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Feel So Bad "Your Funeral My Trial"

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I am a crooked man And I've walked a crooked mile Night, the shameless widow Doffed her weeds, in a pile The stars all winked at me They shamed a child Your funeral, my trial

A thousand Marys lured me To feathered beds and fields of glover Bird with crooked wing cast It's wicked shadow over A bauble moon did mock And trinket stars did smile Your funeral, my trial

Here I am, little lamb... Let all the bells in whoredom ring All the crooked bitches that she was (Mongers of pain) Saw the moon Become a fang Your funeral, my trial

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