

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>