

Dead men tell no tales

D.O.A.

Dead men tell no tales
Dead men don't try to blackmail
They smell bad and they're kind of pale
Dead men tell no tales

"Hey Joe, remember that so and so?"
Yeah, I know that stiff, I'll see him in hell
"Was he in D.O.A.?" That's what they say
But he was never the same after that fateful day

It was kind of messy, he bled pretty bad
And the way he twitched, I thought he was mad
But I had to make sure, he wasn't in pain
So I backed up the van and squished him again

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"Hey Joe, remember those scummy promoters on the east coast?"
Which ones? "The ones you wanted to toast"
Yea, they ripped us off and stole our van
They got the cops, to throw us in the can

I was out for a beer when I saw those two
I could see they were looking for a band to screw
But out in the alley, I caught 'em alone
Couldn't hear the chainsaw
When they screamed and they moaned

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Can't rip ya off or drink your beer
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I really don't remember how, it all seems kinda foggy now
What a great, great bunch of guys, but somehow they started dropping like flies
There was the one that fell off the cliff
I thought it might happen to that son of a bitch
There was poison and knives and the hangman's noose
Pass the potatoes, gonna cook his goose

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They can't rip ya off when they're 6 feet under
Dead men tell no tales
No tales (3x)