

# Funeral For A Friend, Building

Shouldering the blame  
Walking into frame  
Like a lighted silhouette, against a cotton sheet  
You smile in the crease.

Tin can in hand, waiting for God to come around  
But he never comes comes around, he never comes around.

Quite like a mouse, building up your house  
Just pretend the town, leaving us the pieces...  
Do they ever fit?

Tin can in hand, waiting for God to come around  
But he never comes around, he never comes around.  
Tin can in hand, waiting for God to come around,  
But he never comes around, he never comes around.