

Norman

The Orwells

Lock, lock, lock, lock, lock the door, babe
Killer's here and it's a horror story
Lock, lock, lock, you better lock the door, babe
The killer's here and it's gonna get gory

Hit, hit, hit, hit, hit the lights
Cause I'm way, way, way too drunk tonight
Hit, hit, hit, hit, hit the lights
Cause I'm way too drunk to run tonight

Blood in my hair, blood on my sneakers
Blood in the shot glass, blood on my speakers
Blood in the hallway, blood on my t-shirt
He's in the backroom dressed as the reaper

House full of whores, house full of people
Lock all the doors, kids are hanging from the bleachers
House full of whores, house full of people
You're not gonna make it to the sequel