

# WASP, Chainsaw Charlie (Live Donington '92)

O.K. boy now here's your deal  
Will you gamble your life?  
Sign right here on the dotted line  
It's the one you've waited for all of your life

Ah - will it feed my hunger  
If I swallow lies right down my throat?  
Or will it choke me till I'm raw?  
And tomorrow when I'm gone  
Will they whore my image on?  
I'll will my throne away, to a virgin heir and Charlie's slave

Murders, murders in the new morgue  
Murders, murders in the new morgue  
See old Charlie and the platinum armies  
Making me their boy  
Murders, murders in the new morgue  
Murders, murders in the new morgue  
He'll make ya scream for the cash machine  
Down in Chainsaw Charlie's morgue

We'll sell your flesh by the pound you'll go  
A whore of wrath just like me  
We'll sell ya wholesale, we'll sell your soul  
Strap on your six string and feed our machine

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Welcome to the morgue boy  
Where the music comes to die  
Welcome to the morgue son  
I'll cut your throat just to stay alive  
Ah, trust me boy  
I won't steer you wrong  
If you trust me son  
You won't last very long

I'm the president of showbiz, my name is Charlie  
I'm a cock sucking asshole, that's what they call me  
Here from my Hollywood tower I rule  
I'm lying motherfucker, the chainsaw's my tool  
The new morgue's our factory, to grease our lies  
Our machine is hungry, it needs your life  
Don't mind the faggots, and the ruthless scum  
Before we're done, son we'll make you one  
I'm the tin man, I've never had a heart  
I'm the tin man, But I'll make you a star  
I'm the tin man, I've never had a heart  
I'm the tin man, but I'll make me the star