

Lake Of Fire

Meat Puppets

Where do bad folks go when they die?
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly
They go to the lake of fire and fry
Won't see them again 'till the fourth of July

I knew a lady who lived in Duluth
She got bit by a dog with a rabid tooth
She went to her grave a little too soon
And she flew away howling at the yellow moon

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Now the people cry and the people moan
And they look for a dry place to call their home
And try to find someplace to rest their bones
While the angels and the devils fight to claim them for their own

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