Bells On

Sloan

While I'm at this funeral
You're in New York
I've been dividing my grieving
You're sleeping with a mutual friendI dreamed that I kissed your mouth
And you thought about me
Over Christmas
Oh, you might know who I am
But I know who you are
Your heart is in your art and mine's in New YorkI'm wearing my heart on my sleeve
You're sleeping with a mutual friend
And I want to be with you again
And again, and again
I've thought about you a lot lately
So flash me your metal smileI'm thinking about you
You're thinking about New York
Though to you your friend was hurt
To him I owe him money
Will you pay back the thirty dollars
That he thinks I owe him? But I don't owe him anythingIf you had a funeral
I'd be there with bells onIf I had a funeral
Would you even care?
Would you wear your silver dress?
Would you actually wear lipstick?Would you lie upon my grave?
And be there with bells on
So you could ring me from this life?
From this life
From this life
So you could ring me from this life

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