

C.W. McCall

"Comin' Back For More"

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'Way up in the snow
Where the scrub oaks grow
And the coney and the picas play
Where the marmots abound
All a-diggin' in the ground
And the wind blows cold all day

There's a little pile a' stones
On a little pile a' bones
That's a-what the archaeologists say
But the folks in Lake City
Well, they sing a different ditty
It would like to make your hair turn gray

Now, it's kind'a hard to find
But it'll altercate your mind
If you happen to go the right way
You take Slumgullion Pass
And don't stop for no gas
Until you get yourself to Al's Caf  

It was the genuine, original
Highly pathological
Finger-lickin' digital caf  
It was Al Packer's Legendary
Coronary Fast-food
Cannibal Bar and Buffet

Some dark night
You gonna see a weird light
Up on Cannibal Plateau, they say
It's a scrub oak fire
Like a funeral pyre
Old Packer's been a-cookin' all day

A-when the coyotes howl
And the cougar's on the prowl
They ain't lookin' for your customary prey
Nah, they're waitin' for bones
In a pile a' hot stones
At old Al Packer's Caf  

[Chorus]

Comin' back for more
Comin' back for more
Baby, comin' back for more
Al's Cafe
Comin' back for more
Comin' back for more
Baby, comin' back for more

(Old Al Packer
Was a real bone-cracker
Got lost in a blizzard one day)

When the boys went to get 'im
Old Al just et 'em
And he buried all the bones in the clay

Now you know them fellas
Wasn't toasted marshmallas
And they didn't fall asleep in the hay
But it had been a hard winter
So he had 'em all for dinner
And they didn't find their boots until May
Well, the folks in Lake City
Showed very little pity
So they sentenced him to hang next day
But before they could noose 'im
Old Al got loose an'
He's a-lookin' for you, today

Boohoohaha [Courtesy of Chip Davis.]

[Chorus]

Comin' back for more
Comin' back for more
Baby, comin' back for more
Al's Cafe
Comin' back for more
Comin' back for more
Baby, comin' back for more
(Now 'way up in the snow
Where the scrub oaks grow
And the coney and the picas play)

Where the marmots abound
All a-diggin' in the ground
And the wind blows cold all day

There's a little pile a' stones

On a little pile a' bones
That's a-what the archaeologists say
But the folks in Lake City
Well, they sing a different ditty
It would like to make your hair turn gray

Now, it's kind'a hard to find
But it'll altercate your mind
If you happen to go the right way
You take Slumgullion Pass
And don't stop for no gas
Until you get yourself to Al's Caf  

It was the genuine, original
Highly pathological
Finger-lickin' digital caf  
It was Al Packer's Legendary
Culinary Fast-food
Cannibal Bar and Buffet

Some dark night
You're gonna see a weird light
Up on Cannibal Plateau, they say Boohoohaha [Chip
again.]
It's a scrub oak fire
Like a funeral pyre
Old Packer's been a-cookin' all day

And when the coyotes howl
And the cougar's on the prowl
They ain't lookin' for your customary prey
Aahooohooohoo [Yeah, it's Chip.]
Nah, they're waitin' for bones
In a pile a' hot stones
At old Al Packer's Cafe Bleah! [Could it be... Davis?]

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