

Misfits

"Night Of The Living Dead"

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Whoa oh oh oh
Whoa oh
Whoa oh

Stumble in somnambulance so
Pre-dawn corpses come to life
Armies of the dead surviving
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
Whoa oh

You think you're a zombie, you think it's a scene
From some monster magazine
Well, open your eyes [now/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

Whoa
Whoa oh
Whoa oh
Whoa oh
Whoa oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh

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