

...And Now I Own His Washing Machine

Lay It On The Line

[30 years old
Dead job but a smile unfolds
When he comes and drinks
And talks about menial things.]

Cold autumn day.
In between the rain.
In Croydon's own
Necropolis stones.

Stood the man
Eulogizing Ben.
Over a burning fire.
Where coffins expire.

There was a sense of community
As the song from his favourite team
Shot out a dead PA
And shot through my veins.

We heard the words of a dozen friends
Saying pretty much the same thing
A kind man and a quiet type,
Not one for a fight.

I hope you all get to feel
How you made us feel.
When a man dies
For the way he lives his life.

I hope you get to feel
Exactly the way you made us feel.
When a man dies
And you ask why.

30 years old
Dead job but a smile unfolds
When he comes and drinks
And talks about menial things.

Menial things.

Seems to be some kinks
In what fortune brings.
But i hope you can embrace
The fucking sentence you face.

Lyrics submitted by daisy.

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