# Beneath The Burning Tree

## Funeral for a Friend

Carbon copy aftertaste
The taste of lips so delicate
Stop the click and watch the room
Sitting pretty in full bloomYour stain on my fingers
Like a headache that the pills won't kill
Your stain on my fingers
Like a headache that the pills won't killHold your breath this is the part
That I've been waiting for
Words spill out in front of you
On your bedroom floorYour stain on my fingers
Like a headache that the pills won't kill
Your stain on my fingers
Like a headache that the pills won't killI sat beneath the burning tree
I never gave my world away
Maybe I should, maybe I could
I sat beneath the burning tree
I never gave my world away
Maybe I should, maybe I couldI never gave my world away
Maybe I should, maybe I could
I never gave my world away
Maybe I should, maybe I wouldI never gave my world away
Maybe I should, maybe I could
I sat beneath the burning tree
I never gave my world away
Maybe I should, maybe I could
I sat beneath the burning tree
The burning tree, the burning tree

Songwriters
DAVIES, GARETH / DAVIES, MATTHEW / RICHARDS, RYAN / ROBERTS, KRIS / SMITH, DARRAN ANTHONYPublished by
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