Tear Garden, Psycho 9

I took my customary stroll In the mid-day sun Got my devil diviner Hand on my gun Now the game's for you We do it for fun Look out! Got this itch inside my skull Got a clip on my wings Now I'm seeing you peripheral Or what's under your skin Got a basket full of puppets A hatful of pins Look out! Some folks set up a posse In the local estate now to cripple me Crisp at the stake You forgot a few believers You made a mistake Look out! Now they hide inside their boxes Not a soul on the street Except for pizzaman Strangers Little old me Look out!