

# No Rabbit In The Hat

Wednesday 13

Bang my head against the wall  
If it wasn't for the blood i wouldn't know it at all,  
Smile at the camera with broken teeth,  
Slit my wrists say cheese and watch it bleed.

Well it's ghouls night out creeps on parade,  
Creatures of the night they serenade,  
A penny for your thoughts, pennies from your eyes,  
I cross my fucking heart that i hope you die,

And i've got an addiction,  
To ammunition, yeah,yeah,  
Well sticks and stones can break your bones,  
But a twelve gauge sawen off,  
Will blow your fucking head off.

No tricks up my sleeve, no rabbit in the hat,  
Blood on my hands a rat in the trap,  
Laughing down the barrel of a gun that's at your head,  
Pull the trigger bang, bang now you're dead.

Everything will be all right,  
If i could just get out alive,  
Guess i could pray if all else fails,  
Even though it's bullshit, but i might as well.

I'm running like a rat now through this maze,  
With a bottle of booze and a hand grenaden  
Screaming bloody murder at the top of my lungs,  
Death's a mother fucker but it sure is fun.

And i've got an addiction,  
To ammunition, yeah,yeah,  
Well sticks and stones can break your bones,  
But a twelve gauge sawen off,  
Will blow your fucking head off.

No tricks up my sleeve, no rabbit in the hat,  
Blood on my hands a rat in the trap,  
Laughing down the barrel of a gun that's at your head,  
Pull the trigger bang, bang now you're dead.

Ladies and gentlemen as you can see,  
I have no tricks up my sleeve,  
And there is certainly no rabbit in the hat.

HEY, HEY, HEY, HEY

And i've got an addiction,  
To ammunition, yeah,yeah,  
Well sticks and stones can break your bones,  
But a twelve gauge sawen off,  
Will blow your fucking head off.

No tricks up my sleeve, no rabbit in the hat,  
Blood on my hands a rat in the trap,  
Laughing down the barrel of a gun that's at your head,

Pull the trigger bang, bang now you're dead.

Now You're All Dead  
You're All Dead