

The Ballad Of Mortuary Harry

Hallows Eve

Well, they call me Mortuary Marry, And my friend is
Hari-Kari Mary, And when the night fog rolls in
We've got an axe to bury
Well, they call me Mortuary Harry, Don't want no folks
six feet underground, 'cause when Mary brings the
little girls in, I wanna gobble them down...
You know when Mary kills 'em, I chill 'em, and save 'em
for a rainy night, And when Mary stabs 'em, I slab 'em
On a table for my tummy's delight...
Well, they call me Mortuary Harry, And I not sure if I'm
alive, But if you wanna visit with me,
I'll be glad to sit and jive