

The Glass Child

"My Funeral Party"

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This could be the day I go
I know you think it's crazy
But I can feel it in my bones
The way the cars and people move
Slow and stop all up and down my block
I can almost hear the trumpets sound
I wish all my friends could be here now
To see these tables turning
That man waiting at the station
Could be an angel sent to whisk me away
The way his coat hangs funny on his back
I bet he hides his wings under there
I can almost hear the trumpets sound
I wish all my friends could be here now
To see these tables turning
If I could change one thing about myself
I would not take it all so seriously

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