

# Night of the Living Dead

Misfits

Whoa oh oh oh

Whoa oh

Whoa oh

Stumble in somnambulance so  
Pre-dawn corpses come to life  
Armies of the dead survive  
Armies of the hungry ones

Only-ones, lonely-ones  
Ripped up like shredded-wheat  
Only-ones, lonely-ones  
Be a sort of human picnic

This ain't no love-in  
This ain't no happening  
This ain't no feeling in my arm

Whoa

Whoa oh

Whoa oh

Whoa oh

You think you're a zombie, you think it's a scene  
From some monster magazine  
Well, open your eyes too late  
This ain't no fantasy, boy

This ain't no love-in  
This ain't no happening  
This ain't no feeling in my arm

Whoa

Whoa oh

Whoa oh

Whoa oh

Whoa oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh