

When I Was Bed

Christian Death

Oooh, when I was bed
Before she spread lilacs on the sheets

Perfumed his hair with white powders
Removed the bitter taste left on his cheek
Perfumed his hair with white powders
Removed the bitter taste left on his cheek

Oooh, I was bed
Before she spread lilacs on the sheets

The antiquity of that one moment
How filthy his shoes had been
And how soon we forget the smell of survival
Blanket it with roses and sick tears

Oooh, I was bed
Before she spread lilacs on the sheets

Oooh, when I was bed
When I was bed