

Cemetery

HEADSTONES

I got a gal who lives on the wrong side of town
I know what I want and man you know, I sure know how
It's the other side another place
I like it there no accountin' for taste
I can't think of nothin' when I'm with her
But the rain and the wind and the cemetery dirt
Went down to the cemetery lookin' for love
Got there and my baby was buried
I had to dig her up
Went down to the cemetery lookin' for love
Got there and my baby was buried
I had to dig her up 18,000 miles across nowhere land
I'm scratchin' and I'm spittin', ain't nobody listenin'
Things are kind of gettin' out of hand
There's only one point that I'd like to make
These kinds of things deteriorate
Well, it's the gospel truth man
That she's embalmed in love juice
Went down to the cemetery lookin' for love
Got there and my baby was buried
I had to dig her up, yeah
Went down to the cemetery lookin' for love
Got there and my baby was buried
I had to dig her up
Went down to the cemetery lookin' for love
Got there and my baby was buried
I had to dig her up
Went down to the cemetery
Went down to the cemetery
Went down to the cemetery

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