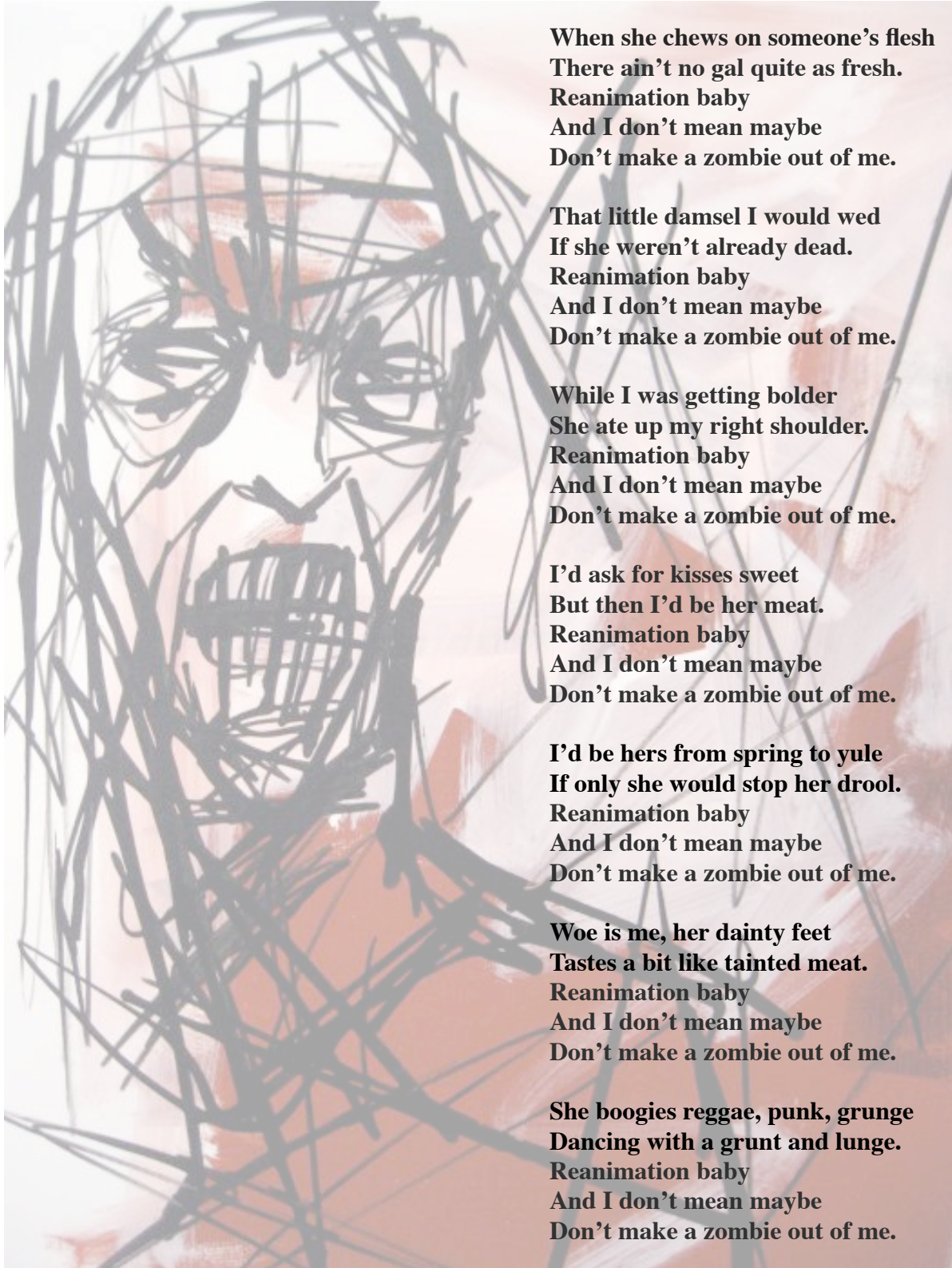


# REANIMATION BABY RAG

*music & lyrics by Don Swaim*



When she chews on someone's flesh  
There ain't no gal quite as fresh.  
Reanimation baby  
And I don't mean maybe  
Don't make a zombie out of me.

That little damsel I would wed  
If she weren't already dead.  
Reanimation baby  
And I don't mean maybe  
Don't make a zombie out of me.

While I was getting bolder  
She ate up my right shoulder.  
Reanimation baby  
And I don't mean maybe  
Don't make a zombie out of me.

I'd ask for kisses sweet  
But then I'd be her meat.  
Reanimation baby  
And I don't mean maybe  
Don't make a zombie out of me.

I'd be hers from spring to yule  
If only she would stop her drool.  
Reanimation baby  
And I don't mean maybe  
Don't make a zombie out of me.

Woe is me, her dainty feet  
Tastes a bit like tainted meat.  
Reanimation baby  
And I don't mean maybe  
Don't make a zombie out of me.

She boogies reggae, punk, grunge  
Dancing with a grunt and lunge.  
Reanimation baby  
And I don't mean maybe  
Don't make a zombie out of me.

*As featured in Swaim's overnight cult-classic ebook*

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