Fonz Pond

Insane Clown Posse

Hey I know where we can go. Where? Lets go to Fonz Pond. What? No way dude you know how many kids died there? No way! I should've known you guys would be a bunch of baby pussies about it. Fuck that aint afraid. You don't even know where its at. Yes I do. Then where is it then?
Off lickety trail theres a pond where many a children died,
Its a place to run to and disappear a place where some folks hide.
But they will tell you about the rumors that swell around this lake,
Some say there's something in the water them deaths are no mistake.
The fog that rides along the top has been said to carry voices,
Those of the dead who took the dare and jumped in they made bad choices,
SOme have seen and others heard that they seen along the bottom,
Are all the bodies of the girls and boys preserved and remaining half-rotten.
The water's fit with murky mud,
the weeds are red like splattered blood.
In this pond a spirit cries,
snakes and bugs replace his eyes.
Some don't believe and dared to swim,
something under will pull you in.
Hidden deep in the wild brush,
if you know where it is then hush.
We almost there,
Don't throw me in the water,
at Fonz Pond.
Don't throw me in the water,
at Fonz Pond.
Off likety trail theres a pond where many a children perished,
the water is black even in the sunlight deep and dark nightmarish.
Some believe the bodies surface and bask underneath the moon,
Others say they seen a headless boy stumbling round the lagoon.
The loons scream all night long,
sounds malotic sings you a song.
missing children swampy depths,
mysteries are secrets kept.
Staring owls snakes and frogs,
Leeches living off hollow logs.
Somethings watching from the water,
it took them missing sons and daughters.
Its over there.
Don't throw me in the water,
at Fonz Pond.

Don't throw me in the water,
at Fonz Pond.
Fight for air,
Something strong is pulling me under pulling me under.
Fight for air,
something strong is pulling me down.
Fight for air,
something strong is pulling me under pulling me under.
Fight for air,
something strong is pulling me down.
Only terrifying horror tales emulate from this one place,
Several children young boys and girls disappear here without a trace.
What you believe and what you don't is entirely up to you,
But if you go up there and swim alone ou'll know exactly whats true.
Somethings dragging through the mud,
mesquitos attrackted to the blood.
They say the dark depths have no bottom,
Some never came back up and got 'em.
Crazy kids come party here,
It swallows more souls every year.
The jump right in and disappear,
best to stay away from up there at Fonz Pond.
There it is.
Don't throw me in the water,
at Fonz Pond.
Don't throw me in the water,
at Fonz Pond.
Fight for air,
something strong is pulling me under pulling me under.
Fight for air,
something strong is pulling me down.
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Something strong is pulling me under pulling me under.
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