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## 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

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