

Body In A Box

City and Colour

There's a funeral procession on the highway
traffic screeches to a halt
there's people searching for a better way
to live their lives, oh

Johnny lived a good life, you'll hear them say
as tears of sadness soak the ground
the reaper crept in, took his breath away
in the middle of the night, oh

We celebrate the lives of the dead
it's like a man's best party
only happens when he dies
we gather round to pay our respects
while their souls are still searching for the light
searching for the light

So please don't come to me on my dying day
just let me go in peace
with all the things that i forgot to say
racing through my mind, oh

And don't you bury me six feet under ground
just burn my body in a box
and let my ashes blow with the wind
out into the night sky

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Searching for the light oh oh
Searching for the light