He's Dead

Team Death

I wake up every day
But I don't want it that way
I take my thoughts to the round about
'Cause me and them we like to get outOh, what you do in your head
You do in your head
Oh, if he is deadHe said he had a horrible house
I looked in and learnt to shut my mouth
He said I had the luck of a son
With all the love and poison of LondonOh, what you do in your head
You do in your head
Oh, if he is deadOh, what you do in your head
You do in your head
Oh, if he is dead

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