

## Amy's In The Attic

Insane Clown Posse

Mr. Piser, I think you should come up here  
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(Amy's in the attic and my brain has gone ecstatic)  
Yet another day of all the suffering it gave  
I was just a little boy ever so naive  
Amy was my best friend, I never want to hurt her  
I never wanna ever wanna think about her murder  
On the playground, I chase her down the slide  
I chase her cross the monkey bars  
And she would run and hide  
Jinglin and tumbling, I pushed her off the sled  
Amy coincidently hit her head  
Jumbling inside my brain, down came the rain  
Amy isn't answering, who would get the blame?  
Amy isn't laughing, Amy isn't crying  
Amy isn't really breathing, God I think she's dying  
Suddenly, the air is cold I must get her inside  
Even though she died, Amy has to hide  
Nobody must ever know that I made Amy sick  
Lock her up forever in the attic  
Maybe it's best they buy it, thinking did she really die  
I'm thinking if it's really true  
Then how come I am telling you  
And if I really meant to do it  
Should I be a victim too  
Should I walk the terror stairs  
And see if all my terror fairs, no  
Mr. Piser, I think you should come up here  
Amy's in the attic and my brain has gone ecstatic  
I think you should come up here  
Mr. Piser, I think you should come up here  
I think you should come up here

Every day I suffer but eleven years have passed  
How long will this keep and the nightmares last  
Sitting in my living room, another strange feeling  
I think I'm hearing tiny footsteps on the ceiling  
Looking in my mirror, the image isn't clear  
I feel as if a little girl is standing at my rear  
Then I awake at the blink of an eye  
Voices from the attic yelling, why?  
What if Amy wasn't dead living in the box  
Banging on the walls, rattling the locks  
Feeding on the roaches, rodents, and filth  
And when there's nothing left, she feeds off herself  
Why do I think of Amy in this way?  
She was once a lovely girl running out to play  
Maybe it's all a dream insane fanatic  
Maybe there's no Amy in the attic after all

Maybe it's best they buy it, thinking did she really die  
I'm thinking if it's really true  
Then how come I am telling you  
And if I really meant to do it  
Should I be a victim too

Should I walk the terror stairs  
And see if all my terror fails, no  
Mr. Piser, I think you should come up here  
Amy's in the attic and my brain has gone ecstatic  
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I'm thinking if it's really true  
Then how come I am telling you  
And if I really meant to do it  
Should I be a victim too  
Should I walk the terror stairs  
And see if all my terror fails  
Amy isn't dead...

Maybe it's best they buy it, thinking did she really die  
I'm thinking if it's really true  
Then how come I am telling you  
And if I really meant to do it  
Should I be a victim too  
Should I walk the terror stairs  
And see if all my terror fails  
Amy's in the attic and my brain has gone ecstatic  
Barrels to my nugget semi glock automatic  
Should I pull the trigger, would this break the chains  
That keeps Amy locked in my brain  
No, I must be starting to pray that I'm wrong  
I pray it's just a fantasy that carried on too long  
Amy isn't dead, I never knew an Amy  
I was just a boy, how can you blame me?  
Maybe that's okay, but she's tapping at the walls  
I see a darling little girl is floating down the hall  
Slowly coming toward me, her arms are spreading wide  
Opens up her mouth to show the maggots inside  
Crying, whining, rotting is the feeling  
Tiny drips of blood crowning from the ceiling  
Landing on my head, I'm psycho-sick  
I've finally had it  
Amy, know I'm coming to the attic!

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I'm thinking if it's really true  
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And if I really meant to do it  
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Should I walk the terror stairs  
And see if all my terror fails yes  
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Maybe it's best they buy it, thinking did she really die  
I'm thinking if it's really true  
Then how come I am telling you  
And if I really meant to do it  
Should I be a victim too  
Should I walk the terror stairs  
And see if all my terror fails  
Your seat awaits you on the Terror Wheel