

Funeral For A Friend, Building

Shouldering the blame
Walking into frame
Like a lighted silhouette, against a cotton sheet
You smile in the crease.

Tin can in hand, waiting for God to come around
But he never comes comes around, he never comes around.

Quite like a mouse, building up your house
Just pretend the town, leaving us the pieces...
Do they ever fit?

Tin can in hand, waiting for God to come around
But he never comes around, he never comes around.
Tin can in hand, waiting for God to come around,
But he never comes around, he never comes around.