

Zombie Prostitute...

Voltaire

I was alone, and I needed a date
I was takin' a walk past the cemetery gate
When I saw a sign that said
"For a good time take a left down at Tombstone Number 8"

Went through the gateway, and I'm pretty sure I
Saw some eyes peepin' out of a sepulcher,
I took a step into the Tomb of Ill Repute
That's where I met her, the Zombie Prostitute

I grabbed her left breast, and I'm pretty sure I tore it
I said, "go down," but she didn't have the stomach for it
Her teeth fell out, and her tongue fell out to boot,
But all in all, she was a rotten kind cute.
While I was tense, it was plain to see
A sort of rigor mortis was comin' over me
I didn't want to see it, but I just had to believe it
I had a stiffy for the stiff in front of me.

Morally, I'm destitute
In the Tomb of Ill repute
She's a rotten kinda cute
For a Zombie Prostitute.

Now I'm fallin' apart from my head down to my toes,
I don't know which of my organs is the next to go
I've been such a sleaze since she gave me the disease
Wouldn't you know, now I'm a Zombie Gigolo
I took my first client on a date
We took a walk to the cemetery gate
I got under her slip, but then, I heard a rip
I pulled it out, and I said..."baby, keep the tip"

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