CHORUS

When you're dead! And friends have all wiped their eyes,

The parson has closed his book. And the journeys begun,

Devils come and as you can well surmise, They wrap you in

sheets of flame, Oh boy! Blue Hell is waiting!
Floating over red hot coals you ride,

Toothless witches punching holes in your side. Your eyes drop out. You fry with a brimstone smell. Old Satan yells "Steak to day."

Oh Lordy, Blue Hell. Hell.