

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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