

Dead Men Don't Need Season Tickets

Half Man Half Biscuit

Telephone call
Telling me
My old friend Graham had died
I took a ride
Down to where I
Could be of assistance

I said to his wife
Don't give in
To grieving cliché and turn
This side of the room
Into a shrine
It just doesn't work

My arm round her shoulder
Gently I told her
Dead men don't need season tickets

Now that he's gone
You're gonna need
A helping hand with the lawn
Various chores
Not least of all
Those funeral arrangements

If I were you
I'd get myself
Away from all that relates
Week in the lakes
Reasonable rates
Early September

Now I'm no hotelier
Just thought I'd tell yer
Dead men don't need season tickets

Maybe I'm forward
Maybe I'm morbid
Dead men don't need season tickets

Dead men don't need season tickets
In a mortuary
In the mortuary
In the mortuary
In the mortuary