The Walking Dead

It's that mechanical motion Skin-tight when the nights are bloodless Lip-sync the latest notion From zombie drill instructors

Throw out of all the parties Maybe it's time for me to bed Now his eyeball's runnin' Just like a razor down her leg

Baby's joined the walking dead Up from her grave Another white slave Nothin' goes in or out of her head Never you mind Tryin' to find A real live girl in your bed She's joined the walking dead

She likes this frenzy feeding She cuts across the dance floor Thinks she's the only one bleeding He cuts his teeth on girls like her

Just a little more makeup 'Til she makes up for being used He hardly knows what he's saying She hardly knows how to refuse

She's walking

With his eyes in your head With his tongue in your bed And your lips are swollen red From the kiss of the walking dead John Hiatt