

Roses for the Dead

Funeral for a Friend

Just to say we're sorry,
For the black eyes and bleeding lips.
And it's hard to forget
How many lies we've told.

Or how old we'd grow,
Before I said goodbye.
So let's scrape our knees on the playground.

It's not your fault,
You feel okay.
It's too late in the day.
It's not your fault,
You feel betrayed.
You can't come out to play.

I never listened to a word you never said.
I never listened to a word you never said.

Wasting the hours now,
We're all suckers for tragedies.
And start this over again,
And you bring us to our knees.

As sunrise comes,
And the story will sell,
A few hundred papers,
So we'll follow you up.

It's not your fault,
You feel okay.
It's too late in the day.
It's not your fault,
You feel betrayed.
You can't come out to play.

I never listened to a word you never said.
I never listened to a word you never said.

So raise your hands up high,
And let this rain pour on.
So raise your hands up high,
And wash us away.

Like innocence and childbirth,
You look just like your mother
And you look just like your father.
Forgive him our father,
Your son is smiling,
So lay roses around you.