eels, Going To Your Funeral, Part I

going to your funeral and feeling I could scream
everything goes away
driving down the highway through the perfect sunny dream
a perfect day for perfect pain

look at all the people with the flowers in their hands
they put the flower on the box
thats holding all the sand that was...
that was once...
that was once you

Honolulu hurricane I knew that you were not insane
living in the insane world
smiling like its no big deal
scrabby wounds that never heal
the woman was only a girl

look at all the people with their heads down in their hands
when everything Im feeling makes it hard to understand
that,
what I need to miss...
Its what I need to miss...
is you

going to your funeral and Im feeling like a fool
no ones gonna take the blame
thinking about the days of hanging out behind the school
everything goes away