

Funeral Beds

The Districts

These great fields are stretching,
Taking me oh so far
Great fields are stretching,
Savannah stretching oh so farAnd this dry air is taking
My girl and it's oh so hard
And I wish I had a melody for a songbird to sing back my loveOh my savannah,
Did it have to be so hard?
Oh my savannah,
Taking all my love and all my heartTailor won't you make me
The finest suit so dark and black and grey
And old john won't you lend me
The finest gun your eyes have ever laidThe fastest bullet flying,
So quick nobody ever feel no pain
'Cause the plains they took my baby
And I'm gonna take her to the funeral beds to layAnd oh my savannah,
Did it have to be so hard?
Oh my savannah,
Taking all my love and all my heartOh no no... X3And I'm struggling, and I'm stumbling,
And I need to start
I'm struggling, and I'm stumbling
I need you in my heartTailor won't you make me
The finest suit so dark and black and grey
And old john won't you lend me
The finest gun your eyes have ever laidThe fastest bullet flying,
So quick nobody ever feel no pain
'Cause the plains they took my baby
And I'm gonna take her to the funeral beds to layI hate to say I love you,
But oh goddamn I love you,
You know I do
But you're gone away, gone away, gone awayThese great fields are stretching,
Taking me oh so far

Songwriters

BRADEN ISAAC LAWRENCE, CONNOR PHILLIP JACOBUS, MARK DAVID LAWRENCE, ROBERT
RICHARD GROTEPublished by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group, THE ROYALTY NETWORK INC. Song Discussions is protected
by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlrics.com/>