

Crash Test Dummies "At My Funeral"

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I'm still young, but I know my days are numbered
1234567 and so on

But the time will come
When these numbers have all ended
And all I ever seen will be forgotten
Won't you come to my funeral
When my days are gone
Life's not young
So I hope when
I'm finally dead and gone
That you gather 'round
And I am in lowered into the ground
When my coffin is sealed and I'm
Safely six feet under
Perhaps my friends will see fit
Then to judge me
Oh when they pause to consider
All my blunders
I hope th
Ey won't be too quick
To begrudge me
Won't you come to my funeral
When my days are done
Life's not long
So I hope That I am finally dead and gone
That you gather 'round and I
Am lowered into the ground
If I should die before I wake up
I pray that
the Lord my soul he
Take but my body, my body
That's your job
Well I can't be sure where I'm
Heading when I'm dead
To heaven, hell or yon to that great vast
But if I can I would like
To meet my maker, there's one
Or two things I'd like to ask
Wo
N't you come to my funeral
When my days are done

Life's not long, so I
Hope when I'm finally dead and gone
That you gather 'round when
I am lowered into the ground
Sam White
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Now if it is deemed necessary
That
I should forfeit my life
For the furtherance of the ends
Of justice, and mingle my blood
With the blood of my children,
And with the blood of millions
In this slave country whose rights
Disregarded by cruel, wicked, and
Unjust enactme
Nts, then I say;
Let it be done.
John Brown. 1859.

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