

Theatre Of Ice "Gone With The Worms"

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(Brian Johnson/Dale Garrard/Raleigh Planty)

Down along the banks where grow the tall weeds

In the rich red mud where the big worms feed

Lies a golden girl wrapped in tattered lace

She never understood just where was her place

CHORUS

Now she's gone, gone gone gone, gone with the worms
worms

She's gone, gone gone gone, gone with the worms

She's gone, gone gone gone, gone with the worms

She's gone, gone gone gone, gone with the worms

She's gone, gone gone gone, gone with the worms

The worms crawl in and out of her brain

As her rotting corpse lies out in the rain

Once she was a girl who all men adored

But she isn't very pretty anymore

CHORUS

She has no lips, she has no eyes

In her mouth she has a nest of flies

Where she's buried I'll never tell

But you can find her just from the smell

CHORUS

Down along the banks where grow the tall weeds

In the rich red mud where the big worms feed

Lies the rotting corpse of a girl I once knew

Better watch out, next one could be you

CHORUS

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