

# Headstones, Mystery To Me

I hear you're going away  
Well you packed your bags that day  
To say that I don't care  
Would be way to fair  
So go and dig your gold  
Possessions have no soul  
We no longer sing, and baby  
Timing's everything

Congratulations, I'm really happy for you  
Congratulations, I really think you're swell

I saw a little child find a penny and he smiled  
What do children see, it's a mystery to me  
For you to understand that the dope don't make the man  
Would be far too over head  
You wouldn't get it 'til you're dead

Congratulations, I'm really happy for you  
If you think this is sentiment  
You should know we're not very well built at all

To be double crossed inside  
Dragged by my intestines  
Is a hurtful curse, but I can think of worse  
Oh, and by the way, when I talked to you that day  
I talked to all your friends  
and they told me everything