

# Comin' Back for More

C.W. McCall

'Way up in the snow  
Where the scrub oaks grow  
And the coneys and the picas play  
Where the marmots abound  
All a-diggin' in the ground  
And the wind blows cold all day

There's a little pile a' stones  
On a little pile a' bones  
That's a-what the archaeologists say  
But the folks in Lake City  
Well, they sing a different ditty  
It would like to make your hair turn gray

Now, it's kind'a hard to find  
But it'll altercate your mind  
If you happen to go the right way  
You take Slumgullion Pass  
And don't stop for no gas  
Until you get yourself to Al's cafe

It was the genuine, original  
Highly pathological  
Finger-lickin' digital cafe  
It was Al Packer's Legendary  
Coronary Fast-food  
Cannibal Bar and Buffet

Some dark night  
You gonna see a weird light  
Up on Cannibal Plateau, they say  
It's a scrub oak fire  
Like a funeral pyre  
Old Packer's been a-cookin' all day

A-when the coyotes howl  
And the cougar's on the prowl  
They ain't lookin' for your customary prey  
Nah, they're waitin' for bones  
In a pile a' hot stones  
At old Al Packer's cafe

Comin' back for more  
Comin' back for more  
Baby, comin' back for more  
Al's Cafe  
Comin' back for more  
Comin' back for more  
Baby, comin' back for more

(Old Al Packer  
Was a real bone-cracker  
Got lost in a blizzard one day )

When the boys went to get 'I'm  
Old Al just et 'em  
And he buried all the bones in the clay

Now you know them fellas  
Wasn't toasted marshmellas  
And they didn't fall asleep in the hay  
But it had been a hard winter  
So he had 'em all for dinner  
And they didn't find their boots until May

Well, the folks in Lake City  
Showed very little pity  
So they sentenced him to hang next day  
But before they could noose 'I'm  
Old Al got loose an'  
He's a-lookin' for you, today

Boohoohaha

Comin' back for more  
Comin' back for more  
Baby, comin' back for more  
Al's Cafe  
Comin' back for more  
Comin' back for more  
Baby, comin' back for more  
Now 'way up in the snow  
Where the scrub oaks grow  
And the coneys and the picas play

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Like a funeral pyre  
Old Packer's been a-cookin' all day

And when the coyotes howl  
And the cougar's on the prowl  
They ain't lookin' for your customary prey Aahooohooohoo

Nah, they're waitin' for bones  
In a pile a' hot stones  
At old Al Packer's Cafe Bleah!