

Dead Egyptian Blues

Words & Music:
Michael Smith

Oh, Mister Tut, what good's it do?
They love your chair, but nobody cares for you
Egyptian nights were never colder
And all your friends are thousands of years older
Whatever happened to that gang down by the Sphinx
Seems they're only forty winks away
Those girls from Cairo with their belly button jewels
Made you play the fool, yesterday, yesterday.
And now you keep in shape with Elmer's Glue
Because you're all wrapped up in them Dead Egyptian Blues.

Oh, Mister Tut, they love the mask,
Do they love it, honey, sweetheart, don't ask.
Where's those baby browns and that pearly smile
The smile that drove 'em wild by the early Nile.
You make one terrific hieroglyphic, don't you bro'
Centuries of standing sideways turned you to a pro.
Those girls from Cairo, who filled your heart with lust
They've all turned to dust yesterday, yesterday
And those bandages don't do that much for you
Because you're all wrapped up in them Dead Egyptian Blues.

Oh, Mister Tut, they dig the tomb, yeah;
All that gold leaf brightens up a room
But what's the diff, when you're stiff, what riff they're playin'
When your ears have spent five thousand years decayin'
What does it matter, what possessions you may boast
When you're just a ghost, it's only jive, Clive,
Your sarcophagus is glowin' but your esophagus is showin'
Who cares how rich you are, love, when you look like Boris Karloff
Call Nautilus, they might even refund your dues
Because you're all wrapped up in them Dead Egyptian Blues.

INSTRUMENTAL:

Oh, Mister Tut, you wait and see
Another few thousand years, they're gonna dig up me
And I'll have all my little treasures near at hand
A CD of Sgt. Peppers' Lonely Hearts Club Band;
A little dried-out Maui Wowie, crumbled in a bong;
A letter from my honey, sayin' "Love ya, kid, so long"
Some peanut butter sandwiches, that've long returned to sand
Not much gold or silver, but, Tut, I think you'll understand
That in my way, I'll be just like you
All wrapped up in them Dead Egyptian Blues.

*note: Composed after viewing the King Tut exhibition.
Michael Smith, (c)1985*

