

# Nick Cave, Dead Man In My Bed

She sat in a wicker chair, her eyes they were downcast  
She breathed in the future, by breathing out the past  
The die is done, the die is shook, the die is duly cast  
There is a dead man in my bed, she said  
That smile you see upon his face  
It's been there for many days  
There's a dead man in my bed

I ain't been feeling that good too much no more, she said, I swear  
She pointed at the bedroom door and said I ain't going in there  
She leaped out of her seat and screamed  
Someone's not concentrating here  
There is a dead man in my bed, she said  
I ain't speaking metaphorically  
His eyes are open but he cannot see  
There's a dead man in my bed

The leaves outside the window waved,  
All brown, they were, and falling  
Even I could tell the atmosphere in here was utterly appalling  
The phone it rang incessantly but nobody was calling  
There's a dead man in my bed, she said  
And though he keeps on taking notes  
I swear this ain't some kind of hoax  
Dead man in my bed

Now she's in the kitchen, rattling those pots and pans  
I'd cook him something nice, she said,  
But he refuses to wash his hands  
He used to be so good to me, now he smells so fucking bad  
There is a dead man in my bed, she said  
I keep poking at him with my stick  
But his skin is just so fucking thick  
There's a dead man in my bed

We've gotta get it all together  
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