

## Spirit Of The West

### "Resurrection"

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At her funeral I never felt the grave  
Never kissed the dead, had a laugh instead  
Made a funny girl count nine best friends  
Look how they adore her, standing here before her  
With words in their pockets, hearts on thier sleeves  
They sang her praise, I felt her breathe  
And her photographs hung upon the wall  
Of the little Jewish hall

And beautiful was her comet  
And beautiful was her comet

At her funeral someone rolled the stone  
Pushed it through the night  
Eyes adjusting to her light  
Dressed in black only if we wanted  
Picasso rose and brighter, I think I would've liked her  
With words in my pockets, tears up my sleeves  
I ran back home to give them wings  
They flew above what's inside  
This world, it looks smaller from the sky

And beautiful was her comet  
And beautiful was her comet

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