

PET SEMATARY

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Fast Rock

D5 **C/E** **F5** **D5** **C/E** **F5**

D5 **C/E** **F5** **D5** **C/E**

Un - der the arc of the weath - er - stained boards, an - cient gob - lins
Fol - lowed Vic - tor to the sa - cred place. This ain't a dream; I
The moon is full, the air is still. All of a sud - den, I

F5 **D5** **C/E** **F5**

and war - lords come out the ground, not mak - ing a sound.
can't es - cape. Mo - lars and fangs, the click - ing of bones,
feel a chill. Vic - tor is grin - ning, flesh is rot - ting a - way.

D5 **C/E** **F5** **C5**

The smell of death is all a - round. In the night, when the
spir - its moan - ing a - mong the tomb - stones. In the night, when the
Skel - e - tons dance; I curse this day. In the night, when the

cold moon wolves wind is cry blows, bright, out, no one cares, some-one cries, listen close and no one bod thing y ain't me

knows, right! shout: I don't want to be

buried in a pet sem-a-tar-y. I don't want to live my life a-gain.

C5 Dm F

I don't want to be bur - ied in a

C Bb Dm

pet sem - a - tar - y. I don't want to —

C Bb

live my life — a - gain. —

To Coda

1 C5 2 C5

Bb5 D5

Bb5 C5 D.S. al Coda

CODA C5 D5 C5

Oh, — no. Oh, —

Bb C5 D5 C

no. I don't want to live my life, — not a - gain. —

Bb Repeat and Fade C5 D5

Oh, —