

Nick Cave

"Dead Man In My Bed"

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Well, she sat in a wicker chair
Her eyes, they were downcast
She breathed in the future
By breathing out the past

The die is done, the die is shook
The die is duly cast

"'Cause there's a dead man in my bed", she said
?Smile you see upon his face
It's been there for many days
There's a dead man in my bed?

?Well, I ain't been feeling that good
Too much, no more?, she said, I swear
She pointed at the bedroom door
Said, ?I ain't going in there?

She leaped out of her seat
And screamed, ?Someone's not concentrating here?

?Cause there's a dead man in my bed?, she said
?Ain't speaking metaphorically
His eyes are open but he cannot see
There's a dead man in my bed?

Well, the leaves outside the window waved
All brown, they were, and falling
Even I could tell the atmosphere
In here was utterly appalling

The phone, it rang incessantly
But nobody was calling

?There's a dead man in my bed?, she said
?Though he keeps on taking notes
I swear this ain't some kind of hoax
Dead man in my bed?

Well, now, she's in the kitchen
Rattling those pots and pans
?I'd cook him something nice?

She said, "But he refuses to wash his hands?"

"He used to be so good to me
Now, he smells so fucking bad?"

"There's a dead man in my bed?", she said
"I keep poking at him with my stick
His skin is just so fucking thick
There's a dead man in my bed?"

Well, we've gotta get it all together

We've gotta get it all together
We've gotta get it all together
We've gotta get it all together

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