My Death

Scott Walker

My death is like
A swinging door
A patient girl who knows the score
Whistle for her
And the passing timeMy death waits like
A bible truth
At the funeral of my youth
Weep loud for that
And the passing timeMy death waits like
A witch at night
And surely as our love is bright
Let's laugh for us
And the passing timeBut whatever is behind the door
There is nothing much to do
Angel or devil I don't care
For in front of that door
There is youMy death waits like
A beggar blind
Who sees the world with an unlit mind
Throw him a dime
For the passing timeMy death waits
To allow my friends
A few good times before it ends
Let's drink to that
And the passing timeMy death waits in
Your arms, your thighs
Your cool fingers will close my eyes
Let's not talk about
The passing timeBut whatever is behind the door
There is nothing much to do
Angel or devil I don't care
For in front of that door
There is youMy death waits
Among the falling leaves
In magicians, mysterious sleeves
Rabbits, dogs
And the passing timesMy death waits
Among the flowers
Where the blackish shadow cowers

Let's pick lilacs
For the passing timeMy death waits in
A double bed
Sails of oblivion at my head
Pull up the sheets
Against the passing timeBut whatever is behind the door
There is nothing much to do
Angel or devil I don't care
For in front of that door
There is you

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