

Jezabels, The "The Man Is Dead"

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And now I find the man is dead, devoid before I arrive.
Tell me why his dried up heart is flaking on my pillow.

A working soul is hardly there. It left its bones on the
railroad.
The feeling man was bound, by fate, to be an inmate.
I lost a leg in this dress. We lost a damsel in distress.
So I'm mourning, losing limbs all over the place.

Come down to the merry town, come down to the coast
to see,
To whom do the bones belong that linger 'neath the
willow.
Come down to the public sphere, come down to the
forum.
To whom do the bones belong that linger 'neath
decorum?

He said, "Come be lover, come be my womb."
No room. No room.
He said, "Come be my lover, jump in my bed."
Cold sweat. Get bent.

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