

# Dead On Arrival

## John Wesley Harding

They gave me doses of dioxide  
Started coughing constantly  
Nursed inside my wounded pride  
Poisoned arrow in my knee  
Then they stood around my bed  
Said I was getting on famously  
A faceless man in a TV van  
Reprogrammed my naivety  
I met you sparring in a corner  
And you spat right in my face  
People say it looks like tears  
Because they'll have seen the trace  
And they take it as their job of work  
To put me right back in my place  
And I pretend that I wanna be  
A contender in the human race  
Now when you hit me  
I don't cry  
The only thing that remains for me  
Is to learn how I can say goodbye  
Cos I'm ready, steady, dead on arrival  
I'm ready, steady, dead on arrival  
I'm ready, steady, dead on arrival  
You know I thought that this was mist  
But now I guess it is pollution  
Caused by an economy of half-truths  
And the resulting confusion  
You sign a form the day you're born  
That commits you to collusion  
With society's special standards  
And its optical illusions  
Someone says you're still alive  
Gives you great expectations  
But now you know you're dead inside  
Cos you feel no shock vibrations  
Now you must control yourself  
You can always cheat at patience  
Soon I'll be right in the dog house  
Food for FBI alsations  
Now when you hit me  
I don't cry  
The only thing that remains for me

Is to learn how I can say goodbye  
Cos I'm ready, steady, dead on arrival  
I'm ready, steady, dead on arrival  
I'm ready, steady, dead on arrival  
Dead on arrival

Songwriters

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