

Odds, The Little Death

People will tell you where to go
so I've heard it said
I laid down to take a little nap
but there was wet concrete in my bed
and now you're hanging out your lantern
The fire is burning bright
Not a good time to be paranoid
or afraid of the light

'cause
I'm gonna die making love to you
I'm gonna die making love to you
I'm gonna die making love to you
I'm gonna die, I'm gonna die
I'm gonna die

The praying mantis bites off the head of her lover
and then chews on the stump
Black widow spiders kill their boyfriends
every time they hump
I'm not talking 'bout the blind sacrifice
of a lemming running into the sea
I'm talking premeditated, first-degree murder
by you of me

And
I'm gonna die making love to you
I'm gonna die making love to you
I'm gonna die making love to you
I'm gonna die, I'm gonna die
I'm gonna die

Scatter my deck with your zero
Say my name and I know I'll end up dead
Decorate my chest like a hero
Every night I perish on your bed

It's a three-ring circle
and it's like colour TV
There's no toilet paper in the jungle
and you're the last thing I'm ever gonna see

'cause
I'm gonna die making love to you
I'm gonna die making love to you
I'm gonna die making love to you
I'm gonna die, I'm gonna die
I'm gonna die...