

Phoebe Snow

"Funky Square Dance"

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Hopeful days and stormy nights
I ain't got much to win, not much to lose
Under the burden of my loneliness
It feels so hard to win, so hard to lose
I won't enjoy my collection of stamps
When I'm six feet under the ground
Lonely streets and dusty roads
Lord it's a long way to go back home
Under the burden of your heart of stone
You shrug your shoulders as I decompose
Please keep a eye on those red haired boys
Someday they'll play drum with my shinbones
Now your chewing-gum on my coffin
Take me where I long to be
I can't believe that you want me to wear
The evening tails that will fit my corpse
I don't need a tuxedo
There's no bouncer in the after world
I only just left my dying bed and
Your making curtains out of my shroud
Don't you dig my grave with some excavator
Use a blood stained sword and a snow-white
horse..please..
A last ride in the city's hearse
Few miles away from heaven above
A few more minutes 'till they bury me
A few more weeks 'till worms lick my bones
I won't enjoy my collection of stamps
When I'm five feet under the ground
Stormy days and lonely nights
Lord it's a long way to go back home
Funky square dance part2
Seems so glad my place is full
When you're dancing all my way
What a cruel way to threat a friend
Live my life in dignity
Well I must confess
Looking for a place
Everybody has to demonstrate
Everybody has a C-U-A
Figure out a real way to see

Mine is the love that you give
Remember all the things that you seen
Doesn't't all the goal there was seen
Nothing I could fuck-up in years
Love got a little seers
Giving me a real sev of seers
Spering me my P-A-s-D
Giving lot of hole lot recive
Heaven sent T-N-T
Ohh can't go for the loves and
I can't goals in my mind
I remember all the years that I tried
Buried in a P-A-S-D
With all love and many day and
Many night droped in heas
Troubled in a heaven fantasy
Heaven knows what Im gonna do
Living in a lonesome avenu
Darling Im a P-L-S-D
Going all the love I receive
K-A-I-E-E- E-L-E-I-S-O-N
Everybody, knows god demonstrate
Everybody has a T-A-U
These the things that I would do
Figure out a real avenue
What mathers is the love that you give

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