

Did you ever think, When the hearse goes by, That some day you Are gonna die?

The graveyard is
A lonely place.
They lay you down
And throw dirt in your face.

Everything's fine For about a week, Until the coffin Begins to leak. The worms crawl in,
The worms crawl out,
They crawl in through your stomach
And out of your mouth.

Your eyes drop out And your teeth fall in, And the worms crawl over Your mouth and chin.

They bring their friends, And relatives, too, And boy! What a mess they can Make out of you!

