

## Lake Of Fire

Nirvana

Where the bad folks go when they die  
They don't go to Heaven where the angels fly  
Go to a lake of fire and fry  
See em' again 'til the 4th of July

I knew a lady who came from Duluth  
Bitten by a dog with a rabbit tooth  
She went to her grave just a little too soon  
Flew away howling on the yellow moon

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People cry, people moan  
Look for a dry place to call their home  
Try to find some place to rest their bones  
While the angels and the devils try to make them their own

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