

# American Psycho

Misfits

Whoa-oh, whoa-oh,  
Oh-Oh-Oh,  
whoa  
Go

Inside a Wall Street mind a psycho lurks  
Lines of cocaine cut in Hell  
Obsessive hands gently grab your neck  
Compulsively you'll die.  
I hate people

Whoa-oh, whoa-oh, Oh-Oh-Oh, whoa-oh  
Struggling to breathe, go

The sweet asphyxiation and dismemberment  
Sex puts me in the mood to make you die  
Obsessive hands gently grab your neck  
Look into sick eyes  
I hate people

Whoa-oh, whoa-oh, Oh-Oh-Oh, whoa-oh  
Struggling to breathe

Go  
A machine of penalty  
Go  
The sweet insanity  
Go  
Fade to black tranquility

Go  
You're looking through the eyes of a psycho, whoa-oh  
An American Psycho, whoa-oh  
An American Psycho, whoa-oh  
An American Psycho

Psycho  
Inside a Wall Street mind a psycho lurks  
Lines of cocaine cut in Hell  
Obsessive hands gently grab your neck  
Compulsively you'll die... I hate people

Whoa-oh, whoa-oh, Oh-Oh-Oh, whoa-oh  
Struggling to breathe

Go  
A machine of penalty  
Go  
The sweet insanity  
Go  
Fade to black tranquility  
Go  
You're looking through the eyes of a psycho, whoa-oh  
An American Psycho, whoa-oh  
An American Psycho, whoa-oh  
An American Psycho

Psycho, psycho, psycho, psycho