

## Odds

# "The Little Death"

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People will tell you where to go  
So I've heard it said  
I laid down to take a little nap  
But there was wet concrete in my bed  
And now you're hanging out your lantern  
The fire is burning bright  
Not a good time to be paranoid  
Or afraid of the light

'cause  
I'm gonna die making love to you  
I'm gonna die making love to you  
I'm gonna die making love to you  
I'm gonna die, I'm gonna die  
I'm gonna die

The praying mantis bites off the head of her lover  
And then chews on the stump  
Black widow spiders kill their boyfriends  
Every time they hump  
I'm not talking 'bout the blind sacrifice  
Of a lemming running into the sea  
I'm talking premeditated, first-degree murder  
By you of me

And  
I'm gonna die making love to you  
I'm gonna die making love to you  
I'm gonna die making love to you  
I'm gonna die, I'm gonna die  
I'm gonna die

Scatter my deck with your zero  
Say my name and I know I'll end up dead  
Decorate my chest like a hero  
Every night I perish on your bed

It's a three-ring circle  
And it's like colour TV  
There's no toilet paper in the jungle  
And you're the last thing I'm ever gonna see

'cause  
I'm gonna die making love to you  
I'm gonna die making love to you  
I'm gonna die making love to you  
I'm gonna die, I'm gonna die  
I'm gonna die...

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