

The Boomtown Rats, The Little Death

So I turned on the radio and everyone was
listening to chicken jazz...

See that man over there...
He's got cold feet
He'd march to the drum
But the drummer's
Dead beat
He's fragile tonight
But he says he's clean
He's uncertain when he's speaking
But he knows what he means
Ah he's shivering now
But he don't look cold
He say
Turn up the weather
So I do as I'm told
Do you know about empty
Die a little inside
Cos he hasn't lived until he's died
You couldn't have lived until you've tried
He hasn't lived until he's died

The Little Death...

See that woman over there
She got cold feet
She'd march to the drum
But the drummer's
Dead beat
She reach for the sky
But the sky turn black
She hanging by her nails
but her knuckles just cracked
She said, "It's strange but nice to have no
future or past
If you can't stand the heat
you just turn up the gas"
I nod as if I know she can't say I haven't tried
Cos she hasn't lived until she's died
you couldn't have lived until you've tried
She hasn't lived until she's died

The Little Death...

*written by Bob Geldof & Pete Briquette
*from the album entitled "V-Deep"