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*en till låt*

### **Bad Bad Boy Blues**

I hope you get nurtured

I hope your house get's looted

I hope you get cancer

on your spinal chord

I hope your kids get bullied

Lord I wish it fully

Compasion is a luxury

I can't afford

Hey... That would bring me joy

hey... You've been a bad bad boy

I wanna see you blazin'

Shrink you like a raisin

Set you out to dry

In the Texas sun

If the gods are willin'

I'll see your eyes afillin'

When you hear rhat mighty chainsaw

Go run run run

Hey... That would make my day

Hey... Ain't no running away

Hey... That would bring me joy

Hey... Such a bad bad boy

C'mon

I wanna throw you on the griddle

Make your wife a widdow

When you're dead and burried

I'll piss on your grave

Hey... That would make my day

Hey... Ain't no running away

Hey... That would bring me joy

Hey... Such a bad bad boy

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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