

The Hearse Song

www.singing-bell.com

Version 1:

Don't ever laugh when a hearse goes by,
Or you may be the next to die.

They wrap you up in a bloody sheet,
And bury you under about six feet.

All goes well for a couple of weeks,
But then your coffin begins to leak.

The worms crawl in and the worms crawl out,
The worms play pinochle on your snout.

Your stomach turns a slimy green,
And pus comes out of you like whipped cream.

You lap it up with a piece of bread,
And that's what you eat when you are dead.

Version 2:

The worms crawl in and the worms crawl out.
The ones that go in are lean and thin.
The ones that come out are fat and stout.
Your eyes fall in and your teeth fall out.
Your brains come tumbling down your snout.
They eat your eyes and they eat your nose.
They eat the jelly between your toes.
Be merry, my friends, be merry.