

The cannibals are out long after good kids are in bed,
They're coming through the windows,
And they're coming for my head.

I'm fattened up for killing season,
Helping God to find a reason,
Just to feed me quickly to,
The cannibal named Ed.

The wintertime was long,
But the warm winds are a-blowin now,
And I'm looking to the sky,
Like an optimistic summer sow.

The walls here aren't sturdy,
And songs of freedom fill my head,
As I befriend,
The cannibal named Ed.

Feeding time is dangerous,
Don't touch the beast unless you must,
He's grinning through his shiny teeth,
He's dreaming of his bloody feast.

So try to find the safest distance,
Or the path of least resistance,
Lest you be fed to,
The cannibal named Ed,
The cannibal named Ed.