

Mad Heads "Undertaker's Party"

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Down little quiet street in old house
Was undertaker's office and as we're hanging around
We were peering through the windows, staring at
wreaths
At white expensive coffins and cheap plain biers
Once on a summer night about quarter to ten
We heard a creak and in the doorway there was a man
He grinning said: "Good evening, boys! Why don't you
come in?
We gotta little party here, so won't you begin to
Dance with the dead
Swing with the dead
Sway with the dead
At undertaker's party
Rock with the dead
Roll with the dead
Jump till you dead
At undertaker's party"
We gotta run but our feet froze to the floor
He pulled us in and there was no way back anymore
We saw the corpses shuffling all over the hall
The music started and we'd got to have a ball
And we danced with the dead
Swung with the dead
Swayed with the dead
At undertaker's party
Rocked with the dead
Rolled with the dead
Jumped till we dead
At undertaker's party
The undertaker was a lonely man and that's why
He made a company for him of dead zombiefied
We shared the community and it's not a lick bad
So welcome to the party where you can with the dead

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