

Something Wicked This Way Comes

Wednesday 13

Where do you come from?

The dust

Where will you go to

The grave

Darkness soon falls

Everyone calls

Something wicked this way comes. Stirring up the brewing pot,

I like words that rhyme with death

And things that rot,

I got a bone to pick but I don't know where to start, baby.

There's something wicked, there's something wicked And I like things that when they go wrong

And I prefer Godzilla to king-Kong

And what you call hell I can home, baby

There's something wicked, there's something wicked Where do you come from?

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Where will you go to

The grave

Darkness soon falls

Everyone calls

Something wicked this way comes Where do you come from?

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Here will you go to

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Everyone calls

Something wicked this way comes Don't worry I'll hold my breath because the only certain Thing for me is

Death

But I'll always dress to depress, baby

There's something wicked, there's something wicked Alice Cooper and G.I Joe, taught me everything I need to
know

And when I hear 'HEY-HO', I scream 'LET'S GO', Baby.

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