

Of Montreal, Chrissy Kiss The Corpse

On a bus stop bench sat an ancient lady
It was clear she was dead yeah we all could agree
And that death had arrived quite unexpectedly
Cause the poor wretch died with a book on her knee

Chrissy kiss the corpse
Chrissy kiss the corpse

David drew a mustache under her nose
Nick put a burning match between her toes
I put a cockroach in her pantyhose
Chrissy put on some lipstick
and struck a dramatic pose

Chrissy kiss the corpse
Chrissy kiss the corpse

Chrissy's such a pretty lass
as benign as broken glass
No one in her family knows
the vile hobby that she chose

Some cops came by so we hid behind a tree
I peeked out and they noticed me
And said fondling the dead is a felony
But you got nothing to fear
'cause we only came to see

Chrissy kiss the corpse
to see Chrissy kiss the corpse

Chrissy's such a pretty thing
gentle as a scorpion sting
No one ever would suspect
that her mind's completely wrecked