

Drugs

"The Funeral"

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I want to see mountains of snow in July
Fireworks crossing across the blue sky
When I go
Im taking a few things with me
Id like to go in the late afternoon
With the sun going down
To give way to the moon
When I go
Make sure I dont feel a thing
I want dozens of roses surrounding my bed
Sad looking faces with pain and regret
When I go
I want the whole place painted red
All my ex-lovers will talk through the night
Heart breaking tales of passion and pride
They will say
That I had a cunt made of gold
I wanna go sideways and facing the sun
With money to spend so I can have some fun
When I go
Nothing will matter to me
Please put me somewhere
Near the sea
With one caring angel
Waiting for me
Hell be holding my heart in its hand
But most of all
Id like to go with a friend

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