

Playing Dead

Meat Puppets

I'm dead, got nothing to lose
The biggest fucker around's
Gonna give himself the blues

Trying to make trouble for a dead man
What's that? You're mistaken
The spot you wanted most
Has already been taken

And it's been taken by your own self
No reason for a hasty retreat
You're dead just a little bit too
Perhaps you've forgotten
All the things you can't do

Like letting your belly get swollen
From lack of food
And every broken rock or bone

Or blue green god tree
Or the smell of damp
Or the touch of you reminds me
Of the you we once knew