

Death

The Dodos

The sky is just about sand
Your silence seems to have crept
I know the hour's intense

Death, what could be worse
If I had something to complain about
If I took your place, would it hurt
Something to complain about

I never thought that I'll let
I mostly want what I get
It comes at night when it wants
You're better off in our bed

Death, what could be worse
If I had something to complain about
If I took your place, would it hurt
Something to complain about

Prefer the noise to the song
The words, they always seemed wrong
We're better off within here

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