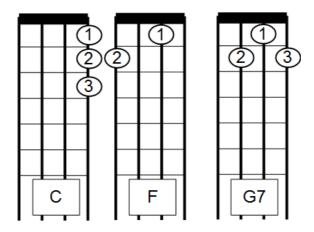
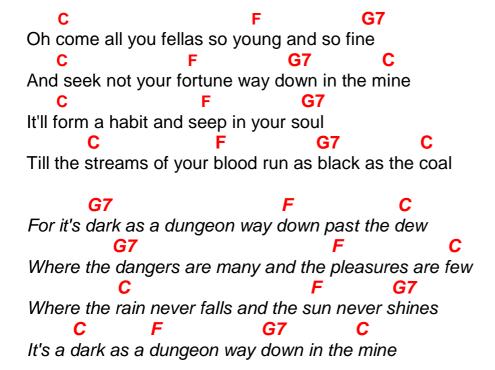
Ukulele Rocks!



'Dark as a Dungeon'



I hope when I'm dead and the ages shall roll My body will blacken and turn into coal As I look from the door of my heavenly home I'll pity the poor miner who's digging me bones

For it's dark as a dungeon way down past the dew Where the dangers are many and the pleasures are few Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines It's a dark as a dungeon way down in the mine