

Joan Crawford

Blue Å-yster Cult

Junkies down in Brooklyn are goin' crazy
They're laughin' just like hungry dogs in the street
Policemen are hidin' behind the skirts of little girls
Their eyes have turned the color of frozen meatNo, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no
Joan Crawford has risen from the grave
Joan Crawford has risen from the graveCatholic school girls have thrown away their mascara
They chain themselves to the axles of big mac trucks
The sky is filled with herds of shiverin' angels
The fat lady laughs, "Gentlemen, start your trucks"No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no
Joan Crawford has risen from the grave
Joan Crawford has risen from the graveChristina, mother's home
Christina, come to mother
ChristinaJoan Crawford has risen from the grave
Joan Crawford has risen from the grave
Joan Crawford has risen from the grave
Joan Crawford has risen from the graveJoan Crawford has risen from the grave
Joan Crawford has risen from the grave
Joan Crawford has risen from the grave
Joan Crawford has risen

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