

Berlin Irving

"Haunted House, The"

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[1st verse:]

You see that vacant house
As quiet as a mouse
It's chock full of myst'ry
Besides, it has a hist'ry
The man who occupied
That building strangely died
No one wants to buy it, because
That house is

[chorus:]

Haunted, haunted
Lanky, hanky, panky skeletons go sneakin' around
You see that boney, croney
I mean that boney skeleton
Hiding behind that statue
Look out, he's looking at you!
Listen! Listen!
Tell me can't you hear him whistling
That Mysterious Rag so noted
He wrote it
In that rickety haunted house

[2nd verse:]

I often have been told
That there's a bag of gold
In the house that's haunted
I'm poor, but I don't want it
The doors are open wide
But no one steps inside
No one needs the money, because
That house is

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