

Night Of The Living Dead

Misfits

Whoa oh oh oh
Whoa oh
Whoa oh Stumble in somnambulance 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 love-in
This ain't no happening
This ain't no feeling in my arm Whoa
Whoa oh
Whoa oh
Whoa oh You think you're a zombie, you think it's a scene
From some monster magazine
Well, open your eyes [now/too late]
This ain't no fantasy, boy This ain't no love-in
This ain't no happening
This ain't no feeling in my arm Whoa
Whoa oh
Whoa oh
Whoa oh
Whoa oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh

Songwriters

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