

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