

There was lying at the table, crying on the stairs  
A raven on the gable singing "Jesus doesn't care"  
A women at the window, with her hands on her hips  
Staring out across the ocean like the prow of a ship  
No blinking or emotion like the prow of a ship  
Just endeavour and devotion like the prow of a ship

Ahh Ooooh  
Rest in your bed  
Ooooh Oooh  
McGreggor's dead

The kids are in the kitchen, carving up the will  
While the long line of limousines snake down the hill  
They'll keep them waiting, they're shaking hands  
With the prodigal and pompous who knew the man  
Father figures and mother f\*\*kers who knew the man  
God's torment at the party as if God knew the man

Ahh Ooooh  
Rest in your bed  
Ooooh Oooh  
McGreggor's dead

Recall his lies  
Pick up the pen  
Record his reign  
For the bitch who bore him is in heat again.