

Pepper And Salt

Lemon Demon

Watching Dawn of the Dead while I stand on my head, ooh
Think you're down in the dumps, wait till dead person jumps on
you
When a zombie picks you up and smashes open your head you find
yourself dead
It isn't my fault, some pepper and salt ought to fix it up

I waved the magic wand, now it's gone beyond control
Don't let the dead men in, there's a problem in the soul

Do you know what I mean when I speak of machine, oh
It's a symptom of fear, it's a black magic gear, no
It's another dawning of the full moon, much like a typhoon, or
a monsoon
It isn't my fault, some pepper and salt ought to fix it up

Don't want to reminisce of the dead like this, you don't
Risen from shallow graves, made to be our slaves, but they won'
t

(hey mon, hey don't eat my brain, mon... I was once like you. O
r you were once like me.)

This was the prophecy, a lobotomy for lunch
The voodoo man finally cracks, and it really packs a punch
But don't you be fretting now, you're forgetting now, all right
Pepper and salt they say
Keeps the dead away, keeps the dead away at night

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Go away
Go away