

Erik Hassle

"Don't Bring Flowers After I'm Dead"

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I'm under pressure,
Be-gi-gi-ginning to overdrive.
I'm a loose canon mmh,
I will not make it out alive.

See I'm wrapped around your finger,
I'm digging in the dirt.
I'm so deep into this shit I can taste the earth.
'Cause you're running me in circles,
I'm running out of breath,
But you ain't gonna stop 'til there's nothing left.

Don't bring flowers after I'm dead.
Don't bring flowers after I'm dead.
Save your givings for the living instead.
Don't bring flowers after I'm dead.

You're a comicular,
Each day I die in a million ways.
I cut you out of my life,
But I'm to weak by 14 days

I'm wrapped around your finger,
I'm digging in the dirt.
I'm to deep into this shit I can taste the earth.
You're running me in circles,
I'm running out of breath,
But you ain't gonna stop 'til there's nothing left.

Don't bring flowers after I'm dead.
Don't bring flowers after I'm dead.
Save your givings for the living instead.
Don't bring flowers after I'm dead.
After I'm dead.

When I'm gone, who are you to mourne?
No don't touch me when I'm lying in my coffin.
Don't stand there crying as you're watching.
Don't put no flowers by my final bed.

Don't bring flowers after I'm dead.
Don't bring flowers after I'm dead.

Save your givings for the living instead.
Don't bring flowers after I'm dead.

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