Funeral Tango

Scott Walker & Peter Knight

Oh I can see them now
Clutching a hankerchief
And blowing me a kiss
Discreetly asking how
How came he died so young
Or was he very old
Is the body still warm
Or is it already cold
All doors are open wide
They grope around inside
At my desk my drawers my trunk
There's nothing left to hide
Some love letters are there
And an old photograph
They've laid my poor soul bare
And now all they do is laugh
Oh I can see them all
So formal and so stiff
Like a seargant at arms
At a policeman's ball
And everybody's pushing
To be the first in line
Their hearts upon their sleeves
Like a ten cent valentine
The old women are there
Too old to give a damn
They've brought along the kids
Who don't know who I am
They're thinking about the price of my funeral bouquet
What they're thinking isn't nice
For now they'll have to pay
Oh I see all of you
All of my phoney friends
Who can't wait for it ends
Who can't wait till it's through
Oh I see all of you
You've been laughing all these years
Now all that you have left
Are a few crocodile tears

Ah you don't even know
That you're entering your hell
As you leave my cemetary
You think you're doing well
With that one who's at your side
You're as proud as you can be
Ah she's going to make you cry
But not the way you cried for meOh I can see me now
So cold and so alone
As the flowers slowly die
In my field of little bones
Oh I can see me now
I can see me at the end
Of this voyage that I/m on
Without a love without a friend
Now all this that I see
Is not what I deserve
They really have a nerve
To say these things to me
No girls just bread and water
And your money you must save
For there'll be nothing left for us
When you're dead and in your grave
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/