

## **Boomtown Rats**

# **"The Little Death/...House Burned Down"**

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So I turned on the radio and everyone was  
listening to chicken jazz...

See that man over there...  
He's got cold feet  
He'd march to the drum  
But the drummer's  
Dead beat  
He's fragile tonight  
But he says he's clean  
He's uncertain when he's speaking  
But he knows what he means  
Ah he's shivering now  
But he don't look cold  
He say  
Turn up the weather  
So I do as I'm told  
Do you know about empty  
Die a little inside  
Cos he hasn't lived until he's died  
You couldn't have lived until you've tried  
He hasn't lived until he's died

The Little Death...

See that woman over there  
She got cold feet  
She'd march to the drum  
But the drummer's  
Dead beat  
She reach for the sky  
But the sky turn black  
She hanging by her nails  
but her knuckles just cracked  
She said, "It's strange but nice to have no  
future or past  
If you can't stand the heat  
you just turn up the gas"  
I nod as if I know she can't say I haven't tried  
Cos she hasn't lived until she's died  
you couldn't have lived until you've tried  
She hasn't lived until she's died

The Little Death...

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\*written by Bob Geldof & Pete Briquette

\*from the album entitled "V-Deep"

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