

Terrorvision, Don't Shoot My Dog

Listening to the story of an angry old man
He had the whole world in his pocket but
He had a hole there in his hand
Never had much trouble fitting into his surroundings
Dived headlong into life
And ended up by drowning
Died by drowning
His blood is pure venom and his teeth are solid gold
His clothes are made from human skin
He's a thousand years old
He lives down by the poisoned stream
Where only alligators swim
Sits there drinking moonshine
Playing a mean violin a mean violin
A really wicked violin

You've got four lines on your forehead
And that tells me that you're worried
Don't shoot my dog
Don't shoot my dog
I said please don't shoot my dog

His wife is laying face down in the pool upon the porch
He spied me through his blindness
As I spied her with my torch
His skin goes tight around his face
As he smiles his blinding smile
Points over to a dozen wives laying in a pile
Laying in a pile pile high