Lake Of Fire

Nirvana

Where the bad folks go when they die They don't go to Heaven where the angels fly Go to a lake of fire and fry See em' again 'til the 4th of July

I knew a lady who came from Duluth Bitten by a dog with a rabbit tooth She went to her grave just a little too soon Flew away howling on the yellow moon

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People cry, people moan

Look for a dry place to call their home

Try to find some place to rest their bones

While the angels and the devils try to make them their own

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