

Birthday Party, The, A Dead Song

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Prayers On Fire

A Dead Song

This is true oh! this is true it's true

Mister forever said nothing said

I can sing

Hit it! make it a dead one

With words like with words like

Blood and soldier and mother

O.k. o.k.

I want to i wanna sleep before the end

Which is most impolite

Hit it! make it a dead one

If nothing crops up

I'll give you a ring

You can sing the end

O.k. o.k.

Then i could get

All the little animals out of my room

Hit it! with a broom, with a broom!

O.k. o.k. o.k. o.k.

Put them in a big white sack

No visitors came

Hit it! with words like...

Like hit it! like hit it! oh! yea...

Yea hit it... like like

Thou thou shalt not um like

Thou shalt not this is the end this

This really is the living end

This really is the living end

Like really this is the end and it's still living