

Dancing At Her Funeral

The Limousines

Decorated in lights and surrounded by traffic cones
There was a car crashed wrapped around a telephone
Pole with a soft layer of fire fighter's chemical foam
The stranger's favorite song still playing on the radio
Nobody knows the trouble i've seen
The trouble i've been through
And as the ambulance takes her to the hospital
The only words she can say are can you take me home
Before her spirit escapes her as a soft blue glow
Oh no...Nobody knows the trouble i've seen
The trouble i've been through
And we'll be dancing at her funeral
Dancing at her funeral
Now they're digging a hole
Cutting her name in stone
Sending out invitations to her friends back home
Digging a hole
Cutting her name in stone
Oh no...

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