

Zombina And The Skeletones, The New Orleans

T'was a swingin' scene down in New Orleans,
I heard from reliable sources,
About a gentle young cat named John Piano,
Had a brush with supernatural forces.

They said it was all in his head,
That night found John Piano dead.

Well, John Piano's band played on,
And they began to speculate,
About what kind of evil thing
Took their freind to an early grave.

The guitar player passed away,
The blood from his corpse had been drained.

The band played on solemnly,
As the bodycount was doubled,
Strange reports of creatures lurking in the swamp,
They smelled trouble.

The drummer found herself accused of a horrible killing spree,
Now the bass player has been found hanging by his neck from an old dead tree.

T'was a swinging scene in New Orleans,
Or so my sources have said,
About a gentle young cat named John Piano,
Who's entire band would end up dead.

That night the poor drummer died.
Nobody left alive to cry.