88 Fingers Louie "Night Of The Living Dead"

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[Originally by The Misfits]

Whoa oh oh oh Whoa oh Whoa oh

Stumble in some ambulance so Pre-dawn corpses come to life Armies of the dead survive Armies of the hungry ones

Only-ones, lonely-ones Ripped up like shredded-wheat Only-ones, lonely-ones Be a sort of human picnic

This ain't no love-in
This ain't no happening
This ain't no feeling in my arm

Whoa Whoa oh Whoa oh

You think you're a zombie, you think it's a scene From some monster magazine Well, open your eyes too late This ain't no fantasy, boy

This ain't no love-in
This ain't no happening
This ain't no feeling in my arm

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