Cabin of Death — Clement E. Lubericki

| G | С | | G | D |
|-------------------------------------|--------------|---------|----------------------------|------------------|
| Now Mom and Dad they died up | in our ca | abin. | Little sister's in the | re dying, too. |
| G | С | | | |
| We'll bury her out back behind t | he cabin. | | | |
| G D | G | | | |
| We'll save a spot beside for me | and you. | | | |
| | | | | |
| CHORUS: | | | | |
| C G | D | | | G |
| Everybody's dying in our cabin. | We all the | ough | t that it was just the | e flu. |
| C | G | D | | G |
| Turns out it was something reall | y differen | t. No | w it's even killin' m | e and you. |
| | | | | |
| G | 2 (| 3 | | D |
| First we called upon the family of | loctor to s | see if | he could save little | e sister Sue. |
| G | С | | | |
| He said he'd never seen anythir | ng quite lik | ke it | | |
| G D | G | | | |
| Look out backHe's buried out | there, too | Ο. | | |
| | | | | |
| CHORUS | | | | |
| | | | | |
| | | | | |
| G | C G | | | D |
| If you should ever go out to our | cabin, up | | | _ |
| G Vou'll find a rusty shovel by the | Carayayara | d Die | D n a bolo if you start | G fooling ill |
| You'll find a rusty shovel by the | graveyald | יי דיונ | y a noie ii you start | reening III. |
| | | | | |
| CHORUS | | | | |
| D | G | | | |
| Tag: Now it's even killin' me and | l vou. | | | |