Friday night and I'm driving with you I'm in love and I know you feel it too

The music's playing and the windows are down You sing along so that I'll hear the sound of your voice

So in love

But who's that out on the road with arms outstretched and he's walking really slow

I stop to check and see if he's alright but moans for "brains," a mindless hunger in his eyes

Oh man I hate, hate freakin' zombies
Oh man I hate, hate, hate freakin' zombies

Turn in time to see you ripped from the car try to run and hide but I don't get very far

Then a zombie tackles me to the ground And I try to fight away but all I hear is the sound of your voice

You yell and "hey" and you fire a shotgun But um, wait... where'd you get the shotgun? We could have used a shotgun a minute ago.

No time to reload we have to run away
You have been bitten but I think it's gonna be okay

And I don't tell him because I can't pretend That a deadly infection is not spreading up his neck

Oh man I hate, hate freakin' zombies
Oh man I hate, hate, hate freakin' zombies

I take the shot so that's another one down But I'm out of shells and there's still zombies around

I can see from that look in your eye that you want to still love me but you're foaming at the mouth and it's really kind of upsetting Maybe if I stop and let you change me too
We can be together always and I'll hunt humans with you

Oh man...
What is this feeling
Dont stand so close to me now I'm a zombie

We used to be so happy now we just want human fleeeesh

And now our undead pair went forth Unhinded by the shackles of fearful feeling Moved neither by patron nor goal They, well they, didn't feel much of anything.