

## Crocketts, The

### "Mrs Playing Dead"

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It's not every afternoon, that I walk into a bar  
And I look at a woman  
And I know I'm gonna love her, all my life  
It's not every evening, I go weak at the knees  
And I get butterflies  
And I know I'm going to love her, all of my life

Hey, Mrs Playing dead  
I just saw you moving your head  
Hey, Mrs Playing dead  
The sun is out  
The sky is blue  
Romance is in the air

I'm so reduced, I am hanging on although  
What human that is in me  
Is left to live life  
Like a rat off of your words  
And the ever present voice  
Hypnotic and singing  
Echoes on through  
And I am dead to you

Hey, Mrs Playing dead  
I just saw you moving your head  
Hey, Mrs Playing dead  
The sun is out  
The sky is blue  
Romance is in the air

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