

Zombie Boy

The Magnetic Fields

Two roosters I slew
and with all of my might
I prayed, hard, for you
in Haiti at night

Your skin has turned blue
and your hair has turned white
Must be the voodoo
of this Haitian moonlight

We can't take day trips
but Oh! those moonlight strolls
dressed up in silk slips,
high heels and mink stoles

You swivel your hips
as I work the controls
No blood ever drips
when I widen your holes

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You seem to have died
of some form of the pox
They left you inside
your tiny black box

I heard when you cried
and I answered your knocks
Let's make you a bride
with another two cocks

You look pretty pure
for so long in the ground
You smell like a sewer
but you don't make a sound

I feed you ordure
to keep Poopsie spellbound
I like to be sure
you'll be sticking around

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