

# The Funeral

McCarthy

I'm coming up only to hold you under  
I'm coming up only to show you wrong  
And to know you is hard and we wonder  
To know you all wrong, we were

Really too late to call, so we wait for  
Morning to wake you; it's all we got  
To know me as hardly golden  
Is to know me all wrong, they were

At every occasion I'll be ready for a funeral  
At every occasion once more is called a funeral  
Every occasion I'm ready for the funeral  
At every occasion one brilliant day funeral

I'm coming up only to show you down for  
I'm coming up only to show you wrong  
To the outside, the dead leaves, they all blow  
For'e they died had trees to hang their hope

At every occasion I'll be ready for the funeral  
At every occasion once more is called the funeral  
At every occasion I'm ready for the funeral  
At every occasion one brilliant day funeral

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