

## Lake Of Fire

## Meat Puppets

Where do bad folks go when they die?  
They don't go to heaven where the angels fly  
They go to the lake of fire and fry  
Won't see them again 'till the fourth of July

I knew a lady who lived in Duluth  
She got bit by a dog with a rabid tooth  
She went to her grave a little too soon  
And she flew away howling at the yellow moon

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Now the people cry and the people moan  
And they look for a dry place to call their home  
And try to find someplace to rest their bones  
While the angels and the devils fight to claim them for their own

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