

Funeral Suit

[Lisa Hannigan](#)

He came by in his funeral suit
In an open-hearted shade of blue
Asked me what I liked to do
On the July evening To Bermondsey or to Shoreditch
I said I don't know which is which
The night's a thread for him to stitch
For me, the unbelieving In the end we just stay in
And gesture with our mugs of gin
Dance around this borrowed kitchen
A stop and start dumb show I am a cold filament
We advance in tender increments
Between the past and future tense
Test the weight of both

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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