

## COUNTRY AND WESTERN TRANSYLVANIA LOVE SONG

Bob Lincoln was a werewolf	C
Now he lies beneath the ground	F
With a silver bullet deep within his chest	C-G-G7
He was shot by Hattie Williams	C
The tru'est lover ever found	F
Tho' she cried that night she sent him to his rest	C-G, F-Em-C

Cho: Howl to the moon Bob Lincoln,	F
Howl to the moon	C
Hattie's gone and shot you down	G-Am
To keep your heart from prowlin' round	F-Dm
Of all the wolves she know'd she loved you best!	C-G, F-Em-C

A full moon smiled down that night  
Upon the Junior Prom  
Bob drove his Daddy's hearse to Hattie's tomb  
He combed his face and rang the bell  
He knew the chase was on,  
When he caught the scent of her wolfsbane perfume!  
Chorus

All the kids were at the Prom  
At Transylvania High  
Bob Lincoln danced the foxtrot like a fox,  
But when Hattie caught him dancing  
Cheek-to-cheek with Wilma Frye,  
She thought she smelled a wolf in Bobby's sox!  
Chorus

Bob knew that Hattie was upset,  
He'd acted like a beast,  
But he knew he couldn't stop his urge to roam  
Then Hattie asked him quaintly  
Why he hadn't worn his leash  
"If you can't control your urges, take me home!"  
Chorus

Now Hattie knew that werewolves roam  
'Til their lovers shoot them down  
So she took her hidden pistol from her hair  
She had one silver bullet,  
So she only fired one round  
She got him where wolves really should be-ware!  
Chorus