

# Zombies

## Radiation City

out on the lawn, you could see something was wrong  
habit is such, that it lumbers along  
the neighbors all talk, they're shaking up the walk  
enter the fear, never ever would have dreamed of being caught  
finer today  
is the sun on your unbitten leg

how can we get down, when everybody's lying on the ground  
bullets under beds, where are the pistols? they cannot be found

so oh oh so alone with them around

out in the sun where the light shades us from harm  
waiting for luck, for the river to dry up  
darker you say, is the night that they'll take us away  
now we can get down  
cause everybody's living underground  
buried in their beds where are the pistols planted in the mound  
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so oh oh so alone now that they're not around  
oh oh oh so lonely now