

# Wednesday 13, The Ghost Of Vincent Price

I knew that life wouldn't be the same after that fateful day  
Dreams were crushed and who's to blame for all my hurt and pain  
Can someone tell me why, why did all of my heroes die?  
And now there's nothing left but this black heart of mine just cheating death  
Just cheating death

I know I'll always get my thrill in that house on Haunted Hill  
I know that life can be a gas locked inside that house of wax

Some people prefer the finer things in life  
I'm alright just hanging out with the ghost of Vincent Price  
Some people prefer the finer things in life  
I'm alright just hanging out with the ghost, with the ghost of Vincent Price

It's so strange how my life suddenly went black and white  
Like a movie on the screen with Vincent Price co-starring me  
It's such a late, late, late show  
And when it ends, nobody knows  
I never question my sanity when the Lord of the Dead is watching over me  
Watching over me

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