

Larder

The Tiger Lillies

She is there, she is there in the larder,
preserved for all time for his ardour,
she's been dead sixteen months in September,
since they burned her coffin to an ember.

Well, he loved her too much to let her die with the flames
now he comes home each eve and she's always the same,

well not quite, the flesh is decaying,
and the smell stops friends from staying,
he kissed her goodbye, she let out a cry
now the body remains as she died.

And, he loved her too much to let her die with the flames,
he comes home each evening and she's always the same,

he got a book on embalming and he found it simply quite charmin
g,
she is there, she is there in the larder, preserved for all tim
e for his ardour
she is there, she is there in the larder