I live in a town called millhaven And it's small and it's mean and it's cold But if you come around just as the sun goes down You can watch the whole town turn to gold It's around about then that I used to go a-roaming Singing la la la la la la lie All god's children they all gotta die My name is loretta but I prefer lottie I'm closing in on my fifteenth year And if you think you have seen a pair of eyes more green Then you sure didn't see them around here My hair is yellow and I'm always a-combing La la la la la lie Mama often told me we all got to die You must have heard about the curse of millhaven How last christmas bill blake's little boy didn't come They found him next week in one mile creek His head bashed in and his pockets full of stones Well, just imagine all the wailing and moaning La la la la la lie Even little billy blake's boy, he had to die Then professor o'rye from millhaven high Found nailed to his door his prize-winning terrier Then next day the old fool brought little biko to school And we all had to watch as he buried her His eulogy to biko had all the tears a-flowing La la la la la lie Even god's little creatures, they have to die Our little town fell into a state of shock A lot of people were saying things that made little sense Then the next thing you know the head of handyman joe Was found in the fountain of the mayor's residence Foul play can really get a small town going La la la la la lie Even god's children all have to die Then, in a cruel twist of fate, old mrs colgate Was stabbed but the job was not complete The last thing she said before the cops pronounced her Was, my killer is loretta and she lives across the Street! Twenty cops burst through my door without even phoning La la la la la lie The young ones, the old ones, they all gotta die Yes, it is i, lottie. the curse of millhaven I've struck horror in the heart of this town Like my eyes ain't green and my hair ain't yellow It's more like the other way around I gotta pretty little mouth underneath all the foaming La la la la la lie Sooner or later we all gotta die Since I was no bigger than a weavil they've been saying i Was evil That if bad was a boot that I'd fit it That I'm a wicked young lady, but I've been trying hard Lately

O fuck it! I'm a monster! I admit it!

It makes me so mad my blood really starts a-going

La la la la la lie

Mama always told me that we all gotta die

Yeah, I drowned the blakey kid, stabbed $\operatorname{mrs.}$ colgate, i Admit

Did the handyman with his circular saw in his garden shed But I never crucified little biko, that was two junior High school psychos

Stinky bohoon and his friend with the pumpkin-sized head I'll sing to the lot, now you got me going

La la la la la lie

All god's children have all gotta die

There were all the others, all our sisters and brothers You assumed were accidents, best forgotten

Recall the children who broke through the ice on lake Tahoo?

Everyone assumed the warning signs had

Followed them to the bottom

Well, they're underneath the house where I do quite a bit Of stowing

La la la la la lie

Even twenty little children, they had to die

And the fire of '91 that razed the bella vista slum

There was the biggest shit-fight this country's ever seen

Insurance companies ruined, land lords getting sued

All cause of wee girl with a can of gasoline

Those flames really roared when the wind started blowing La la la la la la lie

Rich man, poor man, all got to die

Well I confessed to all these crimes and they put me on $\ensuremath{\mathsf{Trial}}$

I was laughing when they took me away

Off to the asylum in an old black mariah

It ain't home, but you know, it's fucking better than Jail

It ain't such bad old place to have a home in

La la la la la lie

All god's children they all gotta die

Now I got shrinks that will not rest with their endless Rorschach tests $% \left(1\right) =\left(1\right) +\left(1\right) +\left($

I keep telling them they're out to get me

They ask me if I feel remorse and I answer, why of Course!

There is so much more I could have done if they'd let $^{\mbox{\scriptsize Mol}}$

So it's rorschach and prozac and everything is groovy

Singing la la la la la la lie

All god's children they all have to die

La la la la la lie

I'm happy as a lark and everything is fine

Singing la la la la la la lie

Yeah, everything is groovy and everything is fine

Singing la la la la la la lie

All god's children they gotta die