

London Dungeon

The Misfits

They called us walking corpses
Unholy living dead
They had to lock us up
Put us in their British hell

Make sure your face is clean now
Can't have no dirty dead
All the corpses here are clean, boy
All the Yanks in British hell

I don't want to be here in your London Dungeon
I don't want to be here in your British hell
Ain't no mystery why I'm in misery in Hell
Here's hoping you're swell

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