

Stephen Lynch, A Month Dead

I lie next to her in the bed
She's the kind of girl I'd like to wed
Nevermind the fact that she's dead
It turns me on
It turns me on

Sure, she's a little cold to the touch
But that doesn't bother me much
Because the embalmer did such
A lovely job
A lovely job

She's a month dead and she's starting to smell
But if loving a corpse is a sin, I'll see you in hell

And now, I got her propped up in a chair
She's losing her skin and her hair
And I'm wishing she wouldn't stare
So much at me
So much at me

Yeah, Rigor mortis is taking its toll
And her body is as stiff as a pole
But I'll never put her back in the hole
I dug her from
I dug her from

She's a month dead and she's starting to smell
But if loving a corpse is a sin, I'll see you in hell