

Barnes & Barnes "Cemetery Girls"

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I love to dance with cemetery girls
The moon comes out the earth unfurls
No time to waste the hours fade
They come awake the dead parade
Fresh souls in the cornfield
Anthony put them there
And it's good, it's real good
I love to kiss the cemetery girls
Their lips are hard, blank eyes like pearls
I call them up, they come to me

A zombie pomp pure ecstasy
I love to sleep with cemetery girls
Their legs are cold, sweet dusty curls
Pale pale breasts pressed to my cheek
When we make love stiff muscles creak
I love to love the cemetery girls
I wish they all could be cemetery girls
Yeah.
sallysally@usa.net

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