

# Funky Squaredance

## Phoenix

Hopeful days and stormy nights  
I ain't got much to win, not much to lose  
Under the burden of my loneliness  
It feels so hard to win, so hard to lose  
I won't enjoy my collection of stamps  
When I'm six feet under the ground Lonely streets and dusty roads  
Lord, it's a long way to go back home  
Under the burden of your heart of stone  
You shrug your shoulders as I decompose Please keep a eye on those red haired boys  
Someday they'll play drum with my shinbones  
Now you're chewing gum on my coffin  
Take me where I long to be I can't believe that you want me to wear  
The evening tails that will fit my corpse  
I don't need a tuxedo  
There's no bouncer in the after world I only just left my dying bed  
And you're making curtains out of my shroud  
Don't you dig my grave with some excavator  
Use a blood stained sword and a snow-white horse, please A last ride in the city's hearse  
Few miles away from Heaven above  
A few more minutes 'til they bury me  
A few more weeks 'til worms lick my bones I won't enjoy my collection of stamps  
When I'm five feet under the ground  
Stormy days and lonely nights  
Lord, it's a long way to go back home

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