

# I Just Want To Sell Out My Funeral

The Wonder Years

Clear the apartment. I plan on collapsing  
and I could have sworn I heard a car door slam.  
I'm stuck at the corner of grinding teeth and stomach acid, all alone  
under a soft rain and streetlamp.

Well I spent my life weighed down by a stone heart,  
drowning in irony and settling for anything.  
Somewhere down the line all the wiring went faulty.  
I'm scared shitless of failure and I'm staring out at where I wanna be.

I just want to sell out my funeral.  
I just want to be enough for everyone.  
I just want to sell out my funeral.  
Know that I fought until the lights were gone.

I'm walking through harbors and churchyards.  
I felt the snow crack under my feet.  
And I'll stay thankful for mild winters,  
for every shot I got at anything.  
I'll blame the way that I was brought up  
or the flaws that I was born with  
or the mistakes that I've made.  
They're all just fucking excuses.

So bury me in the memories of my friends and family.  
I just need to know that they were proud of me.

I just want to sell out my funeral.  
I just want to be enough for everyone.  
I just want to sell out my funeral.  
Know that I fought until the lights were gone.

And oh, we all wanna know where'd the American dream go?  
Did you give up and go home? Am I here alone?  
And oh, as the credits roll, I'll watch as the screen glows.  
The moments when I choked, all the fears that I've outgrown  
At least I hope so.

I was just happy to be a contender.  
I was just aching for anything.  
I used to have such steady hands  
but now I can't keep them from shaking.

Oh I'm sorry I...

I'm sorry I don't laugh at the right times.  
Is this what it feels like with my wings clipped?  
I'm awkward and nervous. I'm awkward and nervous  
(I'm awkward and nervous. I'm awkward and nervous)

But I was kind of hoping you'd stay.  
I was kind of hoping you'd stay.  
I was kind of hoping you'd stay.  
I need you to stay.  
Oh, god, could you stay? I need you to stay. I need you to stay. I need you.

If I'm in an airport and you're in a hospital bed,  
well then what kind of man does that make me?  
If I'm in an airport and you're in a hospital bed,  
well then what kind of man does that make me?  
If I'm in an airport, If I'm in an airport  
What kind of man does that make me?  
What kind of man does that make me?  
What kind of man does that make me?

I know how it feels to be at war with a world that never loved me.  
(When all we had were hand me-downs)  
I know how it feels to be at war with a world that never loved me  
(All we had were hand me-downs)  
I know how it feels to be at war with a world that never loved me  
(All we had was good will)  
I know how it feels to be at war with a world that never loved me

Two blackbirds on a highway sign  
are laughing at me here with my wings clipped.  
I'm staring up at the sky but the bombs keep fucking falling.

There's no devil on my shoulder  
He's got a rocking chair on my front porch  
but I won't let him in. No, I won't let him in.

Because I'm sick of seeing ghosts and I know how it's all gonna end.  
There's no triumph waiting. There's no sunset to ride off in.  
We all want to be great men and there's nothing romantic about it.  
I just want to know that I did all I could with what I was given.