Everything you've got is mine
And you won't get away with it this time
I'm comin' for you with a wooden stake
Nail you right through your heart and up to your gate

Ding-dong, the witch is dead Come out of your house, uncover your head Dang-dong, this crooked soul Hanged himself on rock 'n' roll

I mean, what kind of kid were you when you were a kid? What kind of man would do what you did? What kind of life did you think you were gonna live When everyone in town put a price on your head?

Ding-dong, the witch is dead Come out of your house, uncover your head Dang-dong, this crooked soul Hanged himself on rock 'n' roll

The mob sang as the pitchforks rang

And the torch flames swang up to light the way ahead

He fled in the darkness and dread

And the tower it bled till it trembled and swayed

And he fell straight to Hell and there he stayed

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