

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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