

Joan Crawford

Blue Öyster Cult

Junkies down in Brooklyn are going crazy
They're laughing just like hungry dogs in the street
Policemen are hiding behind the skirts of little girls
Their eyes have turned the color of frozen meat

No, no no no, no no no no no no no,
Joan Crawford has risen from the grave
Joan Crawford has risen from the grave

Catholic schoolgirls have thrown away their mascara
They chain themselves to the axles of big Mack trucks
The sky is filled with herds of shivering angels
The fat lady laughs, "Gentlemen, start your trucks!"

No, no no no, no no no no no no no,
Joan Crawford has risen from the grave
Joan Crawford has risen from the grave

(Christina, mother's home!
No, no
Christina
No, no, no, no
Come to Mother
No, no, no, no, no no no no no no
Christina)

Joan Crawford has risen from the grave
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Joan Crawford has risen