

# The Hearse Song

Harley Poe

Don't ever laugh as a hearse goes by,  
For you may be the next to die.

They wrap you up in a big white sheet,  
From your head down to your feet.  
They put you in a big black box,  
And cover you up with dirt and rocks.  
And all goes well for about a week,  
And then your coffin begins to leak.

And the worms crawl in, the worms crawl out,  
The worms play pinochle on your snout.  
They eat your eyes, they eat your nose,  
They eat the jelly between your toes.

A big green worm with rolling eyes  
Crawls in your stomach and out your eyes.  
Your stomach turns a slimy green,  
And pus pours out like whipping cream,  
You spread that on a slice of bread,  
And that's what you eat when you're dead.

And the worms crawl out, the worms crawl in,  
The worms that crawl in are lean and thin,  
The ones that crawl out are fat and stout.  
Your eyes fall in and your hair falls out.  
Your brain comes tumbling down your snout.

And the worms crawl in, the worms crawl out,  
They crawl all over your dirty snout.  
Your chest caves in, your eyes pop out,  
And your brain turns to sauerkraut.

They invite their friends and their friends too,  
They all come down to chew on you.

And this is what it is to die,  
I hope you had a nice goodbye.  
Did you ever think, as a hearse goes by,  
That you may be the next to die?

And your eyes fall out, and your teeth decay,  
And that is the end of a perfect day.

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