

# Boneless

## Ghoul

Grab a hood to hide your face  
Tie a shirt around your waist  
Pull a sk8 from off the wall  
It's time to crash the funeral hall  
The Ghoul Hunter is out tonight  
But we don't really care  
We're gonna give this town a fright  
So citizens beware  
We're homicidal retards  
We're not afraid of cops  
Our mission: Carve the Graveyard  
We'll sk8 until we stop!  
Waxing curbs and coffins too  
The wax we use we made from you  
If we see a bowl we'll fuckin shred  
Gonna carve it up like we did your head  
Our decks are made from tombstones  
The trucks are hewn from bone  
Slimeballs are the wheels of choice  
The bearings? Kidney stones  
Cobwebs are our grip tape  
And grip they surely do  
Tonight we're gonna tear it up  
And then we'll tear up you!  
We're boneless in the boneyard  
Well we took a swig of some numbskull  
And headed out into the frigid night  
We were cruising the town when we all heard a sound  
The Ghoul Hunter had us in his sights  
We came at him with our sk8boards  
He got a Pop Shove-It to the lip  
I did a McTwist and landed on his wrist  
And knocked the rifle right out of his grip  
Cremator did a Blunt Slide off his back  
Switching to a Disaster Grind  
The Ghoul Hunter racked by our Ollie attacks  
Was beginning to lose his mind  
He had one more trick up his sleeve  
A smoke bomb he quickly deployed

Once again he escaped, but not before getting scraped  
A pastime we've come to enjoy  
We sk8ed back to the graveyard in a rush  
Our wheels trailing remnants of Ghoul Hunter mush  
Vengeance he vowed to exact and employ  
We think he might really be getting annoyed

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