

## **Funeral For A Friend "Beneath The Burning Tree"**

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Carbon copy aftertaste  
The taste of lips so delicate  
Stop the click and watch the room  
Sitting pretty in full bloom

Your stain on my fingers  
Like a headache that the pills won't kill  
Your stain on my fingers  
Like a headache that the pills won't kill

Hold your breath this is the part  
That I've been waiting for  
Words spill out in front of you  
On your bedroom floor

Your stain on my fingers  
Like a headache that the pills won't kill  
Your stain on my fingers  
Like a headache that the pills won't kill

I sat beneath the burning tree  
I never gave my world away  
Maybe I should, maybe I could  
I sat beneath the burning tree  
I never gave my world away  
Maybe I should, maybe I could

I never gave my world away  
Maybe I should, maybe I could  
I never gave my world away  
Maybe I should, maybe I would

I never gave my world away  
Maybe I should, maybe I could  
I sat beneath the burning tree  
I never gave my world away  
Maybe I should, maybe I could  
I sat beneath the burning tree  
The burning tree, the burning tree

