

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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