

Savatage, Skraggy's Tomb

Summer was the season
When he took a ride
Women were the reason
And they say whiskey was the slide

Living on the action
Till it took him down
Crawled into his bottle
Oh...and let us watch him drown

In Skraggy's tomb
Yeah Skraggy's tomb

Sometimes in the evening
Before the moon goes down
Before the dark is leaving
I could swear
Swear I see him
Hanging round

So I watch the shadows
And I stop and think
And wade into the shallows
And I have another drink

From Skraggy's tomb

Welcome to

He was a loaded man going down
Always out there screaming at the moon
And every night he'd load another round
From Skraggy's tomb

There are certain things we can't explain
We all have our attractions
But then that boy he was insane
Skraggy made his life
Made his life a crime of passion

Talkin' bout
Skraggy's tomb

Yeah
From Skraggy's tomb