

# 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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