

Old Hymns

Funeral for a Friend

We're sinking, sinking into the stone
We're drinking, drinking our way to hell
There's nothing we can do to save the skin on our backs again

So I'll just sit back and we'll just pretend that it's all better
When I'm sinking deeper and deeper into the cracks

Stop thinking, stop making sense

You're thinking, thinking what the fuck happened to me
You're working, working yourself into a mess
There's nothing you can do to save yourself from caving in

So I'll just sit back and we'll just pretend that it's all better
When I'm sinking deeper and deeper into the cracks

Stop thinking, stop making sense to me

I used to mean something to you
But now I'm tired and alone
I used to mean something to you
Locked out and left here in the cold

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