

Mystery To Me

Headstones

I hear you're going away
Well you packed your bags that day
To say that I don't care
Would be way too fair
So go and dig your gold
Possessions have no soul
We no longer sing, and baby
Timing's everything

Congratulations, I'm really happy for you
Congratulations, I really think you're swell

I saw a little child find a penny and he smiled
What do children see, it's a mystery to me
For you to understand that the dope don't make the man
Would be far too over head
You wouldn't get it 'til you're dead

Congratulations, I'm really happy for you
If you think this is sentiment
You should know we're not very well built at all

To be double crossed inside
Dragged by my intestines
Is a hurtful curse, but I can think of worse
Oh, and by the way, when I talked to you that day
I talked to all your friends
and they told me everything