

Frank Black, Ed Is Dead

Her head is in a better way
Her brain's on fire
She's just looking for the perfect wave
It's her brain's desire
I'll think of her when I walk the Strand
On this true Hermosa night

Ed is dead
Ed is dead
Ed is dead
Ed is dead

She's just riding in stupid bliss
With music on her bars
Her face burning in the LA sun
She got no got no fear of cars
I'll dedicate my strand cruiser
To the memory of her, ohhhhh
oh oh oh oh oh oh

Ed is dead
Ed is dead
Ed is dead
Ed is dead

Ed is dead
Ed is, yeah Ed is
Ed is dead
Ed is dead
Ed is dead
E.I.D.
E.I.D.
E.I.D.

No no no no no