

Ed Harcourt, Visit From The Dead Dog

Got a visit from the dead dog
He slept at the end of my bed last night
He could tell I was fading
And somehow fighting against the light
Everyday when I open my eyes
I see unwanted funerals
Maybe I'll be buried alive
But I've never seen you so beautiful

Oh, I'm staying in today
And watch the others play
Oh, wash my sins away
Like all good children I mean what I say

I guess God has the last laugh
From up on high he lets us kill
And his people die for their faith
And we call it triumph of the will
All the theories in my own head
Fragment and bump into themselves
I'll run instead of taking a walk
Instead of sixes I see twelves

Oh, I'm staying in today
And watch the others play
Oh, wash my sins away
Like all good children I mean what I say

Run where you've never been before
Lest the dead dog chase you home
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