

Holy Hack Jack

Demented Are Go!

He got a sheath made of plastic grabs it over his head
forty gallons of petrol
gonna burn you all dead.

A forty-five strapped to his side
A machete in his hand
What's the name. What's the game.
Holy Hack Jack's the man.

He's a sick sick, sick gone mother
He's a sick sick, sick gone man
He's a sick sick, sick gone mother
He's a sick sick, sick gone man
He hobbles along on a busted knee
knife strapped to his thigh.
Bombs and blades, hand grenades
somebody's gonna die

With his cassocks an' his robes and his leather chaps
covered by a plastic mack
he's sick he's insane Holy Hack Jack's at it again.
sick sick, sick sick

chorus
Clapped out buggy down darkened streets likes to kill
whoever he meets
he's sick he's insane Holy Hack Jack's at it again.
sick sick, sick sick

He's a sick sick, sick gone mother
He's a sick sick, sick gone man
He's a sick sick, sick gone mother
He's a sick sick, sick gone man
sick sick, sick sick