

Oliver "That's Your Funeral"

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[MR. BUMBLE (spoken)]

Liberal terms, Mr. Sowerberry...Liberal terms? Three pounds!

[SOWERBERRY (spoken)]

Well, as a matter of fact, I was needing a boy....

[MR. BUMBLE]

He's a born undertaker's mute.
I can see him in his black silk suit.
Following behind the funeral procession...
With his features fixed in a suitable expression.
There'll be horses with tall balck plumes
To escort us to the family tombs,
With mourners
In all corners
Who've been taught to week in tune.

Then the coffin lined with satin.
That's your funeral.

[MRS. SOWERBERRY]

That's your funeral.

[SOWERBERRY]

Large enough to wear your hat in.
That's your funearl.

[MRS. SOWERBERRY]

That's your funeral.

[SOWERBERRY]

We're just here to glamourize you for that
Endless sleep.

[MRS. SOWERBERRY AND SOWERBERRY]

You might just as well look fetching
When you're six feet deep.

[MRS. SOWERBERRY]

At the wake we'll drink a toddy
To the body beautiful.

[MR. SOWERBERRY]

That's your funeral.

[MRS. SOWERBERRY]

Not our funeral.

[BOTH]

That's your funeral.

[SOWERBERRY]

If you're fond of overeating

That's your funeral.

[MRS. SOWERBERRY]

That's your funeral.

[SOWERBERRY]

Starve yourself by undereating

That's your funeral.

[THE FUNERAL PROCESSION]

That's your funeral?

[MRS. SOWERBERRY]

Visualize the earth descentind on you clod by clod.

You can't come back when you're buried

Underneath the ...sod.

[MRS. SOWERBERRY AND SOWERBERRY]

We will not reduce our prices.

Keep your vices usual.

[SOWERBERRY]

That's your funeral.

[MRS. SOWERBERRY]

Not our funeral.

[MRS. SOWERBERRY]

Not our funeral.

[ALL]

That's your funeral.

[MR. BUMBLE]

I don't think this song is funny.

[SOWERBERRY]

That's your funeral.

[MR. BUMBLE]

Here's the boy, now where's the money?

[SOWERBERRY]

That's your funeral.

[MR. BUMBLE]

That's your funeral.

[SOWERBERRY]

We don't harbour thoughts macabre,

There's no need to frown.

[MRS. SOWERBERRY AND SOWEBERRY]

In the end we'll either burn you up or nail you down.

We love coughs and wheezes

And diseases called incurable.

That's your funeral.

No one else's funearl.

[SOWERBERRY]

That's your...

[MRS. SOWEBERRY]

That's your...

[BOTH]

Funeral!

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