

# The Jade Tree Years Were My Best

## Funeral for a Friend

Sometimes when the lights go out  
I pretend that I'm someone else  
I pretend like the best of them

If I hold, if I hold my breath just to feel  
That my insides ache from the pressure  
Then I breathe again

R: And if I could remember when it fell apart  
The broken glass and bloody lips  
I'm checking off your list  
Another cold December spent waiting by the phone  
The broken glass and bloody lips  
I'm checking off your list

I'm calling ex-girlfriends  
To tell them I'm sorry  
Forgetting the next day  
Trying to sleep it all away  
Just to sleep it all away

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R: