

A Masters In Reverse Psychology

Murder by Death

Put the bullet in the barrell
Take the safety off
Keep shootin' at the devil in the moonlight
Put it all on black
Till your luck comes back

We're all waitin' for the end
What kind of finish will he send
These hands made of splinters
Keep knockin' back the whiskey sours [Repeat: x2]

I've got a few more days to go and
I've got another crust of bread somewhere holed up
Waiting in this
Is this what's left of the house

Fill the lamp up with kerosene and toss the rest in the hall
Just coat the walls and strike the cigarette
When you hear them coming

We'll pray for them and stay with them
Till the poor little bastards die hand in hand
We'll never forget them when they're gone

So keep the girls inside
Of the little church
With their bruised knees
On the pews

We're all waitin' for the end
What kind of finish will he send?