

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 beautifulOh, I'm staying in today
 And watch the others play
 Oh, wash my sins away
Like all good children I mean what I sayI 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 twelvesOh, I'm staying in today
 And watch the others play
 Oh, wash my sins away
Like all good children I mean what I say

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