

# Saturday Night Of The Living Dead

Calabrese

Black is back and love is dead  
Nothing left and that's okay  
I know the world is a grave  
Even in her own death  
She still smoked the cigarettes  
I know she can't take them there

Saturday night of the living dead  
And I'm so glad to  
We are for you baby  
Your god swore  
Saturday night of the living dead

We get ourself tattoo'd  
With images of death  
You know the wicked never rest  
We'll listen to the music  
That no one seems to care  
It's our life and yes we're dead

Saturday night of the living dead  
And I'm so glad to  
We are for you baby  
Your god swore  
Saturday night of the living dead

Whooaahh  
Hey Hey Hey Hey  
Saturday night of the living dead  
And I'm so glad to  
We are for you baby  
Your god swore  
Saturday night of the living dead

Whoahhh  
Whoaahh  
Whoahhh