

# Song For A Dead Singer

Zita Swoon

I accept your invitation  
I accept your lonely truth  
I've had the information trickle through  
Some of us like dancing  
A lot of us take dope  
A lot of this romancing hits the floor  
The rhythm of the road  
And all these selfish clowns  
The junkies and the booze  
Go lover go  
You'll always wear that crown  
Regardless of their moods  
Some Mississippi River  
Took you one bad day  
Who wounds himself with roses?  
Who dares the saddest song?  
Who struggles with his lover's needs?  
Who dares to carry on?  
Stay in the spaceship you command  
Don't mind those people who pretend  
To be helping one another  
They're just running their own game  
They're just stuck with all their fancies  
They're sick inside their brain  
They want to carry on and on  
They want to make us pay  
But after all the work is done  
Who minds himself and who just plays?  
Who wounds himself with roses?  
Who dares the saddest song?  
Who struggles with his lover's needs?  
And stills finds the trick to carry on?  
Sticks a greenback to my fretboard  
Skates a junkie through my brain  
Make a quick delivery  
Never coming back again

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