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The Birthday Party "A DEAD SONG"

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Well, this is true Oh, this is true It's true

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Mister forever said Nothing said, I can sing Hit it and make it a dead one

With words like, with words like Blood and soldier, and mother Okay, okay

I want to, I wanna sleep before the end Which is most impolite But hit it, make it a dead one

Well, if nothing crops up I'll give you a ring You can sing the end Okay, okay

Then I could get All the little animals out of my room Hit it with a broom, with a broom Okay, okay, okay, okay

Put them in a big white sack No visitors came And hit it with words like Like hit it, like hit it, oh yeah

Yeah hit it, like, like Thou, thou shalt not um like Thou shalt not

Well, this is the end This, this really is the living end This really is the living end like really This is the end and it's still living

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