



ON TOP OF ROMERO

zombie lullaby

Words & music by

Don Swaim

On top of Romero
All covered with snow
I lost my true lover
For running too slow.

For courting's a pleasure,
But parting is grief,
And a flesh-eating zombie,
Is worse than a thief.

A thief will just rob you,
And take what you have,
But a mostly-dead zombie
Will lead you to the grave.

The grave will decay you,
And turn you to dust,
No zombie in a hundred
A poor girl can trust.

They'll grab you and eat you
And that is no lie
Never flirt with a zombie
Or else you will die.

So come ye fair maidens,
And listen to me
Never place your affection
In a hungry zombie.

Your flesh it will wither
You certainly will die
And an untamed zombie
Will never tell you why.

In Don Swaim's instant cult classic ebook:
**BRIGHT SUN EXTINGUISHED:
ODE TO NORMAN MAILER.**
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