

The Bodies, The Zombies!

Mal Blum

I heard your heart's about the size of your fist
But that's not true, it's just a myth
It's your brain that's small
It's your heart that's big
And I saw it
In an exhibit, baby
In the promised land
Where your big blue eyes
And your artist's hands
Were with your small intestines
And your crooked grin
On the table

Oh me, oh my!
Never ever thought that I
Would see the day you'd sacrifice
The things that made you feel alive

Now you are my zombie bride
With zombie hair and zombie eyes
And zombie hips and zombie lips
That I can't bring myself to kiss

I hate this, don't you move to New York
You'll jump off of the bridge again
And I will never see you

Oh me, oh my
You're not much different when alive
You never compromised
No, you couldn't empathize
And now that you're so dead and all
It all just feels so literal
So you can really have my brain
So you can really have my heart: it's yours
If you want it
Yours
If you want it

I hate this, don't you move to New York
You'll jump off of the bridge again
And I will never see you
I take it that we're moving too slowly
Got a little bit lucky last night

You are a beautiful
Inhuman being
I follow your un-life
From behind my screen
And I try to believe it
But I can't deny
Even the dead don't sleep alone
(C'mon) show me the tissue of your bones
And your hands and your feet
And the people that you meet
And the places that you eat
And how you act in front of me

And the way you wear your hair
I swear, I think I understand
The things that make me who I am
And there's no master plan
I'd know

Oh me, oh my!
Now I'm on the other side
Of the world
There are so many
Zombie boys and girls
With empty chests and hollow eyes
No, I can't help what I like
You look my way
I start to sigh
Who cares if you are dead inside?
I don't
(Doesn't mean that you can't) Doesn't mean that you can't love

(You say) I hate this, don't you move to New York
You'll jump off of that bridge again
With all your brand new undead friends
And
You won't talk to me
But you'll write me into songs
And maybe I don't want you here
But I don't want you gone!
Besides I'm trying (and I'm trying and I'm trying and I'm trying and I'm try
ing and I'm trying) I've been
Trying (I've been trying I've been trying I've been trying I've been trying
I've been trying I've been trying)
To live