

Dead People's Music

You call to tell me that you're feeling home sweet home bound
And I cannot claim that I'd be suffering from a lack of time myself
Whats new, what's old and how's your brother doing?
And how does it feel to be yourself these days?

And if you asked me
About what I'm doing
I'd say that me and my sofa had something going
And I am listening to

Dead people's music
Cause they turn so well
On the turntable

Cause they turn me on
With their solid songs

When sound was black and white
When songs were satellites
When nights were longer than the days
And the days were fine

And the bands were fine
And the grass and the weed and
When I was riding my bicycle
When I was riding my bicycle

And if you asked what I'm doing
Today's afternoon
I'd say I look out the window
And I'm humming an ancient tune

I am listening to
Dead people's music
Cause they turn so well

On the turntable

Listening to
Dead people's music
Cause they turn me on
With their solid songs

Dead people's music
Cause they really played
And they played it straight

Listening to
Dead people's music
Cause they turn me on
With their solid songs

Listening to
Dead people's music
Cause they turn so well
On the turntable

Listening to
Dead people's music
And I'm glad you called
Started getting old