

# City And Colour, Body In A Box

There's a funeral procession on the highway  
traffic screeches to a halt  
there's people searching for a better way  
to live their lives

johnny lived a good life you'll hear them say  
as tears of sadness soak the ground  
the reaper crept in, took his breath away  
in the middle of the night

We celebrate the lives of the dead  
it's like a man's best party  
only happens when he dies  
we gather round to pay our respects  
while their souls are still searching for the light

so please don't come to me on my dying day  
just let me go in peace.  
with all the things that i forgot to say  
racing through my mind

don't you bury me six feet under ground  
just burn my body in a box  
and let my ashes blow with the wind  
out into the night sky

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searching for the light.