men of flesh hitch a ride shorts and tans and greasy thighs at night drive into slimy bars and piss it out on our front yards they're looking in our window now real child of hell nobody's seen him real child of hell nobody knows what shape she takes st paddy's day, old irish man shamrocks painted on his face mumbles warnings from ireland in the back is ense a fight and that old man has done his deed real child of hell nobody's seen him real child of hell nobody knows what shape he takes this stage is 'm on gets repossesed by vigilantes acting bored the mindless fan wants my dress and ican't tell which one is worse and ican't see the cursing child real child of hell nobody's seen him real child of hell nobody knows what shape she takes