

Ryan Biracree

"The Eulogy Of Mr. L. Robert Hayes"

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We're here for the man
Lying beneath our feet
There's something I've wondered
Can he for who we gathered
Still feel fear in the ground
As he waits for angels to come
A-callin'
Break around the bend
Down in the saddles
Below us with the rattler
On his tale
Belly of the whale
Dig it up dig it down
Love is all around
He wasn't a great in life
He is no better in death
And something rumbles in
My tummy at the podium the fear we felt
To God we knelt to save
Is it that we know not
It's not gone
In his grave the man we're here for
Lies in wait for hell to
Come a-knockin'
Cause heaven's gate is closed
And the window's on his way
(There must be 50 ways to leave your lover)
I hope he's not up here
With us lamenting his
Awkward life
Not once do I think
By prayer
He has ever seen the light
And now the flag burns
At half mast and maybe he was right
The drums march off into the night
Off with
All the actors lines are gone
And our hats are off our heads
If he could see is now
In black curtains all
Can't remember his face you say

Could you when he was alive?
And he makes no sound
Wondering in this grave
Who's a-rappin' at the door
The rocky sands of time
Tumble over me
Let it be

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