

I Just Want to Sell Out My Funeral

The Wonder Years

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Clear the Apartment.

I plan on collapsing and I could have sworn I heard a car door slam.

I'm stuck at the corner of grinding teeth and stomach acid, all alone under a soft rain and streetlamp.

I spent my life weighed down by a stone heart, drowning in irony and settling for anything.

Somewhere down the line all the wiring went faulty. I'm scared shitless of failure and I'm staring out at where I wanna be. I just want to sell out my funeral; I just want to be enough for everyone.

I just want to sell out my funeral; Know that I fought until the lights were gone. I'm walking through harbors and churchyards. I felt the snow crack under my feet.

I'll stay thankful for mild winters, for every shot I got at anything.

I'll blame the way that I was brought up or the flaws that I was born with or the mistakes that I've made, they're all just fucking excuses.

So bury me in the memories of my friends and family.

I just need to know that they were proud of me. I just want to sell out my funeral; I just want to be enough for everyone.

I just want to sell out my funeral; Know that I fought until the lights were gone. Oh, we all wanna know where'd the American dream go? Did you give up and go home? Am I here alone?

Oh, when the credits roll, I'll watch as the screen glows; the moments when I choked, all the fears that I've outgrown

At least I hope so. I was just happy to be a contender; I was just aching for anything.

And I used to have such steady hands but now I can't keep them from shaking.

I'm sorry I... I'm sorry I don't laugh at the right times; Is this what it feels like with my wings clipped?

I'm awkward and nervous; I'm awkward and nervous

I'm awkward and nervous; I'm awkward and nervous But I was kind of hoping you'd stay.

I was kind of hoping you'd stay; I was kind of hoping you'd stay.

I need you to stay. Oh, god, could you stay?

I need you to stay, I need you to stay; I need you. If I'm in an airport and you're in a hospital bed, then, what kind of man does that make me?

If I'm in an airport and you're in a hospital bed, then, what kind of man does that make me?

If I'm in an airport (If I'm in an airport); what kind of man does that make me?

What kind of man does that make me?

What kind of man does that make me? I know how it feels to be at war with a world that never loved me.

When all we had were hand-me-downs

(I know how it feels to be at war with a world that never loved me.)

When all we had were hand me-downs

When all we had were hand me-downs

All we had was good will. Two blackbirds on a highway sign are laughing at me here with my wings clipped.

I'm staring up at the sky but the bombs keep fucking falling.

There's no devil on my shoulder; he's got a rocking chair on my front porch but I won't let him in.

No, I won't let him in; 'cause I'm sick of seeing ghosts and I know how it's all gonna end.

There's no triumph waiting; there's no sunset to ride off in.

We all want to be great men and there's nothing romantic about it.

I just want to know that I did all I could with what I was given. Edit Lyrics Edit Wiki Add Video

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