

# Too Stoned to Dance

Terrorvision

Down the way, there's this groovy little place  
And when things are looking grave  
They always seem to turn out O.K  
Down the way, there's a carnival ways  
Open as to what you say  
If you know how to communicate  
Communicate  
Communicate

Here he is the most spectacular  
Straight in at your jugular  
The fantastic Count Dracula  
Holding off Frank and Stein  
The weird wolf is stuck in the sticks  
Selling vampires a crucial fix  
He says he only does it for the kicks  
They say he's no friend of mine

Too high to be a junkie, but I'm too stoned to dance  
Living in the suburbs with a gun in my hands  
I'm so intimidated do you fancy my chance  
Too high to be a junkie but I'm t-t-t-t-t-too stoned to dance

Silver bullets for sale door to door

From your local friendly Egor  
He's been sent down by the doctor  
From the castle on the hill  
Uncle Fester's festering  
He says he's in cahoots with Thing  
He says the devil's own plots hatching  
He'll be left with the bitterest pill

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It is, can't be, what's that... oh no  
Hit a nerve a bit too close to the bone  
On the radio with skeleton  
Tuning in to Medium wave  
In the back a gravely stoned vampire  
Who swears to god that you can't get higher  
On a diet of blood and fire  
In the comfort of your cave (ways)