

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Worms Crawl in

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If you should see a hearse go by
You'll know that you are the next to die
They wrap you up in a big white sheet
And bury you down about six feet deep

It all goes well for about a week
And then the coffin begins to leak
The worms crawl in, the worms crawl out
The mice* play pinochle on your snout

One little worm that isn't so shy
Crawls in your ear and out your eye
Your eyes they turn a gushy green
Your stomach turns to whipped ice-cream

You spread it all on a piece of bread
And that's what you eat when you're dead.

From the singing of Judy Cook, who remembers it from childhood.

Variations remembered by others:

*mice - worms Dennis Cook

DC