

Eels

"Going To Your Funeral, Pt. 1"

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Going to your funeral and feeling i could scream
Everything goes away
Driving down the highway through the perfect sunny
dream
A perfect day for perfect pain

Look at all the people with the flowers in their hands
They put the flower on the box
That's holding all the sand that was
That was once
That was once
You

Honolulu hurricane
I knew that you were not insane
Living in the insane world
Smiling like it's no big deal
Scabby wounds that never heal
The woman was only a girl

Look at all the people with their heads down in their
hands
When everything i'm feeling makes it hard to
understand
That, uh,
What i need to miss
It's what i need to miss
Is you

Going to your funeral and i'm feeling like a fool
No one's gonna take the blame
Thinking about the days of hanging out behind the
school
Everything goes away

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