Pain, Man Upstairs (What A Man Version)

On the wedding anniversary

Of the Johnson's

They went out on a date.

Little Jimmy had strict orders

To be in bed, to be in bed by eight.

But little Jimmy knew they'd be late,

And he liked TV, he thought it was great

He's not alone

Turning channels, Jimmy faltered

After hearing what he thought might have been

Creepy chuckles, scary breathing,

And the sounds of metal s-s-s-scraping on wood.

Hired by the Johnson's that day

He's professional

And likes things his way

Or not at all

He's for hire

The man upstairs

He'll take care of you.

Jimmy grabbed the phone receiver,

Called the fuzz up

While he peed in his pants

Down the staircase

In the next room

Here he comes, kid,

Hatchet clutched in his hands.

Jimmy trembled and crept through the dark

Into the kitchen

Where all the knives are

He's not alone

Here comes the man

He's for hire

The man upstairs

He'll take care of you.

What a man, what a man, what a man, what a mighty good man!

What a man, what a man, what a mighty good man, a mighty mighty good man!

What a man, what a man, what a man, what a mighty good man!

I'm the man, the man from upstairs!

Whoa, yeah yeah yeah!

Go!

ONE!

TWO!

ONE!

TWO!

ONE TWO THREE FOUR!