

Roses for the Dead

Funeral for a Friend

Just to say we're sorry
For the black eyes and bleeding lips
When it's hard to forget
How many lies we told Or how we'd grow
Before I said goodbye
So let's scrape our knees
On the playground It's not your fault
You feel okay
It's too late in the day
It's not your fault
You feel betrayed
And can't come now to play I never listened to a word
You never said
I never listened to a word
You never said Wasting the hours now
We're all suckers for tragedies
And start this over again
And you bring us to our knees As sunrise comes
And the story will sell
A few hundred papers
So we'll follow you up It's not your fault
You feel okay
It's too late in the day
It's not your fault
You feel betrayed
And can't come out to play I never listened to a word
You never said
I never listened to a word
You never said So raise your hands up high
And let this rain pour on
So raise your hands up high
And wash us away Like innocence and childbirth
You look just like your mother
And you look just like your father Forgive him, our father
Your son is smiling
So lay roses around you

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