

Killer Mahari

L.A. Guns

Whatcha gonna do, now he's after you
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In death's darkest secret lair
He works throughout the night
On his next assassination
He plans by candlelight
He a killer like his father
It's what he does the best
With blade and gun and poison
He's gonna lay you down to rest
Runnin' like a cat on the eve of his last life
Knockin' like a fool at the cemetery gate
Shakin' in his shoes as the last set of bad rules
Pushes you to turn like a big mistake
Whatcha gonna do, now he's after you
Whatcha gonna do, now he's after you
His ways are swift and silent
If you're a mark, you won't survive
He always gets his victim
For kings and jealous wives
Don't matter who you are
A sinner or the blessedest
'Cause he's sly and cunnin' like a snake
And he'll lay you down to rest
Lookin' at yourself in the dirty black water
Prayin' to a god who no longer cares
Tryin' any way but you can't fight forgiveness
Takes your sweat and blood never been so scared
Whatcha gonna do, now he's after you
Whatcha gonna do, now he's after you
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
He's lean and mean and handsome
His touch is soft and sure
He's the Killer Mahari
Standin' by your door
In the deadest streets of Beirut
Frenchtown, New Orleans
His door is always open
Come in and take a seat
Runnin' like a cat on the eve of his last life
Knockin' like a fool at the cemetery gate
Shakin' in his shoes as the last set of bad rules
Pushes you to turn like your last mistake
Whatcha gonna do, now he's after you
Whatcha gonna do, now he's after you
Whatcha gonna do, now he's after you
Whatcha gonna do, now he's after you
He's the Killer Mahari
He's the Killer Mahari
He's the killer
He's the Killer Mahari