

# Song For The Dead

## Queens of the Stone Age

Awake without warning  
The black of the morning  
All shimmery jewels  
From the voice of a fool  
Echoes through the halls  
Of the building  
He built in her place

He'll shake through the winter  
And dream of her mister  
The picture he drew her  
Resembled her sister  
Oh how the wind  
Can pull you in  
Or push you away

You'll move like a tiger  
Into the thicket  
Claws in the dirt  
You'll sing like a cricket  
Song of the mystery  
Song of the system  
Song for the guilty  
Song for the living  
Song for the dead

A comma of silence  
Relieves all the violence  
You've dragged into bed  
With the sheets soaking red  
It's a glimmer of light  
Through a prism  
That's calling a truce

With your beautiful hair  
So displayed on the chair  
And your head on the arm  
And your legs in the air  
And the words dancing out  
From your lips

Like a sad ballet

Now move like a tiger  
Into the thicket  
Claws in the dirt  
You'll sing like a cricket  
Song of the mystery  
Song of the system  
Song for the guilty  
Song for the living  
Song for the dead

You'll move like a tiger  
Into the thicket  
Claws in the dirt  
You'll sing like a cricket  
Long for the mystery  
Long for the system  
Long for the guilty  
Long for the living  
Move like a tiger  
Into the thicket  
Claws in the dirt  
You'll sing like a cricket  
Song for the mystery  
Song for the system  
Song for the guilty  
Song for the living  
Song for the dead  
Song for the dead  
Song for

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