

Sounds Great When You're Dead

Robyn Hitchcock

Your mother is a journalist
Your father is a creep
They make it in your bedroom
When they think you're fast asleep
The scenes that they're enacting now
Beside your little bed
Are never in you consciousness
But always in your head
Baby, it might sound dodgy now
But it sounds great when you're dead
It sounds great when you're
Your sister is a butterfly
Your brother is a drunk
You gaze at him reclining in
Formaldehyde, a trunk
He lives and breathes on systems
That nobody can supply
And you're immune to everything
Except the butterfly
Yeah
Baby, it might sound dodgy now
But it sounds great when you're dead
It sounds great when you're dead
Baby, you're incredible
I think that you're the most
I've searched around for everything
Like you from coast to coast
Your name, engraved in diamond
Is written in my heart
We're at our most together
When we're at our most apart
Baby, it might sound dodgy now
But it sounds great when you're dead
Baby, it might sound dodgy now
But, baby, let me assure you
It sounds great when you're dead