

## The Man Is Dead

### The Jezabels

And now I find the man is dead, devoid before I arrive  
Tell me why his dried-up heart is flaking on my pillow

A working soul is hardly there  
It left its bones on the railroad  
The feeling man was bound, by fate, to be an inmate

I lost a leg in this dress. We lost a damsel in distress  
So I'm in mourning, losing limbs all over the place

Come down to the merry town  
Come down to the coast to see  
To whom do the bones belong that linger 'neath the willow  
To whom do the bones belong that linger 'neath decorum?

He said, "Come be my lover, come be my womb."  
No room, no room  
He said, "Come be my lover, jump in my bed."  
Cold sweat, get bent