

Visqueen "A Viewing"

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Cry to me from wooden benches, purses
Close and sew your pretty eyes shut
It's your funeral from 1 to 3
They never knew you were suicidal
You tried a hundred dresses on but
You're not feeling all that bridal

Dead love, I never meant to lay you out
Dead love, what's hunting you down
Has turned me around

Languidly beside me keeping granite hands
On polished granite shoulders
It's your funeral from 1 to 3
They never knew you were still deciding
Some traded you for sympathy
Some were never worth inviting

Dead love, I never meant to lay you out
Dead love, what's hunting you down
Has turned me around

Long before you love was at my door
The letter was dated but can't resurrect what you mean

One down, one for the team

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