

You're Dying to Be with Me

Macabre

Sitting at my table, having some tea
Chatting with a bloke who's dead from strangling
I'm a lonely man in need of company
I only have to kill men to make them stay with me

You're dying to be with me
Now you'll have a cup of tea with me
You're dying to be with me
We will have a chat and some tea
You and me

I love to be with you, but you're now decomposing
The bloody smell so putrid
We must soon part company
A fire in my backyard should work sufficiently
My toilet also used to flush away dead men rotting