

Owsley, Zavelow House

There's a house down on the corner
That we always used to talk about
Never had the guts to go inside
Not even on a dare
Boarded up and creepy
Scary eyes looked out upon a sleepy town
Fascination kept us guessin'
Why the sign read to Beware

We always knew just what would hit the fan
If we got an up-close look at the boogieman
Shadows on the wall
Voices in the hall
There's more than just a mouse
In the Zavelow house

I could look inside the window
If I jumped upon my trampoline
Coulda sworn I saw Hannibal Lechter
With a hatchet and a head
Not the kind of place
You'd see in Better Homes and Gardens magazine
Unless they did an expose
On the night of the living dead

But with a pretty girl to hold my hand
Coulda got an up-close look at the boogieman.