Boneyard

Meat Loaf

Yeah, you can bury my bones on the outskirts of town You can bury my bones on the outskirts of town You find a nail sticking out Why don't you hammer it down While you bury my bones, oh

Said, if you're going with me, you're going six feet down If you're going with me, I'll take you six feet down There ain't enough rope in Texas Make me turn around Go on and bury my bones

I'm gonna meet you down in the boneyard Where we can settle this Meet me down in the boneyard You old son of a bitch

Yeah, you can scrub, you can scrub, but you can't wash it off You can scrub, you can scrub, you can change who you are, but you can 't wash it off There ain't enough rope in Kansas Make me turn my head and cough Go on and bury my bones

I meet you down in the boneyard Let the good times roll I'm gonna go down to the boneyard Meet me down in the hole

I will meet you in the boneyard, you old poker-faced devil I will meet you in the boneyard, you old poker-faced devil I think we can settle this I have a bible and a shovel

You old poker-faced devil My-my, poker-faced devil

Why don't you meet me down in the boneyard Now we can settle this Meet me down in the boneyard Why don't you give us a kiss

I'm gonna meet you down in the boneyard You old son of a bitch

Oh baby, gimme a kiss