

Nick Cave, Dead Man In My Bed

She sat in a wicker chair, her eyes they were downcast
She breathed in the future, by breathing out the past
The die is done, the die is shook, the die is duly cast
There is a dead man in my bed, she said
That smile you see upon his face
It's been there for many days
There's a dead man in my bed

I ain't been feeling that good too much no more, she said, I swear
She pointed at the bedroom door and said I ain't going in there
She leaped out of her seat and screamed someone's not concentrating here
There is a dead man in my bed, she said
I ain't speaking metaphorically
His eyes are open but he cannot see
There's a dead man in my bed

The leaves outside the window waved, all brown, they were, and falling
Even I could tell the atmosphere in here was utterly appalling
The phone it rang incessantly but nobody was calling
There's a dead man in my bed, she said
And though he keeps on taking notes
I swear this ain't some kind of hoax
Dead man in my bed

Now she's in the kitchen, rattling those pots and pans
I'd cook him something nice, she said, but he refuses to wash his hands
He used to be so good to me, now he smells so fucking bad
There is a dead man in my bed, she said
I keep poking at him with my stick
But his skin is just so fucking thick
There's a dead man in my bed

We've gotta get it all together
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