

I got a room down in hollywood  
The rent was cheap,  
The street was cool  
But there was an old man  
Who lived right next to me  
He was so wretched  
He ate up everything  
The day I moved in  
I got weird feelings  
I played my guitar  
He hit the ceiling  
He ran out into the hall and he yelled  
"watch out, son, I've got a taser gun!  
Watch out, son, I've got a taser gun!"  
He's on the loose  
He's got the juice  
Like a mad dog with no teeth

He left me notes  
Said all kinds of things  
"you little creepy slob,  
Why don't you get a job?  
Why don't you cut your hair?  
Why don't you get out of here?  
Why don't you move away?  
Why don't you just get lost? "  
He spent his days  
Down in adult book stores  
Bringing home all kinda weirdos  
And blasting his tv back at me  
So one day I get pissed  
We got into a fight  
I kicked him in the nuts  
He yelled with all his might  
"watch out, son, I've got a taser gun!  
Watch out, son, I've got a taser gun!"  
You son of a bitch  
I think it's startin to itch  
He's got the taser gun  
(spoken: mr. handjob)