

The Town Pants

"Mr. Valentines Dead"

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Mr. Valentine's dead, and he's drinking Manhattans,
singing a coal miner's tune.
In his daddy's tuxedo and Fred Astaire shoes, he's the
best looking corpse in the room.
Mr. Valentine's dead, and the angels are waiting down
at the end of the bar.
They're drinking martinis and laughing at nothing,
smoking Habana cigars.

(chorus)

Have you ever seen dead men dancing so lightly?
Have you ever heard corpses who sing?
Mr. Valentine's dead and the angels will take him,
But not 'till he's finished his drink!

Mr. Valentine's dead, but it won't slow him down. He's
determined to stay on his feet.
And he bangs on the table and orders a round, and he
pays with the gold in his teeth.
Mr. Valentine's dead, and he's singing in Spanish,
wearing a rose in his hair.
Now the angels are howling and drinking tequila,
shooting their guns in the air.

(repeat chorus)

Mr. Valentine's dead, but he still loves a party. He's
always the last one to leave.
He hangs down his head and he cries like a baby when
the band plays Good Night Irene.
Mr. Valentine's dead, but he never looked better! The
priest will meet him tonight.
Tell his mom to stop crying and the band to keep
playing, 'cause the angels are too drunk to fly!

(repeat chorus)

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