## **Psycho Next Door**

**Jag Panzer** 

Tribal was a tongue known to us well Given by a doctor, a prescription from Hell Little did he know of the growth in my brain Scratching from the inside, driving me, driving me insane

Said the nymph on the wall, he has a red eye
The trouble is a-brewing, said the mosh is on the way
Down on the bayou over toward the lily
Sits a homosexual frog looking rather silly

Doctor, doctor, where you gonna go Doctor, doctor, who you gonna blow Bend over please Doctor, doctor, who you gonna know Doctor, doctor, who you gonna blow Bend over please

Strap her to the chair, let's make an affair Pull the hammer of the hour to frazzle her hair She whimpers like a puppy, and her eyes out they pop Imagine my surprise when she asked me to stop

Don't we all know bout midnight, nasty Alice tries to score Take her to your dreams, knock her up in the floor Blaming is like lying, not enough going down Got her from the backside, bitch gives birth to a clown

So this is my story, a story of living hell Tell it from my brain, deep inside my hell Warden blue, he beats me when his wife doesn't give But the masochistic mother, the one who lets me live