Afternoon in the Cemetery

Fury In The Slaughterhouse

A dog with a lame leg drags itself around the tombs
Mrs. Watson talks with someone who's been dead for years
A sickly smell of urine rising from her tights
Two old ladies on a park bench sitting silent already deadWhat a wonderful place to have a cup of tea
What a wonderful place to read a book 'bout love
What a wonderful place to sit around with me under a tree
On an afternoon in the cemeteryMillions of flies spiral around a cross before they land
In a fresh grave someone dug last night
The little chapel looks so sad even the flowers seem to cry
And all those people seem to wait for the moment they will dieWhat a wonderful place to have a cup of tea
What a wonderful place to read a book 'bout
What a wonderful place to sit around with me under a tree
On an afternoon in the cemetery

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