

# The Magnetic Fields, Zombie Boy

Two roosters I slew  
and with all of my might  
I prayed, hard, for you  
in Haiti at night

Your skin has turned blue  
and your hair has turned white  
Must be the voodoo  
of this Haitian moonlight

We can't take day trips  
but Oh! those moonlight strolls  
dressed up in silk slips,  
high heels and mink stoles

You swivel your hips  
as I work the controls  
No blood ever drips  
when I widen your holes

zombie boy  
zombie boy

You seem to have died  
of some form of the pox  
They left you inside  
your tiny black box

I heard when you cried  
and I answered your knocks  
Let's make you a bride  
with another two cocks

You look pretty pure  
for so long in the ground  
You smell like a sewer  
but you don't make a sound

I feed you ordure  
to keep Poopsie spellbound  
I like to be sure  
you'll be sticking around

zombie boy  
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