

## Building

## Funeral for a Friend

Shouldering the blame  
Walking into frame  
Like a lighted silhouette  
Against a cotton sheet  
Smothering the crease

Tin can in hand  
Waiting for God to come around  
But He never comes around  
He never comes around

Quiet like a mouse  
Building up your house  
Just to tear it down  
Leaving us the pieces  
Do they ever fit?

Tin can in hand  
Waiting for God to come around  
But He never comes around  
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