

# Ballad Of A Deadman

David Sylvian

oh honey take me out i'm a deadman  
Oh baby bake me something sweet  
Oh honey take me out i'm a deadman  
Oh baby give me bread to eat

There are places in the damp northwest where  
The bodies lie down head to feet  
There were losses in the california sunshine  
Tell you stories that you can't repeat

In the winter when the valley's flooded  
Those were times where the rooms were cheap  
The summer dirt lines the corner's of your pockets  
I'm still buried there ten feet deep

Papa don't place this curse on me  
Heaven knows i can't use it  
Papa don't place this stone on me  
Mama there's no future in it

We travel on the back roads lightly  
Through castle city and through the hills beyond  
Me and joan on the sacramento

Me and joan this is where we're from

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Oh honey where's the colours of the springtime  
The pale green of an organdy dress  
Her shadow grows in the california sunshine  
But nothing else in the south south-west