

Dead Long Dead

Larrikin Love

Dead long dead long dead,
My heart is a handful of dust,
The wheels go over my bead,
My bones are shaken with pain,
Into a shallow grave their thrust,
Only a yard beneath the street,
And the hooves of the horses beat beat,
The hooves of the horses beat,
Beat into my skull, into my brain.

There's never an end to the stream of passing feet,
Driving, hurrying, marrying, burying,
Clammer and rumbles, and ringing and clatter,
And here beneath it's all as bad,
For I thought the dead had peace but,
Well it is not so,
To have no peace in the grave,
Is that not sad?

Up and down and to and fro,
Ever about me the dead men go,
To hear a dead man chatter,
Is enough to drive one mad,
It's enough to drive one mad,
It's enough to drive me mad.

It's enough to drive one mad,
It's enough to drive one mad.