

Zita Swoon, Song For A Dead Singer

I accept your invitation
I accept your lonely truth
I've had the information trickle through
Some of us like dancing
A lot of us take dope
A lot of this romancing hits the floor
The rhythm of the road
And all these selfish clowns
The junkies and the booze
Go lover go
You'll always wear that crown
Regardless of their moods

Some Mississippi River
Took you one bad day
Who wounds himself with roses?
Who dares the saddest song?
Who struggles with his lover's needs?
Who dares to carry on?

Stay in the spaceship you command
Don't mind those people who pretend
To be helping one another
They're just running their own game
They're just stuck with all their fancies
They're sick inside their brain
They want to carry on and on
They want to make us pay
But after all the work is done
Who minds himself and who just plays?
Who wounds himself with roses?
Who dares the saddest song?
Who struggles with his lover's needs?
And stills finds the trick to carry on?
Sticks a greenback to my fretboard
Skates a junkie through my brain
Make a quick delivery
Never coming back again