

Pogo The Clown

Dog Fashion Disco

Pogo happy clown molester
Paints his face to disguise the jester
Joined the local moose lodge chapter
Spawning evil ever after

He picks his prey up at the bar
Gets him drunk and in the car
Drives him home and down the stairs
Strips to his underwear

Pogo, you're gonna burn in hell, in hell

Murder victim, slice and smile
Serial killer, pedophile
Look into those empty eyes
You know when it's your time to die

He cuts you up in little bits
Cuts you up in little bits
Goes bop, bop on your head again
Spills your blood now he's soaked in sin

Pogo, you're gonna burn in hell, in hell

Drives all night through the city streets
Where he carves his victims like a piece of meat
Spoke to the devil the other day
And John is doing fine

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Oh, the end is true
When the sun goes down on the city streets
You know Pogo's comin' after you

Oh, the end is true
When the sun goes down on the city streets
Pogo's comin' after you

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