

## **BeerBelly Boys**

### **"Pet Sematary"**

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Under the arc of a weather stain boards,  
Ancient goblins, and warlords,  
Come out of the ground, not making a sound,  
The smell of death is all around,  
And the night when the cold wind blows, No one cares,  
nobody knows.

I don't want to be buried in a Pet Sematary,  
I don't want to live my life again.  
I don't want to be buried in a Pet Sematary,  
I don't want to live my life again.

Follow Victor to the sacred place,  
This ain't a dream, I can't escape,  
Molars and fangs, the clicking of bones,  
Spirits moaning among the tombstones,  
And the night, when the moon is bright,  
Someone cries, something ain't right.

#### **CHORUS**

The moon is full, the air is still,  
All of a sudden I feel a chill,  
Victor is grinning, flesh rotting away,  
Skeletons dancee, I curse this day,  
And the night when the wolves cry out,  
Listen close and you can hear me shout.

I don't want to be buried in a Pet Sematary,  
I don't want to live my life again.  
I don't want to be buried in a Pet Sematary,  
I don't want to live my life again, oh no, oh no  
I don't want to live my life again, oh no, oh oh,  
I don't want to live my life again, oh no no no  
I don't want to live my life again, oh oh.

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