

My Son, The Vampire

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Blood!
Blood!

My son, the vampire,
He'll make you a wreck.
Every time he kisses you,
There'll be two holes in your neck.

Blood!
Blood!

My son, the vampire,
He will leave you pale.
All he does is drink your blood,
'cause he don't like ginger ale.

When they see him, people scream, and they yell.
And they scream and yell 'cause they're scared as heck that he'll say
...

Blood!
Blood!

My son, the vampire,
He's a total loss.
And if you should meet with him,
Do not drink or eat with him.
Run if he takes out his dental floss.
'Cause my son, the vampire, ain't collecting it for the Red Cross!
He wants...

Blood!

He needs...

Blood!

He drinks...

Blood!

Doesn't everybody?
Have a glass!
It's delicious!
Yum yum!
It's...

Blood!