Ed Is Dead

Pixies

Her head is in a bitter way
Her brain's on fire
She's just looking for the perfect wave
It's her brain's desireI'll think of her
When I walk the strand
On this true hormos a night
Ohh ohh ohh ohh ohh ohhEd is dead
Ed is dead
Ed is dead
Ohh ohh, ohh Ed is deadShe's just rotting in stupid bliss
With music on her bars uhh
Her face burning in the L.A. sunShe got no got no fear of cars
I better kick my strand cruiser
To the friendlier
Ohh, ohh ohh ohh ohh ohhEd is dead
Ed is dead
Ed is dead
Ohh ohh, ohh
Ed is dead, Ed isEd is dead
Ed is, yea Ed is
Ed is dead
Ohh ohh, ohh
Ed isEd is dead
Ohh ohh, yea yea yea
(Ed is dead)
(Ed is dead)
E.I.D
E.I.D
E.I.D
Naughty, naughty, naughty, no

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