

Hitchcock Robyn, Sounds Great When You're De

Your mother is a journalist, your father is a creep
They make it in your bedroom when they think you're fast asleep
The scenes that they're enacting now beside your little bed
Are never in your consciousness but always in your head

Baby

It might sound dodgy now

But it sounds great when you're dead

It sounds great when you're

Your sister is a butterfly, your brother is a drunk

You gaze at him reclining in formaldehyde a trunk

He lives and breathes on systems that nobody can supply

And you're immune to everything except the butterfly

Yeah

Baby

It might sound dodgy now

But it sounds great when you're dead

It sounds great when you're dead

Baby, you're incredible, I think that you're the most

I've searched around for everything like you from coast to coast

Your name engraved in diamonds written in my heart

We're at our most together when we're at our most apart

Baby

It might sound dodgy now

But it sounds great when you're dead

Baby

It might sound dodgy now

But baby let me assure you

It sounds great when you're dead