

Of Montreal, Scenes From My Funeral

It's funny that when I die my friends will get to see what kind of suit my mom buries me in
I hope it's dark blue with blue stars
I hope it's dark blue with blue stars
I hope it's dark blue with blue stars

When the priest leans over me, starts talkin' about Jesus and the state of my soul,
please remind him "We're havin' a funeral here, not a play"
We're havin' a funeral here, not a play
We're havin' a funeral here, not a play

Pick me up, four for each side of the bars
March me to the shiny black car
The winding recession of cars mostly of silver and black
Gentlemen in black suits and the ladies in black dresses and gloves
Now carry me out to the grave
The spot where I'm paid to be buried
And just before whoever gives the command to send my coffin down
I jump out of the box
I tap dance from head to all heads
I swoop and I spin
(can't hear)
I laugh like a baby, so happy and free
And then no one will see, no one will notice me!