

## Norman

## The Orwells

Lock, lock, lock, lock, lock the door, babe  
Killer's here and it's a horror story  
Lock, lock, lock, you better lock the door, babe  
The killer's here and it's gonna get gory

Hit, hit, hit, hit, hit the lights  
Cause I'm way, way, way too drunk tonight  
Hit, hit, hit, hit, hit the lights  
Cause I'm way too drunk to run tonight

Blood in my hair, blood on my sneakers  
Blood in the shot glass, blood on my speakers  
Blood in the hallway, blood on my t-shirt  
He's in the backroom dressed as the reaper

House full of whores, house full of people  
Lock all the doors, kids are hanging from the bleachers  
House full of whores, house full of people  
You're not gonna make it to the sequel