

The Man Is Dead

The Jezabels

And now I find the man is dead, devoid before I arrive
Tell me why his dried-up heart is flaking on my pillow

A working soul is hardly there
It left its bones on the railroad
The feeling man was bound, by fate, to be an inmate

I lost a leg in this dress. We lost a damsel in distress
So I'm in mourning, losing limbs all over the place

Come down to the merry town
Come down to the coast to see
To whom do the bones belong that linger 'neath the willow
To whom do the bones belong that linger 'neath decorum?

He said, "Come be my lover, come be my womb."
No room, no room
He said, "Come be my lover, jump in my bed."
Cold sweat, get bent