

# Bed

Loudon Wainwright III

Experiments and tests have shown  
We sleep sounder when alone  
If unentangled there we lie  
Then it's easier to kind of die

For though there's pulse and shallow breath  
Falling asleep's a kind of death

And I suppose death has it's charms  
When it's done in someone else arms  
You bet someone the reason why  
Is when you cum you kind of die

Who can say what you two did?  
Made some whoopee or a kid

Bed's much more than just one thing  
It's God and boat and boxing ring

It's desert island, mountain top  
It's cradle, grave, and final stop

A bed of nails, a bed of coals  
Pierce your skin, now see your souls  
A bed of greens, the ocean bed  
Go to sleep, go on, play dead

And we all a lullaby  
A little prayer before we die

And when we die where do we go?  
Is it up above or else down below?  
It's back and forth, or so it seems  
If after-life is like our dreams

Some say this life's a dream instead  
I say real life begins in bed