

# The Funeral

Band of Horses

I'm coming up only to hold you under  
And coming up only to show you're wrong  
And to know you is hard; we wonder...  
To know you all wrong; we warn.

Ooooooooooh Ooooooooooh  
Ooooooooooh Ooooooooooh

Really too late to call,  
So we wait for morning  
To wake you is all we got  
To know me as hardly golden  
Is to know me all wrong, they warn.

At every occasion I'll be ready for the funeral  
At every occasion, once more, it's called the funeral  
At every occasion, oh, I'm ready for the funeral  
At every occasion, oh, one billion day funeral

I'm coming up only to show you're down for  
And coming up only to show you're wrong.

To the outside, the dead leaves lay on the lawn  
For they don't have trees to hang upon.

Ooooooooooh Ooooooooooh  
Ooooooooooh Ooooooooooh

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At every occasion, once more, it's called the funeral  
At every occasion, oh, I'm ready for the funeral  
Every occasion, oh, one billion day funeral