

## Dead Souls

The Tiger Lillies

A thousand candles burning, far as the eye can see  
A hundred figures stooped to light them endlessly  
The wind like the Grim-reaper, blows the flames away  
Just like our lives are blown out every moment  
Dead souls day

The old lady, in plot 43  
The pimps and politicians all drowned now in death sea  
And the mourners come with their memories  
And candles in their pockets to be blown out endlessly  
Dead Souls Day  
Dead Souls Day

Well, the organ grinds and grinds  
He grinds away, and we are his monkeys  
His monkeys as he plays  
He grinds and grinds and grinds away  
Till our own  
Dead Souls Day  
Dead Souls Day  
Dead Souls Day  
Dead Souls Day  
Dead Souls Day  
Dead Souls Day  
Dead Souls Day  
Dead Souls Day