

A Dead Song

The Birthday Party

Well, this is true
Oh, this is true
It's trueMister forever said
Nothing said, I can sing
Hit it and make it a dead oneWith words like, with words like
Blood and soldier, and mother
Okay, okayI want to, I wanna sleep before the end
Which is most impolite
But hit it, make it a dead oneWell, if nothing crops up
I'll give you a ring
You can sing the end
Okay, okayThen I could get
All the little animals out of my room
Hit it with a broom, with a broom
Okay, okay, okay, okayPut them in a big white sack
No visitors came
And hit it with words like
Like hit it, like hit it, oh yeahYeah hit it, like, like
Thou, thou shalt not um like
Thou shalt notWell, this is the end
This, this really is the living end
This really is the living end like really
This is the end and it's still living

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