

# Creepier Lagoon, Sylvia

Sylvia, what will we do  
Here we are we're waiting for you

Who will light the way from where where we stand  
The darkness plays a golden hand  
You fed us all with rotten pears  
But I don't care

Sylvia, you're such a gas  
Your time has come and now must pass

Who will light the way from where where we stand  
The darkness plays a golden hand  
You fed us all with rotten pears  
But I don't care

Sylvia, what will you do