Got a phonograph on my four headed friend?

It plays sad songs about the dead

When I listen to my records

No matter what they are

They sound real good

But real weird

I know something, yet something, yet something is wrong

Oh yeah

All my old records used to not want me dead

Now they do, how about it?

Well Monkeys sounding like a corpse but I don't mind

He sounds real good

And he still keeps time

And the Beatles they keep singing about graveyards and mud

It sounds so good that I can't get up

I know something, yet something, yet something is wrong

Oh yeah

All my old records used to not sing about the dead But, now they do, all about it baby, here we go

The music is killing me
The high and low fidelities
Are attacking my brain
And it's terrific
The music sounds just great
Just terrific