

Barnes And Barnes, Cemetery Girls

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Voobaha

Cemetery Girls

I love to dance with cemetery girls

The moon comes out the earth unfurls

No time to waste the hours fade

They come awake the dead parade

Fresh souls in the cornfield

Anthony put them there

And it's good, it's real good

I love to kiss the cemetery girls

Their lips are hard, blank eyes like pearls

I call them up, they come to me

A zombie pomp pure ecstasy

I love to sleep with cemetery girls

Their legs are cold, sweet dusty curls

Pale pale breasts pressed to my cheek

When we make love stiff muscles creak

I love to love the cemetery girls

I wish they all could be cemetery girls

Yeah.

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