

I never got along with the girls at my school Filling me up with all their morals and their rules They'd pile all their problems on my head I'd rather go out and fuck the dead Cause I can do what I want and they won't complain I wanna fuck I wanna fuck the dead Middle of the night so silently I creep on over to the mortuary Lift up the casket and fiddle with the dead Their cold blue flesh makes me turn red Cause I can do what I want and they won't complain I wanna fuck I wanna fuck the dead And I don't even care how she died... But I like it better if she smells of formaldehyde! Never on the rag or say leave me alone They don't scream and they don't moan Don't even cry if I shoot in their hair Lying on the table she smiles and she stares