

Night Of The Living Dead

88 Fingers Louie

Whoa oh oh oh Whoa oh Whoa oh

Stumble in some ambulance so
Pre-dawn corpses come to life
Armies of the dead survive
Armies of the hungry ones

Only-ones, lonely-ones
Ripped up like shredded-wheat
Only-ones, lonely-ones
Be a sort of human picnic

This ain't no love-in
This ain't no happening
This ain't no feeling in my arm

Whoa Whoa oh Whoa oh Whoa oh

You think you're a zombie, you think it's a scene
From some monster magazine
Well, open your eyes too late
This ain't no fantasy, boy

This ain't no love-in
This ain't no happening
This ain't no feeling in my arm