

# Gravedigger Blues

Beat Happening

Saw the head off a scarecrow,  
Burn its eyes with lead.  
Make a crown of barbed wire,  
Leave it under your bed.

I'll come running with a heart on fire...  
I'll come running with a heart on fire...  
I'll come running with a heart on fire...  
And baby, you can dig my grave.  
Baby, you can dig my grave.

Take a beet and a pole beam,  
Rotting, wrapped in hay.  
Spit into the middle,  
Cover it with clay.

I'll come running with a heart on fire...  
I'll come running with a heart on fire...  
I'll come running with a heart on fire...  
I wonder what made you stay.  
I wonder what made me stray.

Baby's got a jar of cider,  
Used for making hearts melt.  
Baby knows chicken wire,  
Don't make no chastity belt.

Drive a stake into the river,  
Cap it with a bone.  
Hear that blackbird calling,  
Be my tombstone.

Now I'm running with a heart on fire...  
Now I'm running with a heart on fire...  
I'm running with a heart on fire...  
And baby, you can lick the flames.  
Baby, you can lick the flames.

Baby's got my heart's desire,  
Swinging from her trophy belt.  
Baby knows a funeral pyre,  
Don't get put out with no beaver pelt.

Dig a sack of potatoes,  
Throw it in my grave.  
Fill it full of buckshot,  
Just count the days...

I'll come running with a heart on fire...  
I'll come running with a heart on fire...  
I'll come running with a heart on fire...  
And baby, you'll make me pay.  
Baby, you'll make me pay.

And baby, you'll be digging my grave...  
Baby, I'm just counting the days.