

Socratic "Funeral Masses"

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Dearly beloved,
We're gathered here to mourn,
The death of the young one,
The death of your first born.
And he tried, tried to understand,
Why his lungs gave out.
His last dying words went out from them.

It isn't enough,
For your family.
It isn't enough,
For your father.
But is it enough,
To break your spirits.
And he's breaking,
Like a thousand windows.
But he's on the pane,
That keeps the glass from hitting the floor.

He's the kind of guy you wish would just leave.
He wears his heart on his sleeve.
You won't see any pictures,
With the whole family.
He doesn't wait, he just goes,
Out of control, he broke the cop's nose.
A man who can kill,
Two stones with one bird.

Please step back from that highway.
Don't you see it goes my way.
Please step back from that highway.

If you're number eight,
Then he's number nine.
It adds up half the time.
A teller with no fortune.
But he lucked out just fine.
I once was told,
That white gold,
Looks so pretty on your skin.
The jewelery, which covers up,
All the rusting within.

Please step back from that highway.
Don't you see it goes my way.
Please step back from that highway.

It isn't enough,
For your family.
It isn't enough,
For your father.
But is it enough,
To break your spirits.
He's kind of like the wind,
You can't see it, but you feel it.
And that's the only way,
You know he's there.
And how can you leave,
A place you've never been to.
Or runaway from something,
That's not chasing,
And it never was.

Please step back from that highway.
Don't you see it goes my way.
Please step back from that highway.

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