That's A Zombie (C) Parody of "That's Amore" (Harry Warren & Jack Brooks, 1953) (¾ Time) That's Amore by Dean Martin Lyrics by Uke Jenny of the Ukulele Band of Alabama

C G7 C G7
When… the… goo hits your eye, like a big slimy pie, that's a zombie G7 C
When an eye hits the ground, awful smell all around, that's a zombie G7 G7
Flesh will rot, such an awful lot, such an awful lot, as they run, harry-carry G7 C G ↓
Limbs will drop, with a plop, with a plop, flippy flop, gross and scary.
C G7 C When there's holes in the face, all the bone's out of place, that's a zombie G7 A7
When they lurch down the street, maybe missing some feet, they're un-dead F
You may think it's a dream, until you start to scream, "they're u-pon me!' G7 C A
It's too late, better to run, all the flesh is undone, that's a zombie!
D A7 D When the goo hits your eye, like a big slimy pie, that's a zombie A7 D When an eye hits the ground, awful smell all around, that's a zombie A7 D Flesh will rot, such an awful lot, such an awful lot, as they run, harry-carry A7 D A ↓
Limbs will drop, with a plop, with a plop, flippy flop, gross and scary.
D A7 D When there's holes in the face, all the bone's out of place, that's a zombie A7 B7
When they lurch down the street, maybe missing some feet, they're un-dead D
You may think it's a dream, until you start to scream, "they're u-pon me!' A7 D
It's too late, better to run, all the flesh is undone, that's a zombie! A7 D A7 D
Yes, my friend, it's the end, for yourself you must fend, that's a zombie!

That's A Zombie (F) Parody of "That's Amore" (Harry Warren & Jack Brooks, 1953) (¾ Time) That's Amore by Dean Martin Lyrics by Uke Jenny of the Ukulele Band of Alabama

F	C7	F	C7
When		goo hits your eye, like a big slimy pie, that's a	_
مرم مرا ۱۸	C7	hita tha amangad ang ful aman lall amangad tha ti	F
vvnen an C7	r eye r F	hits the ground, awful smell all around, that's a	C7
Flesh wil	ll rot, s C7	such an awful lot, such an awful lot, as they rur	n, harry-carry F C ⊥
Limbs wi		p, with a plop, with a plop, flippy flop, gross and	•
F	C7	F	С7
When	there'	's holes in the face, all the bone's out of place	, that's a zombie D7
When the		ch down the street, maybe missing some feet,	
You may		it's a dream, until you start to scream, "they're F	u-pon me!'
It's too la	ite, be	etter to run, all the flesh is undone, that's a zom	ıbie!
_	D7 the	G goo hits your eye, like a big slimy pie, that's a	D7 zombie G
When an D7		hits the ground, awful smell all around, that's a	_
Flesh wil	ll rot, s D7	such an awful lot, such an awful lot, as they rur	n, harry-carry G D ↓
Limbs wi	ill drop	o, with a plop, with a plop, flippy flop, gross and	
G	D7	G	D7
When	there'	's holes in the face, all the bone's out of place	, that's a zombie E7
When the	ey lurd C	ch down the street, maybe missing some feet,	they're un-dead G
_	think)7	it's a dream, until you start to scream, "they're G	u-pon me!'
	ate, be D7	etter to run, all the flesh is undone, that's a zom	ibie! G D7 G 、
Yes, my	friend	, it's the end, for yourself you must fend, that's	• •