

John Hiatt, The Walking Dead

It's that mechanical motion

Skin -tight when the nights are bloodless

Lip-sync the latest notion

From zombie drill instructors

Throw out of all the parties

Maybe it's time for me to bed

Now his eyeball's runnin'

Just like a razor down her leg

CHORUS:

Baby's joined the walking dead

Up from her grave

Another white slave

Nothin' goes in or out of her head

Never you mind

Tryin' to find

A real live girl in your bed

She's joined the walking dead

She likes this frenzy feeding

She cuts across the dance floor

Thinks she's the only one bleeding

He cuts his teeth on girls like her

Just a little more makeup

'Til she makes up for being used

He hardly knows what he's saying

She hardly knows how to refuse

REPEAT CHORUS

She's walking

With his eyes in your head

With his tongue in your bed

And your lips are swollen red

From the kiss of the walking dead

REPEAT CHORUS