

# At My Funeral

## Crash Test Dummies

I'm still young, but I know my days are numbered  
1234567 and so on

But the time will come  
When these numbers have all ended  
And all I ever seen will be forgotten

Won't you come to my funeral  
When my days are done  
Life's not long  
So I hope when  
I'm finally dead and gone  
That you gather 'round  
And I am in lowered into the ground

When my coffin is sealed and I'm  
Safely six feet under  
Perhaps my friends will see fit  
Then to judge me

Oh when they pause to consider  
All my blunders  
I hope they  
won't be too quick  
to begrudge me

Won't you come to my funeral  
When my days are done  
Life's not long  
So I hope That I am finally dead and gone  
That you gather 'round and I  
am lowered into the ground

If I should die before I wake up  
I pray that  
the Lord my soul he  
Take but my body, my body  
That's your job

Well I can't be sure where I'm  
Heading after death  
To heaven, hell or yon to that great vast  
But if I can I would like  
To meet my maker, there's one  
or two things I'd sure like to ask

Won't you come to my funeral  
When my days are done  
Life's not long,  
so I hope when I'm finally  
dead and gone  
That you gather 'round when  
I am lowered into the ground