

Dead (live)

Pixies

You crazy baby bathsheba, I wancha
You're suffocating you need a good shed
I'm tired of living, shebe, so gimme
Dead

DeadWe're apin' rapin' tapin' catharsis
You get torn down and get erected
My blood is working but my, my heart is
Dead

Dead

DeadHey

Whaddyah know?

You're lovely

Tanned belly

Is starting to growUriah hit the crapper, the crapper

Uriah hit the crapper, the crapper

Uriah hit the crapper, the crapper

Dead

Dead

Dead

Dead

Dead

Songwriters

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