

## What Beadie Said

Sundowner

Who do you think would even show up at the funeral day?  
Staring six feet down, that's my hallowed ground  
Just a bed of dirt and bones, that's where I'll lay  
Words carved like a poem into some cheap headstone

And who's so lucky  
but to have a few dear souls tried and true?  
And could you even hear the brassy sounds  
of the last bells crying out?

I'm just a dark horse  
with a pale heart  
on a cold night  
for a long walk  
Just a dead flame  
fuck this old game  
lay me down now  
I've got a new name

Would anyone show up with a few last words to say?  
And toast my final hour, at least piss on my grave?  
Maybe there's a sad song that a lonely trumpet could play  
The tune could flutter on into an evening sun

And who's so lucky  
but to have a few dear souls tried and true?  
There won't be a chorus from a crowd  
just the crickets chirping loud...