

Nothing ever happens in this dirty hick town
The bar is always closed and all the hookers are long gone
The church is entertainment and prozac is the drug
I'm going out of my mind, start changing it around

I got gallons of blood
Can't remember where it's from
Just clippings on the wall
I guess it's stuff that I have done

I've gotta paint this town red!

Autoerotic, I'm bored and all neurotic
Just sitting around all day just planning how to die
Wasting time, cracking fingers
My body gets thinner by the minute
Sometimes I feel that I am dead
Distant memories haunt me
It really seems like a dream
Like a dead man's song
A machine with no conscience

I've gotta paint this town red!

Like a dead man's song
I'm just a souped-up machine with no conscience
Like a dead man's song
Living in a dirty hick town

I've gotta paint this town red!