

Mister Manson

Klaatu

He looks at the girls with his evil eye
Makes them wish they was someplace else
He'll twist their thoughts with his pretty words
Make them extensions of himself
He's the reincarnation of Hitler
The daughter of the devil all right
Let me ask you Mister Manson
Do you sleep at night?
Well he'd like to melt your mind with hydrochloric
Acid in a little pill
He'll take a thing called love and make you hate it
And claim to cure your ills
He took the madness of a generation
And made them madder still
Tell me won't you Mister Leary
Keep your little pills

He'll fill you with his empty statements
Directed to a fool
Then he'll ignore his own unending speeches
And bend the golden rule
In the name of God he'll tell you
That he's better than all the rest
Let me tell you Mister Manson
Jesus has been and left
Let me tell you Mister Manson
Jesus has been and left