

## 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  
Joan Crawford has risen