

Halloween

Stephen Lynch

This one's weird, 'cause I can only play it once a year. On Halloween. Scary... Thinking of all the cool creatures
That I will meet... on this night.
Ghosts and goblins and witches,
Roaming the streets... in moonlight. Bowls of candy and goodies,
Delicious and waiting... in store.
The sound of cute little footsteps
As they approach... my front door.
Letting the children inside to drink beers,
Razor blades hidden in three musketeers,
Screams from the basement of kids begging to be set free...
That's what Halloween means to me. Tightening the clamps that are holding
Their little heads... so tight.
Putting my lips to their ears
As I whisper, "Please... don't fight." I promise I'll let you go home
If you swear not to tell... a soul!
Well, I'll just untie these—I'm kidding.
Now, where is my chainsaw? Let's rock and roll! A pinch of your brother, a teaspoon of you,
With the head of your sister, would make a good stew.
I'd give you a taste, but your tongue's in the stew. Irony!
That's what Halloween means to me.
Trick-or-treat, smell my feet,
Give me something good to eat.
Trick-or-treat, smell my feet,
Give me someone... good to eaaaat!

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