

Funky Squaredance

Phoenix

Hopeful days and stormy nights
I ain't got much to win, not much to lose
Under the burden of my loneliness
It feels so hard to win, so hard to lose
I won't enjoy my collection of stamps
When I'm six feet under the ground

Lonely streets and dusty roads
Lord it's a long way to go back home
Under the burden of your heart of stone
You shrug your shoulders as I decompose
Please keep a eye on those red haired boys
Someday they'll play drum with my shinbones

Now your chewing-gum on my coffin
Take me where I long to be

I can't believe that you want me to wear
The evening tails that will fit my corpse
I don't need a tuxedo
There's no bouncer in the after world
I only just left my dying bed and
Your making curtains out of my shroud

Don't you dig my grave with some excavator
Use a blood stained sword and a snow-white horse, please

A last ride in the city's hearse
Few miles away from heaven above
A few more minutes 'till they bury me
A few more weeks 'till worms lick my bones
I won't enjoy my collection of stamps
Now I'm five feet under the ground

Stormy days and lonely nights
Lord it's a long way to go back home

All the boys raise your hands up in the air (yeah)
Now all the girls raise your hands up in the air (yeah)
Everybody one more time (yeah)
Let's all have a real good time together
One, two, three, let's go

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Tonight's the night girls, yeah
Come on, let's get all antsy

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You seem so glad my place is free
Now you're dancing on my grave
What a cruel way to treat a friend

Live my life in dignity
Well I must confess
Looking for a place

Everybody has to demonstrate
And everybody has to see you wait
Thinking of a real way to see

What matters is the love that you give
Remember all the thing that you've seen
Does another go and never seen

Nothing in my forgotten years
Life got a little serious
Give me real self-esteem

It's buried in my P-A-S-T
Give a lot, a whole lot recieved
Heaven-sent T.N.T.

Uh, can't go further, losing

I cant go losing my mind
Remember all the game have I tried
Buried in my P-A-S-T

We call love late at day
Late at night I dropped in hate
Dropping in a heaven fantasy

Heaven knows what I'm gonna do
Living in a lonesome avenue
Done in the P-A-S-T

Go without the love I receive
K-A-R-I-E E-L-E-I-S-O-N
Mmm, everybody, has got to demonstrate

Everybody has a T-I-U
He has things you'd never do
Thinking in a real avenue

What matters is the love that you give

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