

Night Of The Living Dead

Misfits

Stumble in some ambulance so
Pre-dawn corpses come to life
Armies of the dead surviving
 Armies of the hungry ones
 Only-ones, lonely-ones
Ripped up like shredded-wheat
 Only-ones, lonely-ones
Be a sort of human picnic
 This ain't no lovin'
 This ain't no happening

 This ain't no feeling in my arm
You think you're a Zombie, you think it's a scene
 From some monster magazine
Well, opened your eyes, too late
 This ain't no fantasy, boy
 This ain't no lovin'
 This ain't no happening
This ain't no feeling in my arm

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