

# My Death

## The Paper Chase

My death is like a swinging door, a patient girl who knows the score

Oh, whistle for her and the passing time

My death is like a [incomprehensible] truth at the funeral of my youth

Let's laugh at that and the passing time My death is like a witch at night, as surely as all love is blind

Let's not talk about

But whatever is behind the door and there's nothing left to do

An angel or devil, I don't care for in front of that door, there is -you My death is like a beggar blind, I'll see the world with an unlit mind

Throw me a dime for the passing time

My death comes to allow my friends a few good times, before it ends

Let's drink to that and the passing time My death is in your arms, your thighs

Your cold fingers will close my eyes, let's not talk about

But whatever is behind the door and there's nothing left to do

Whether angel or devil, I don't care, for in front of that door, there is you My death is all among the fallen leaves

And magician's mysterious leaves, rabbits and dogs

When the passing time My death hides all among the flowers

Where the darkest shadow cowers

Let's pick lilacs for the passing time My death is in a double bed

Shades of oblivion run through my head, pull up the sheets

But whatever is behind the door and there's nothing left to do

An angel or devil, I don't care for in front of that door, there is you

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