

CHORUS

When you're dead! — And friends have all wiped their eyes, — The par - son has

closed his book, — And the journeys be - gun, —

Dev - ils come — and as you can well sur - mise, — They wrap you in

sheets of flame, Oh boy! Blue Hell is a - wait - ing!

Float - ing o - ver red hot coals ——— you ride,

Tooth - less witch - es punch ing holes in your side. Your

eyes drop out ——— You fry with a brimstone smell, ——— Old Sa - tan yells "Steak to day" ———

— Oh Lordy, Blue Hell. ——— Hell. ———