

Into the Wild

Abominable Slowmen

On a dark and dusty road
The wind kicks up sleet and snow
And Frank takes one more step away from homeAs the day began to dim
A dark stranger approaches him
"Can I cook you a meal, you look so thin" She said, "Beware of this filthy fen
Danger lurks 'round every bend
But we'll be safe once we reach my home" All she was was a witch in the rye
Sucking life from the passers-by
With a wink and a smile and sharpened teethOn your knees, between trees
In the dark, on your knees
In the dark, between trees
Into the wild, into the wild
My mouth won't make a sound because my face is on the groundIn a dank and dimly lit room
The witch brews up a tasty stew
And Frank takes one more sip away from homeFrank pulls from a flask of wine
Unaware of the witch's design
And soon the sordid spell begins to take holdAnd he drank and he drank and he drank
What have you got yourself into Frank?
Why can't you see how this is going to end? Vision blurred and all askew
He bumps the witch right into the stew
And passes out so warm so safe the end

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