

# Dancing At Her Funeral

The Limousines

Decorated in lights  
And surrounded by traffic cones  
There was a car crashed wrapped  
Around a telephone pole  
With a soft layer of firefighter's  
Chemical foam  
The stranger's favorite song still  
Playing on the radio

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen  
The trouble I've been through

And as the ambulance takes her to the hospital  
The only words she can say are, "Can you take me home?"  
Before her spirit escapes her as a soft blue glow, oh, no...

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen  
The trouble I've been through

And we'll be dancing at her funeral  
Dancing at her funeral

Now they're digging a hole  
Cutting her name in stone  
Sending out invitations to her friends back home  
Digging a hole, cutting her name in stone, oh, no....

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen  
The trouble I've been through