

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