

Henrietta

Yeasayer

Fever in the night, and the tremors come on
But it's you who'll survive, just like nobody thought
Nails turning red, lying cold on the bed
And now it turns out, death's not the end

You are a bomb, we sharpen our teeth
A magnificent drum, is under our feet
You'll make mummy rich, he'll throw you away
And after he's gone, the heat is here to stay

Radiation makes you weak, and right okays [?] leave your speech
The world owes more than they'll pay, in the whim of insane [?]

Oh Henrietta, we can live on forever