

# A Thorn For Every Heart, Dead Man's Party (Oingo Boingo)

All dressed up with nowhere to go  
Walking with a dead man over my shoulder  
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Waiting for an invitation to arrive  
Going to a party where no one's still alive  
All dressed up with nowhere to go  
Walking with a dead man over my shoulder  
I was struck by lightning, walking down the street  
I was hit by something last night in my sleep  
It's a dead man's party, who could ask for more  
Everybody's coming, leave your body at the door  
Leave your body and soul at the door  
Don't run away it's only me  
Don't be afraid of what you can't see  
Got my best suit and my tie  
Shiny silver dollar on either eye  
Hear the chauffeur coming through the door  
Says there's room for maybe just one more  
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