

## A Month Dead

Stephen Lynch

I lie next to her in the bed  
She's the kind of girl I'd like to wed  
Nevermind the fact that she's dead  
It turns me on  
It turns me on

Sure, she's a little cold to the touch  
But that doesn't bother me much  
Because the embalmer did such  
A lovely job  
A lovely job

She's a month dead and she's starting to smell  
But if loving a corpse is a sin, I'll see you in hell

And now, I got her propped up in a chair  
She's losing her skin and her hair  
And I'm wishing she wouldn't stare  
So much at me  
So much at me

Yeah, Rigor mortis is taking its toll  
And her body is as stiff as a pole  
But I'll never put her back in the hole  
I dug her from  
I dug her from

She's a month dead and she's starting to smell  
But if loving a corpse is a sin, I'll see you in hell