

Fissure of Rolando

The Cramps

I'm a steel driver: railroad spike right in your ear
I'm a hot rodder: with a greasy ballpeen hammer dear

As the eggheads rot in the sulphur pits of Hell
You'll hear me laughin': ringin' death's doorbell

Your eyeballs extracted: exactly just so
Fit to be tied: cross your beak in a pretty bow

They found her body beautiful, but never found her head
Just a sweet goo and a nylon tricot thread

Just one good tire on my Monte Carlo Alamo
Just one good blow to the fissure of Rolando