

Phoenix, Funky Squaredance

Hopeful days and stormy nights
I ain't got much to win, not much to lose
Under the burden of my loneliness
It feels so hard to win, so hard to lose
I won't enjoy my collection of stamps
When I'm six feet under the ground

Lonely streets and dusty roads
Lord it's a long way to go back home
Under the burden of your heart of stone
You shrug your shoulders as I decompose
Please keep a eye on those red haired boys
Someday they'll play drum with my shinbones
Now your chewing-gum on my coffin
Take me where I long to be

I can't believe that you want me to wear
The evening tails that will fit my corpse
I don't need a tuxedo
There's no bouncer in the after world
I only just left my dying bed and
Your making curtains out of my shroud
Don't you dig my grave with some excavator
Use a blood stained sword and a snow-white horse..please..

A last ride in the city's hearse
Few miles away from heaven above
A few more minutes 'till they bury me
A few more weeks 'till worms lick my bones
I won't enjoy my collection of stamps
When I'm five feet under the ground
Stormy days and lonely nights
Lord it's a long way to go back home