

Robyn Hitchcock

"Sounds Great When You're Dead"

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Your mother is a journalist, your father is a creep
They make it in your bedroom when they think you're
fast asleep
The scenes that they're enacting now beside your little
bed
Are never in your consciousness but always in your
head
Baby
It might sound dodgy now
But it sounds great when you're dead
It sounds great when you're
Your sister is a butterfly, your brother is a drunk
You gaze at him reclining in formaldehyde a trunk
He lives and breathes on systems that nobody can
supply
And you're immune to everything except the butterfly
Yeah
Baby
It might sound dodgy now
But it sounds great when you're dead
It sounds great when you're dead
Baby, you're incredible, I think that you're the most
I've searched around for everything like you from coast
to coast
Your name engraved in diamonds written in my heart
We're at our most together when we're at our most
apart
Baby
It might sound dodgy now
But it sounds great when you're dead
Baby
It might sound dodgy now
But baby let me assure you
It sounds great when you're dead

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