

Mad Marge And The Stonecutters, Dial Z For Zon

He's not living but dead, oh can't you see?
Well my friend Flanders is a zombie.

Crucified in the evening light
and I am dead by dawn.
All the things I thought were right
I've come to learn are wrong.
Chased down the street again
With a chainsaw in my hand
Can't you see I'm not a man.
My flesh is green.
No sympathy.
There's nothing for me.

He's not living but dead, oh can't you see?
Well my friend Flanders is a zombie.

Brought back from the dead again
and the necronomicon is my only friend
The evergreen terrace is where I used to stick my claim.
Walked down the street again
When I stop I find a shotgun to my rotting head.
No red will show
Just let it go
I can hear it calling.

He's not living but dead, oh can't you see?
Well my friend Flanders is a zombie.

Well patience is a virtue
Past down onto every man.
Will you stand,
To wait and see,
Or will you dial Z
For Zombie?

He's not living but dead, oh can't you see?
Well my friend Flanders is a zombie.