

## Voltaire "Graveyard Picnic"

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When I find the living a bore

There's a place I go

I answer the call, go over a wall  
Where the crosses are all in a row  
I mind the trees, get down on my knees

There's a hole in the gate  
I look around, that I won't be found

And sit down next to his grave  
If you squirm at the Conqueror Worm

This is no place for thee

Or if you fright at the mere site  
Of the corpse of my Annabel Lee  
If you fear there's something you hear  
A heart beating under the floor

Still your heart, there's no need to start  
It's just me having tea with Lenore  
Sit here on the ground  
Dead leaves in the trees all around you  
Come enter this land  
Take this book in your hand  
If you find the living a bore

There's a place you can go  
Answer the call, go over the wall  
Where the crosses are all in a row  
Mind the trees, get down on your knees  
Sneak in just like the breeze  
Look around, though you won't be found

It's just you, Edgar Allen and me

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