

# Nirvana, Lake Of Fire

[Originally by The Meat Puppets]

Where do bad folks go when they die?  
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly  
They go to the lake of fire and fry  
Won't see them again 'till the fourth of July

I knew a lady who came from Duluth  
She got bit by a dog with a rabid tooth  
She went to her grave just a little too soon  
And she flew away howling on the yellow moon

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Now the people cry and the people moan  
And they look for a dry place to call their home  
And try to find some place to rest their bones  
While the angels and the devils try to make them their own

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