

Grim Fandango

Dan Bull

I am Manuel "Manny" Clavera
Come to help manage in the land of the dead
You don't want to ramble forever
To the land of eternal rest
I'll help you travel at leisure in luxury
Please be my guest

Just another November the second
Working my bony bum to death
Under the threat of debt collection
Trapped in the back of El Marrow
It's hell if hell was shallow
This is where the bodies are buried
After the barrow
You come back to life with jack
But ivory wrapping your marrow
Too late to change the fact
You've strayed away
From the path that is narrow
Taken your last breath and wasted it
Chasing after that arrow
Straight to the gallows
But your grave doesn't have to be shallow
Step out the shadows
And gather your underworldly possessions
And then prepare for the day of the dead
Dress for the procession
Death's in fashion and vogue
People are passionate both
Before and after the boat trip
It doesn't have to forebode, no
You don't need to run on foot
Among a pack of savages
Just have a quick look
At our packages of rapid trips
Into the last level
Of the underworld of our souls
Are coveting another thing
Till nothing hurts at all, ow

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How far will a man go,
To keep dancing this Grim Fandango?
How far will a man go,
To keep dancing this Grim Fandango?

Engine engine, number nine
You've been here for the hundredth time
Still not got what you've come to find
God made the argument from design

Number nine, a number nine
Number nine, a number nine
I'm the superstar of Rubacava
Shrewd and mildly crude calaca
Dude unarmed, my humour's sharp as new katanas
The truth's my suit of armour
The new recruit to our group
To find the root of all inscrutable defilement
In this huge environment
Forbidden fruit for Carla
Who pursues me through the art of using subterfuge
I love seducing you through human charm
I can't delude, I'm petrified
Of putrifying mutant spiders
But there's nothing I won't do for glottis
He's my goofy sidekick
Oh, olivia
How can I forgive you?
Now nah would you hear me out
Wow, I've been an idiot
Here's me thinking you had a bad taste in men
But it was really that you had
A taste for bad men

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How far will a man go,
To keep dancing, whoa

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