

Funeral For A Friend, Beneath The Burning Tree

Carbon copy aftertaste
The taste of lips so delicate
Stop the click and watch the room
Sitting pretty in full bloom

Your stain on my fingers like a headache that the pills won't kill

Hold your breath this is the part
That I've been waiting for
Words spill out in front of you
On your bedroom floor

Your stain on my fingers like a headache that the pills won't kill

I sat beneath the burning tree
I never gave my world away (maybe I should, maybe I could)
I sat beneath the burning tree
I never gave my world away (maybe I should, maybe I could)

I never gave my world away
Maybe I should maybe I could?
I never gave my world away
Maybe I could, maybe I would?

I never gave my world away (maybe I should, maybe I could)
I sat beneath the burning tree
I never gave my world away (maybe I should, maybe I could)
I sat beneath the burning tree
The burning tree
The burning tree