

Sundowner

"What Beadie Said"

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Who do you think would even show up at the funeral
day?
Staring six feet down, that's my hallowed ground
Just a bed of dirt and bones, that's where I'll lay
Words carved like a poem into some cheap headstone

And who's so lucky
But to have a few dear souls tried and true?
And could you even hear the brassy sounds
Of the last bells crying out?

I'm just a dark horse
With a pale heart
On a cold night
For a long walk
Just a dead flame
Fuck this old game
Lay me down now
I've got a new name

Would anyone show up with a few last words to say?
And toast my final hour, at least piss on my grave?
Maybe there's a sad song that a lonely trumpet could
play
The tune could flutter on into an evening sun

And who's so lucky
But to have a few dear souls tried and true?
There won't be a chorus from a crowd
Just the crickets chirping loud...

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