

The Fiery Furnaces

"Duplexes Of The Dead"

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I went on down to the duplexes of the dead

Where the shades are drawn and the shadow's shut

Unless you know the magic word, seldom said but
often heard

Bite your lip then spin around three times

On our honeymoon, my husband sat still

With a look in his eyes and a pen in his left hand

He wrote on the varnish the magic word, seldom seen
and never heard

He shushed me, then slumped backwards dead asleep

I went grumpy sitting in the sun by the umbrella stand

Making every single unreasonable demand

I covered my head and went to the office pool, I dipped
in reverent a re-soled mule

And asked the chlorine fumes if there was something
they wanted to bring up

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