

# 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?  
The dust  
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.  
There's something wicked, there's something wicked  
Where do you come from?

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