

Beat Happening, Gravedigger Blues

Saw the head off a scarecrow,
Burn its eyes with lead.
Make a crown of barbed wire,
Leave it under your bed.

I'll come running with a heart on fire...
I'll come running with a heart on fire...
I'll come running with a heart on fire...
And baby, you can dig my grave.
Baby, you can dig my grave.

Take a beet and a pole beam,
Rotting, wrapped in hay.
Spit into the middle,
Cover it with clay.

I'll come running with a heart on fire...
I'll come running with a heart on fire...
I'll come running with a heart on fire...
I wonder what made you stay.
I wonder what made me stray.

Baby's got a jar of cider,
Used for making hearts melt.
Baby knows chicken wire,
Don't make no chastity belt.

Drive a stake into the river,
Cap it with a bone.
Hear that blackbird calling,
Be my tombstone.

Now I'm running with a heart on fire...
Now I'm running with a heart on fire...
I'm running with a heart on fire...
And baby, you can lick the flames.
Baby, you can lick the flames.

Baby's got my heart's desire,
Swinging from her trophy belt.
Baby knows a funeral pyre,
Don't get put out with no beaver pelt.

Dig a sack of potatoes,
Throw it in my grave.
Fill it full of buckshot,
Just count the days...

I'll come running with a heart on fire...
I'll come running with a heart on fire...
I'll come running with a heart on fire...
And baby, you'll make me pay.
Baby, you'll make me pay.

And baby, you'll be digging my grave...
Baby, I'm just counting the days.