

Wednesday 13, No Rabbit In The Hat

Bang my head against the wall
If it wasn't for the blood I wouldn't know it at all
Smile at the camera with broken teeth
Slit my wrists say cheese and watch I bleed

Well it's ghouls night out creeps on parade
Creatures of the night they serenade
A penny for your thoughts, pennies for your eyes
I cross my fucking heart that I hope you die

And I've got an addiction
To ammunition, yeah, yeah
Well sticks and stones can break your bones
But a twelve gauge sawn off
Will blow your fucking head off

No tricks up my sleeve, no rabbit in the hat
Blood on my hands a rat in the trap
Laughing down the barrel of a gun that's at your head
Pull the trigger, bang, bang now you're dead

Everything will be all right
If I could just get out alive
Guess I could pray if all else fails
Even though it's bullshit but I might as well

I'm running like a rat now through this maze
With a bottle of booze and a hand grenade
Screaming bloody murder at the top of my lungs
Deaths a mother fucker but it sure is fun

Ladies and gentlemen as you can see
I have no tricks up my sleeve
And there is certainly no rabbit in the hat