

Groovie Ghoulies, Zombie Crush

If you don't want to hear me saying "I love you," here's what you're gonna have to do:
You'll have to sew my lips up real, real tight, 'cause I become a zombie around you.
If you don't want me staring at you night and day here's what you're gonna have to do:
You'll have to sew my lips shut real, real tight, 'cause I become a zombie around you.
Get out your needle and thread; I might as well be dead.
My heart stops beating, too.
My brain, it turns to mush, I've got a zombie crush.
Go on and shoot me, I beg you.