

Craig's Brother

"Surfin' Dead"

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Ah, my favorite brain soup -
Cream of nowhere

Ooh baby, your asphalt eater hung ten
The hoedads and gremmies say you reached top end
So do the dead, through the lights
The surfin' dead, ooh make it tight
The livin' dead now baby lose their heads
Now baby, doin' the dead

Yeah you're a high-rev hauler with all four on the floor
But your a-bone's busted and you're through the door
So do the dead, juice the Coupe
Come on the livin' dead, ooh you're in the soup
The livin' dead now baby, like I said now baby, do the
dead

Your carburetor don't carb, got a hammer down this
Your generator gens but your pistons don't work
Do the dead, run for ten
The surfin' dead, c'mon turn it in
The livin' dead insist, it's the latest twist, do the dead
Run run run run, now do it

Stay sick!

You square brains out there better beware

Oh this phantom driver down in the ground
You better plant 'em right or they'll come around
Move out baby, move that mound
Or they'll dig it up and they'll shut you down
So c'mon, aw c'mon, aw c'mon . . .

Now life is short and it's filled with stuff
So let me know baby when you've had enough
Oh do the dead, turn blue
Yeah the surfin' dead, as dead as you
There's nothing on the radio when you're dead
There's nothing at the movie show when you're dead
There's nowhere left for you to go when you're dead

Do the dead, yeah do the dead
Do the dead, surfin' dead

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