

Bed of nails

I would lie anywhere with you
Any old bed of nails would do
Ink up the wound for a crude tattoo
A big old red heart with an anchor stuck through

Like a sister Ophelia
Tell me you're there!
Like a lifeline Ophelia
Tell me you're there!

O, Ophelia I feel yer fall
O, Ophelia I feel yer fall

Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah any old bed of nails for me
Just so you're there when I fall asleep
I'd lay all night in a lanky limbed heap
Surround me like a warm bath
Sum me up like an epitaph
Be blatant as a bailiff
I want my lips to blister when we kiss

Oh, Ophelia I feel yer fall
Oh, Ophelia I feel yer fall

Ahh-ahh ooo-ooo ooo-ooo woo-woo ooo-ooo (ahh-ahh) ooo-ooo (ahh-ahh)

Our love, Frankenstein in nature and design
Like the Shelleys on their very first time
When our bodies become electrified
Together we bring this creature alive
It's alive, its alive it's a-lie-ee-i-ee-i-ee-i-yuh-uh-uh-ive

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