

# Voltaire, Zombie Prostitute

I was alone, and I needed a date  
I was takin' a walk past the cemetery gate  
When I saw a sign that said  
"For a good time take a left down at Tombstone Number 8"

Went through the gateway, and I'm pretty sure I  
Saw some eyes peepin' out of a "sepulture",  
I took a step into the Tomb of Ill Repute  
That's where I met her, the Zombie Prostitute

I grabbed her left breast, and I'm pretty sure I tore it  
I said "go down", but she didn't have the stomach for it  
Her teeth fell out, and her tongue fell out to boot,  
But all in all, she was a rotten kind cute.  
While I was tense, it was plain to see  
A sort of rigor mortis was comin' over me  
I didn't want to see it, but I just had to believe it  
I had a stiffy for the stiff in front of me.

Morally, I'm destitute  
In the Tomb of Ill repute  
She's a rotten kinda cute  
For a Zombie Prostitute.

Now I'm fallin' apart from my head down to my toes,  
I don't know which of my organs is the next to go  
I've been such a sleaze since she gave me the disease  
Wouldn't you know, now I'm a Zombie Gigolo  
I took my first client on a date  
We took a walk to the cemetery gate  
I got under her slip, but then, I heard a rip  
I pulled it out, and I said..."baby, keep the tip"

Morally, I'm destitute  
In the Tomb of Ill repute  
She's a rotten kind'a cute  
For a Zombie Prostitute.