

Scenes From My Funeral

Of Montreal

It's funny that when I die my friends will get to see
What kind of suit my mom buries me in
I hope it's dark blue with blue stars
When the priest leans over me
And starts talking about Jesus
And the state of my soul, please remind him
We're having a funeral here, not a play

Pick me up, four for each side of the box
March me to the shiny black car
Long winding procession of cars
Mostly of silver and black
Gentlemen in black suits and the ladies in black
Dresses and gloves
Now carry me out to the grave
The spot where I've paid to be buried
And just before whoever gives the command
To send my body down
I'll jump out of the box and tap dance
From head to bald head
I'll swoop and I'll spin, I'll rise and dive down again
I'll laugh like a baby, so happy and free
And no one will see, no one will notice me

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