

The Paper Chase

"My Death"

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My death is like a swinging door, a patient girl who
knows the score
Oh, whistle for her and the passing time
My death is like a [incomprehensible] truth at the
funeral of my youth
Let's laugh at that and the passing time

My death is like a witch at night, as surely as all love is
blind
Let's not talk about
But whatever is behind the door and there's nothing
left to do
An angel or devil, I don't care for in front of that door,
there is -you

My death is like a beggar blind, I'll see the world with
an unlit mind
Throw me a dime for the passing time
My death comes to allow my friends a few good times,
before it ends
Let's drink to that and the passing time

My death is in your arms, your thighs
Your cold fingers will close my eyes, let's not talk about
But whatever is behind the door and there's nothing
left to do
Whether angel or devil, I don't care, for in front of that
door, there is you

My death is all among the fallen leaves
And magician's mysterious leaves, rabbits and dogs
When the passing time

My death hides all among the flowers
Where the darkest shadow cowers
Let's pick lilacs for the passing time

My death is in a double bed
Shades of oblivion run through my head, pull up the
sheets
But whatever is behind the door and there's nothing
left to do

An angel or devil, I don't care for in front of that door,
there is you

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