

Funeral

The Mekons

Your dead are buried, ours are reborn
You clean up the ashes while we light the fire
They're queuing up to dance on socialism's grave
This funeral is for the wrong corpse
This is my testimony, a dinosaur's confession
But how can something really be dead when it hasn't even happened?
Democracy is an alibi
The peaceful country is an ordered cemetery
What you call a sane man is now an impotent man
Smart bombs replace the dumb bombs
We can aim right into someone's kitchen
Hard rice sprays from the cooking pot
Into the eyes delicate jelly
When the natural order gets unruly
The cost of living starts going up
That makes a man's life worth so much less?
In the boring land of the snoring men
Where happiness is the taste of a sausage
And revolution is a powder for your wash
Glory in the greatest of a toilet soap
And a man falls in love with a motor
He trades his tractor for a microwave
Now we're all ex-tractor fans
Moving over to the golden state
Digging up bones tired old tails
They undertake to drive in nails
"Coo what a scorcher!"
"Are you ashamed of your bum?"
The sun is shining all around
But it's raining in our hearts
Hang on in there baby
Hang on in there child
We're gonna work it out sometime
Down in the dark we've been word-mining
We're caught in the light of the rising moon
Hairs on our palms and our vocabulary
We're gonna work it out soon