

Your Suicides

The Tiger Lillies

Your suicides,
you do them with pride,
you do them every year:
you hang yourself
from the branch of a tree,
the branch it breaks, I fear.
Your suicides,
you do them with pride,
that hotel in King's Cross:
you overdosed
on heroin,
till the use of a limb you lost.
Your suicides,
you do them with pride,
that time you slashed your wrists:
your blood it clotted
quickly,
your blood was just too thick.
Your suicides,
you do them with pride,
in your car with exhaust fumes:
some nosy parker
came along,
your suicide was doomed.
Your suicides,
you do them with pride,
but are you really sincere?
You say some day you will succeed
but you're ninety-three next year.
Yes, you're ninety-three (silly old sod, silly old sod),
you're ninety-three (silly old sod, silly old sod),
you're ninety-three next year (silly old sod, silly old sod).
Yes, you're ninety-three (silly old sod, silly old sod),
you're ninety-three (silly old sod, silly old sod)...