

**Terrible**  
**Harley Poe**

Verse Format (continue for other verses)

**Am** **E**  
On Mondays murder children, little girls and boys

**Am**  
I put my hands around their throats till they don t make a noise **E**  
Tuesdays torture animals, pluck off small birds wings **E**

Watch them as they bleed to death, then they don t sing **Am**  
**E**

Wednesdays I defecate on the priest s front door **Am**

If the priest he does complain, I just do it some more **E**

Thursdays I Molatov the local orphans home **Am**

Love those little orphans, charred down to the bone  
Chorus

**Am**  
I m terrible, terrible, shouldn t be allowed

**E**  
To sing my songs of filth to a decent crowd

(Verse)  
On Fridays sodomize tender virgin nuns  
Tie them up, lear at them, and then I have my fun  
Saturdays I stand and sing my sad, sad, sick, sick songs  
To anyone who listen, who in the head is wrong  
Sundays, Sundays, the day I love the best  
Rape, murder, pillage while other people rest

(Chorus)  
I m terrible, terrible, shouldn t be allowed  
To sing my songs of filth to a decent crowd  
I m terrible, terrible, shouldn t be allowed  
But when I do offend someone it makes me feel so proud