

# The Walking Dead

John Hiatt

It's that mechanical motion  
Skin-tight when the nights are bloodless  
Lip-sync the latest notion  
From zombie drill instructors

Throw out of all the parties  
Maybe it's time for me to bed  
Now his eyeball's runnin'  
Just like a razor down her leg

Baby's joined the walking dead  
Up from her grave  
Another white slave  
Nothin' goes in or out of her head  
Never you mind  
Tryin' to find  
A real live girl in your bed  
She's joined the walking dead

She likes this frenzy feeding  
She cuts across the dance floor  
Thinks she's the only one bleeding  
He cuts his teeth on girls like her

Just a little more makeup  
'Til she makes up for being used  
He hardly knows what he's saying  
She hardly knows how to refuse

She's walking

With his eyes in your head  
With his tongue in your bed  
And your lips are swollen red  
From the kiss of the walking dead