

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