Zombie Shuffle

Saint

Now it's two A.M. The streets are cold and barren
Rain comin' down, he staggers by just starrin'
Young cold bony fingers, ragged soul-less and hardened
In the search and the quest of a fix in the back of a junkyard

And he's goin' back for more doin' the zombie shuffle
He's goin back for more (Aaa!)

He takes an old crusty needle and stabs it in his arm
His heart begins to pound and he's about to buy the farm
Staggering feeling like superman, aimless and flying high
Begs for some pocket change from everyone passing by

He's goin' back for more doin' the zombie shuffle
He's goin back for more (Aaa!)
Back for more, oh (x2)
Back for more (x2)
Oh, give it to me!
Oh!

He looks, he looks around the city and hangs his scabby head
Everyone's doing fine except the living dead

He's goin' back for more doin' the zombie shuffle
He's goin back for more (Aaa!)
Yeah, he's goin' back for more doin' the zombie shuffle
He's goin back for more (Aaa!) when zombies come out at night!