

A Dead Song

The Birthday Party

this is true oh! this is true it's true
mister forever said nothing said
I can sing
hit it! make it a dead one
with words like with words like
blood and soldier and mother
o.k. o.k.
I want to I wanna sleep before the end
which is most impolite
hit it! make it a dead one
if nothing crops up
I'll give you a ring
you can sing the end
o.k. o.k.
then I could get
all the little animals out of my room
hit it! with a broom, with a broom!
o.k. o.k. o.k. o.k.
put them in a big white sack
no visitors came
hit it! with words like...
like hit it! like hit it! oh! yea...
yea hit it... like like
thou thou shalt not um like
thou shalt not This is the end This
This really is the living end
This really is the living end
like really This is the end and it's still living