

Death In Her Room

Bertine Zetlitz

There's death in her room
You can probably see it
The way both her dogs
Have been staring at me yeah
There's death in her room
But it probably melts down to nothing
There's death in her room
Where there used to be toys yeah
Enough to go 'round
For the girls, for the boys yeah
There's death in her room
But it probably melts to nothing
'cause my baby likes to get undressed
My baby needs to be possessed
My baby so tender my baby
There's death in her room
And it blends with the noise yeah
She always recedes with it
Heck of a poise yeah
There's death in her room
But it probably melts down to nothing
'cause my baby likes to get undressed
My baby needs to be possessed
My baby so tender my baby yeah
My baby warlocks in her ear
My baby needs to be aware
My baby so tender my baby yeah
My baby loves to get undressed
(she needs to be possessed in her room)
My baby warlocks in her ear
My baby needs to be aware
My baby so tender my baby yeah
My baby likes to get undressed
My baby needs to be possessed
My baby so tender my baby
Death in her room
You can probably see it
The way both her dogs
Have been staring at me
Yeah there's death in her room
But it probably melts down to nothing