

## Phoenix "Funky Squaredance"

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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  
Now I'm five feet under the ground

Stormy days and lonely nights  
Lord it's a long way to go back home

All the boys raise your hands up in the air (yeah)  
Now all the girls raise your hands up in the air (yeah)  
Everybody one more time (yeah)  
Let's all have a real good time together

One, two, three, let's go

Funky squaredance, funky squaredance, funky squaredance

Tonight's the night girls, yeah  
Come on, let's get all antsy

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You seem so glad my place is free

Now you're dancing on my grave  
What a cruel way to treat a friend

Live my life in dignity  
Well I must confess  
Looking for a place

Everybody has to demonstrate  
And everybody has to see you wait  
Thinking of a real way to see

What matters is the love that you give  
Remember all the thing that you've seen  
Does another go and never seen

Nothing in my forgotten years  
Life got a little serious  
Give me real self-esteem

It's buried in my P-A-S-T

Give a lot, a whole lot recieved  
Heaven-sent T.N.T.

Uh, can't go further, losing

I cant go losing my mind  
Remember all the game have I tried  
Buried in my P-A-S-T

We call love late at day  
Late at night I dropped in hate  
Dropping in a heaven fantasy

Heaven knows what I'm gonna do  
Living in a lonesome avenue  
Done in the P-A-S-T

Go without the love I receive  
K-A-R-I-E E-L-E-I-S-O-N  
Mmm, everybody, has got to demonstrate

Everybody has a T-I-U  
He has things you'd never do  
Thinking in a real avenue

What matters is the love that you give

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