

Something Wicked This Way Comes

Wednesday 13

Where do you come from?
The dust
Where will you go to?
The grave
Darkness soon falls
Everyone calls
Something wicked this way comes.

Stirring up the brewing pot,
I like words that rhyme with death
And things that rot,
I got a bone to pick but I don't know where to start, baby.
There's something wicked, there's something wicked

And I like things when they go wrong
And I prefer Godzilla to king-Kong
And what you call hell I call home, baby
There's something wicked, there's something wicked

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Don't worry I'll hold my breath
Because the only certain thing for me is death
But I'll always dress to depress, baby
There's something wicked, there's something wicked

Alice Cooper and G.I Joe, taught me everything I need to know
And when I hear 'HEY-HO', I scream 'LET'S GO', Baby.
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