

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