

Cemetery

The Headstones

I got a gal who lives on the wrong side of town
I know what I like and man you know I sure know how
It's the other side, another place
I like it here, no accounting for taste
I can't think of nothing when I'm with her
But the wind and the rain and the cemetery dirt

Went down to the cemetery looking for love
Got there and my baby was buried, I had to dig her up

18,000 miles across nowhere land
I'm scratching and I'm spitting, there ain't nobody listening,
And things are kind of getting out of hand
There's only one point that I'd like to make
These kinds of things deteriorate
It's the gospel truth man
And she's embalmed in love juice

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