Zombie Boy

The Magnetic Fields

Two roosters I slew and with all of my might
I prayed hard for you in Haiti at night
Your skin has turned blue and your hair has turned white
Must be the voodoo of this Haitian moonlight
We can't take day trips but oh, those moonlight strolls
Dressed up in silk slips, high heels and mink stoles
You swivel your hips as I work the controls
No blood ever drips when I widen your holes
Zombie boy, Zombie boy
Zombie boy, Zombie boy
You seem to have died of some form of the pox
They left you inside, your tiny black box
I heard when you cried and I answered your knocks
Let's make you a bride with another two cocks
You look pretty good for so long in the ground
You smell like a sewer but you don't make a sound
I feed you ordure to keep Poopsie spellbound
I like to be sure you'll be sticking around
Zombie boy, Zombie boy
Zombie boy, Zombie boy
Zombie boy, Zombie boy
Zombie boy, Zombie boy

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