

Lake of Fire

Meat Puppets

Where do bad folks go when they die?
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly
They go to a lake of fire and fry
Won't see 'em again till the 4th of July Oh, I knew a lady who came from Duluth
Who got bit by a dog with a rabid tooth
She went to her grave, a little too soon
And flew laid down on the yellow moon Where do bad folks go when they die?
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly
They go to a lake of fire and fry
Won't see 'em again till the 4th of July Now people cry and people moan
Look for a dry place to call their home
Try find some place to rest their bones
Before the angels and the devils fight to make 'em their own Where do bad folks go when they die?
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly
They go to a lake of fire and fry
Won't see 'em again till the 4th of July

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