

Saturday Night Of The Living Dead

Calabrese

Black is back and love is dead
Nothing left and that's okay
I know the world is a grave
Even in her own death
She still smoked the cigarettes
I know she can't take them there

Saturday night of the living dead
And I'm so glad to
We are for you baby
Your god swore
Saturday night of the living dead

We get ourself tattoo'd
With images of death
You know the wicked never rest
We'll listen to the music
That no one seems to care
It's our life and yes we're dead

Saturday night of the living dead
And I'm so glad to
We are for you baby
Your god swore
Saturday night of the living dead

Whooaahh
Hey Hey Hey Hey
Saturday night of the living dead
And I'm so glad to
We are for you baby
Your god swore
Saturday night of the living dead

Whoahhh
Whoaahh
Whoahhh