistake
Look out!
Now they hide inside their boxes
Not a soul on the street
Except for pizzaman
Strangers
Little old me
Look out!