

Hitchcock Robyn

"My Wife And My Dead Wife"

Visit "[My Wife And My Dead Wife](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

My wife lies down in a chair

And peels a pear

I know she's there

I'm making coffee for two

Just me and you

But I come back in with coffee for three

Coffee for three?

My dead wife sits in a chair

Combing her hair

I know she's there

She wanders off to the bed

Shaking her head

"Robyn," she said

"You know I don't take sugar!"

My wife and my dead wife

Am I the only one that sees her?

My wife and my dead wife

Doesn't anybody see her at all?

No, no no, no, no no no no

My wife sits down on the stairs

And stares into air

There's no one there
I'm drilling holes in the wall
Holes in the wall
I turn round and my dead wife's upstairs
She's still wearing flares
She talks out loud but no one hears
And I can't decide which one I love the most
The flesh and blood or the pale, smiling ghost
My wife lies down on the beach
She's sucking a peach
She's out of reach
Of the waves that crash on the sand
Where my dead wife stands
Holding my hand
Now my wife can't swim
but neither could she
And deep in the sea
She's waiting for me
Oh, I'm such a lucky guy
'Cause I've got you baby and I'll never be lonely

Visit [Hitchcock Robyn](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.