

# Crash Test Dummies, At My Funeral

I'm still young, but I know my days are numbered  
1234567 and so on  
But a time will come when these numbers have all ended  
And all I've ever seen will be forgotten

Won't you come  
To my funeral when my days are done  
Life's not long  
And so I hope when I am finally dead and gone  
That you'll gather round when I am lowered into the ground

When my coffin is sealed and I'm safely 6 feet under  
Perhaps my friends will see fit then to judge me  
Oh when they pause to consider all my blunders  
I hope they won't be too quick to begrudge me

Won't you come  
To my funeral when my days are done  
Life's not long  
And so I hope when I am finally dead and gone  
That you'll gather round when I am lowered into the ground

If I should die before I wake up  
I pray that the Lord my soul will take but  
My body, my body - that's your job

Well I can't be sure where I'm headed after death  
To heaven, hell, or beyond to that Great Vast  
But if I can I would like to meet my Maker  
There's one or two things I'd sure like to ask

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To my funeral when my days are done  
Life's not long  
And so I hope when I am finally dead and gone  
That you'll gather round when I am lowered into the ground