

# Halloween

## The Surfin' Dead

Heart stops beating, all the words worth repeating  
She is dancing but not singing  
Is it maybe that she doesn't know the words?  
She's dressed up but don't worry she's got friends  
Snowflake eating, she is mildly self defeating  
And the secrets that she's keeping  
They are really only dangerous to her  
Ships ain't sinking  
We are here to help you sing your songs  
We are here to help you sing your songs  
Because tomorrow comes and no one calls  
She stops grinning when the room it starts spinning  
She is losing all her winnings  
She's angry but it's just the alcohol  
She's all fucked right up, it's okay man she's got friends  
'Cause we are here to help her sing her songs  
We are here to help her sing her songs  
Because tomorrow's gonna come  
Tomorrow's gonna come and no one's gonna call  
This isn't Christmas, this is Chinatown and those are pretty lights  
Just use some more and put 'em on your make-up dolls  
A painting on the underneath that never smiles on the scene  
Is just like Christmas if it was Halloween  
Someone taught her it's okay to be a martyr  
Like an educated angel, be a rat  
You know in all the things you love  
Well okay  
Priceless pictures, she's collected iceless fixtures  
That is freezing from the people  
She's chosen out to help her through it all  
Whatever  
We are here to help you sing your songs  
We are here to help you sing your songs  
We are here to help you sing your songs  
Because tomorrow's gonna come  
Tomorrow's gonna come, no one's gonna call

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