

The Offspring, Beheaded

Mommy doesn't have her head any more
Keep it underneath my bed on the floor
Well that's all right though
That's OK
She never really used her head anyway

Daddy called me a silly bore
Bet he won't say that any more
Because the way his body's severed in two
His vocal chords are gonna be hard to use

Beheaded
Watch you spurt like a garden hose
Beheaded
Bloody mess all over my clothes

Watch my girlfriend come to the door
Chop off her head, she falls to the floor
Watching my baby's jugular flow
Really makes my motor go

Wrap a towel around the bloody stump
Take my baby's body to the city dump
Then wipe the mess off the bloody axe
Scoop all the heads in my burlap sack

Beheaded
Watch you spurt like a garden hose
Beheaded
Bloody mess all over my clothes

All my collection
Adorns my room on bamboo poles
Use to be a little
But a little got more and more
Now I'm craving yours

Night brings bad dreams
Bad dreams with guillotines

Off with her head

Find another victim for my machine
Put him in a homemade guillotine
Blade falls, gonna need a casket
Watch the head plop in a wicker basket

Leave the house at a quarter to four
Come back with sixteen or more
Cause the more I want, the more I see
I got a funny feeling coming over me

Beheaded
Watch you spurt like a garden hose
Beheaded
Bloody mess all over my clothes