

Nirvana "Lake For Fire"

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Where do bad folks go when they die'They don't go to
heaven where the angels flyThey go down to the lake
of fire and fryWon't see them again till the fourth of
July

I knew a lady who came from DuluthShe got bit by a
dog with a rabid toothShe went to her grave just a little
too soonAnd she flew away howling on the yellow moon
Now the people cry and the people moanAnd they look
for a dry place to call their homeAnd try to find some
place to rest their bonesWhile the angels and the
devilsFight to claim them for their own

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