

Dead

San Fermin

Little blonde ghost won't let it go
Get your ribbons off my bed
Ten red roses, oh no—
I'd rather be dead
I'd rather be dead

Am I reckless and wicked
Have I fooled you enough
Sticky sweet on the outside
And in for myself

I can charm with my eyes and
Curse the company I keep
Only blankness in my dreams
When I go to sleep

Little blonde ghost won't let it go
Get your ribbons off my bed
Ten red roses, oh no—
I'd rather be dead
I'd rather be dead

You are mine and mine alone—

I am running a fever
I am spoiling the nest
Sick and sweet and spreading quickly
Oh— I'd rather be dead

I'd rather be dead