

# Macabre, You're Dying To Be With Me

Sitting at my table, having some tea  
Chatting with a bloke who's dead from strangling  
I'm a lonely man in need of company  
I only have to kill men to make them stay with me  
You're dying to be with me  
Now you'll have a cup of tea with me  
You're dying to be with me  
We will have a chat and some tea  
You and me  
I love to be with you, but you're now decomposing  
The bloody smell so putrid  
We must soon part company  
A fire in my backyard should work sufficiently  
My toilet also used to flush away dead men rotting