Lake Of Fire

Nirvana

Where the bad folks go when they die
They don't go to Heaven where the angels fly
Go to a lake of fire and fry
See em' again 'til the 4th of JulyI knew a lady who came from Duluth
Bitten by a dog with a rabbit tooth
She went to her grave just a little too soon
Flew away howling on the yellow moonWhere do bad folks go when they die
They don't go to Heaven where the angels fly
Go to a lake of fire and fry
See em' again 'til the 4th of JulyPeople cry, people moan
Look for a dry place to call their home
Try to find some place to rest their bones
While the angels and the devils try to make them their ownWhere do bad folks go when they die
They don't go to Heaven where the angels fly
Go to a lake of fire and fry
See em' again 'til the 4th of July

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