

You Want Romance?

Funeral for a Friend

The waters colder at the edge
And they dived for hours
Past sundown
Until the body was wasted

Did they conspire to this?
Did you conspire to this?

Thirty three and a half
Until the end
As we sway from ear to ear
And your heels looks so beautiful
Against the carpet, against the carpet
So graceful, yet so insecure

This ghost will haunt you
And I will judge you fair