

# Phoenix, Funky Squaredance

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  
When I'm five feet under the ground  
Stormy days and lonely nights  
Lord it's a long way to go back home