

More Dead Than Alive

Daniel Johnston

He played the game
But he failed the test
But he remembers the wave of her hair
And the shape of her breast
And he'll tell the world about it now
In a traveling show
Like some kinda circus
Like some kinda circus
Like a monkey in a zoo
More dead than alive

Total abandonment
That faraway look
Where nothing seems to matter
And nothing seems to cook
But you know her, you love her
You gotta live without her
He said, "I can't live without her!"
She said "Too bad about that,"
And left with the undertaker
Now he just sits at the piano
Singing "I'll never grow up, I'll never grow up!"
More dead than alive

He said "What a babe
You wanna see her?
I got a picture,"
And he whipped out his wallet, he had a pathetic collaged photo of himself with a fashion model
Really sad
Really sad
More dead than alive
Well, I climbed up a mountain
And I dug myself a grave
Don't you ever get tired
Of telling me to behave?
And the wild wind, well it's my slave
It takes me wherever I want to go
But it always blows me back again
Well, the wild wind it's my friend
It always blows me back again
It was as if my skull was bare
And naked, without a thought to share
'till it blew one night, this wild wind
And knocked me back alive again
And if I told you this was for real
That I'd been living against my will
Would you laugh and laughing, say:
He's not being real that way
More dead than alive

Pulled up a coffin
And I stepped in
And turned on the radio
And the record on the radio kept skipping, skipping
So I pulled up a coffin
Pulled up a coffin

Pulled up a coffin
I walked up to this psychological man
I said "I've got this problem about this coffin,"
He said "Here's some cough drops,"
I said, "Please don't make such dumb jokes
This is art!"
Or is it art?
Or is it smart?
Or is it just my heart?
More dead than alive

Little girl, where all my tears have dried
Little girl, when everything was going great
Time to call out the in-crowd
Undead white zombies
More dead than alive
Well, he played that game
But he failed the test
But he remember, he remembers
The wave of her hair
And the shape of her breast
And he'll tell the world about it now
In a traveling show
Like some kind of circus
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Like some kind of circus
More dead than alive