

Ryan Adams, Funeral Marching

Oh, what's the use in trying?
Thick as thieves and packs of lies
Marching to the palaces of night

All my life I looked for something
All my seas are drops of rain
Drunk as sailors drinking from your hand

Girl, you can do just as you like
Girl, you can do just as you please
Girl, you wanted, you could've been dead
Now, you're swinging like a funeral march in June
And it's way past July

Oh, what's the use in trying?
All the time, it ends in nothing
Oh, what's the use in trying now?

Burn all the canvases
They painted up the queens in crutches
Trial to see how they all see you now

Girl, you can do just as you like
Girl, you can do just as you please
Girl, you wanted, you could've been dead
Now, you're swinging like a funeral march, oh
Yeah, but nobody died
Oh, you're swinging like a funeral march
Oh, you used to be beautiful
Oh, you used to be beautiful
Oh, you used to be beautiful
Oh...

Oh, what's the use in trying?
Everything turns to nothing
No mechanics here can save your life

Moons crash inside the opera
Oozing all the starless actors
All hung there in pieces of a sky

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Girl, you can do just as you please
Girl, you wanted, you could've been dead
Now, you're swinging like a funeral march, oh
Yeah, but nobody died
Oh, you're swinging like a funeral march
Oh, you used to be beautiful
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