

Bang, Bang, Bang

Andrew Jackson Jihad

You're helpless and hopeless
You want to help out the homeless
But you've got problems
You're selfish and worthless
And you have no fucking purpose
You're a cancer causing, cancer having slob
Whoa, Who-oa, Whoa

There are morals that conflict with orals
That conflict with annals, that believe in angels
Angels are hating on you
Good is the absence of evil
And evil is the absence of good
There is an axis of evil rolling into this neighborhood
With the sound of gun shots
Bang! Bang! Bang!
Whoa, Whoa, Whoa

It was then that I found I am vampire
I have fangs fucking 15 inches long
And the sanguinary sweetness of stealing someones blood
Feels so good I am compelled to sing this song
At night when I retire to my coffin, to sleep for a hundred years or more
All you people that I know will have died long ago
and your children will have died 10 years before
Whoa, Whoa, Whoa