

# Visit From The Dead Dog

Ed Harcourt

Got a visit from the dead dog  
He slept at the end of my bed last night  
He could tell I was fading  
And somehow fighting against the light  
Everyday when I open my eyes  
I see unwanted funerals  
Maybe I'll be buried alive  
But I've never seen you so beautiful Oh, I'm staying in today  
And watch the others play  
Oh, wash my sins away  
Like all good children I mean what I say I guess God has the last laugh  
From up on high he lets us kill  
And his people die for their faith  
And we call it triumph of the will  
All the theories in my own head  
Fragment and bump into themselves  
I'll run instead of taking a walk  
Instead of sixes I see twelves Oh, I'm staying in today  
And watch the others play  
Oh, wash my sins away  
Like all good children I mean what I say

Songwriters

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