

McCarthy

"The Funeral"

Visit "[The Funeral](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Mother they were lowering slowly into her grave
And the good priest was speaking on the happiness
above
Here below where man was made to work and weep
(work and weep)
We all must walk through evil lands and bales of
suffering

Suddenly a shout blew the ceremony
The undertaker's man came running and waved a
piece of paper
"Sir this bill," he sought to let the undertaker know, "it's
not paid"
"Well stop the show," his master said
The gravediggers raised the corpse and waited
patiently at hand
The priest hissed in some dismay, "Is this quite the
time or place?"

Venomously father said, "We'll have the money
Tuesday"
The undertaker had to laugh, "Well Tuesday she'll be
buried"
"Charity," wept the priest in utter disbelief
"Father Angerblow," the undertaker said
"This misses business man and that coffin is worth a
lot
Open it up right away boys there are others who can
pay"

Here below where man was made to work and weep
(work and weep)
We all must go through evil lands and bales of
suffering

Visit [McCarthy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.