

## Gram Parsons "Brass Buttons"

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And with all the invitations sent the young bride went  
away  
When the groom saw people passing notes not  
unusual, he might say  
But where are the flowers for my baby  
I'd even like to see her mean old mama  
And why ain't there a funeral, if you're gonna act that  
way  
I hate to tell you how he acted when the news arrived  
He took some friends out drinking and it's lucky they  
survived  
Well, he told them everything there was to tell there  
along the way  
And he felt so bad when he saw the traces  
Of old lies still on their faces  
So why don't someone here just spike his drink  
Why don't you do him in some old way  
Supposed to be a funeral, it's been a bad, bad day  
The Reverend Dr. William Grace was talking to the  
crowd  
All about the sweet child's holy face  
And the saints who sung out loud  
And he swore the fiercest beasts  
Could all be put to sleep the same silly way  
And where are the flowers for the girl  
She only knew she loved the world  
And why ain't there one lonely horn and one sad note  
to play  
Supposed to be a funeral, it's been a bad, bad day  
Ooh, supposed to be a funeral, it's been a bad, bad  
day

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