

# 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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