

Weird Story

Apathy

She seemed sooo... innocent to most folks, never woulda thought
that
The little old lady on the block with the black cat
Workin' on her front yard garden arrangement
Would have a couple bodies chopped up in the basement
You never woulda guessed that this sweet little grandma
Separates the arm from the body with a handsaw
Late while the block sleeps, butcher knives chop meat
Wrist bone, leg bone, hidden under concrete
And you can say I'm crazy, but she never draws suspicion
Every time another mailman goes missin'
At the town barbecue, everybody tries more
Famous meatballs people sayin' they'd die for
Wrapped up, packed up, have 'em for a quick snack
Take some, but make sure she gets her dish back
In fact, come inside, close the door behind you
Just let me remind you, they'll probably never find you