

There was lying at the table, crying on the stairs
A raven on the gable singing "Jesus doesn't care"
A women at the window, with her hands on her hips
Staring out across the ocean like the prow of a ship
No blinking or emotion like the prow of a ship
Just endeavour and devotion like the prow of a ship

Ahh Ooooh
Rest in your bed
Ooooh Oooh
McGreggor's dead

The kids are in the kitchen, carving up the will
While the long line of limousines snake down the hill
They'll keep them waiting, they're shaking hands
With the prodigal and pompous who knew the man
Father figures and mother f**kers who knew the man
God's torment at the party as if God knew the man

Ahh Ooooh
Rest in your bed
Ooooh Oooh
McGreggor's dead

Recall his lies
Pick up the pen
Record his reign
For the bitch who bore him is in heat again.