

Rusted Root, Beautiful People

Come and hear the funeral marching
Maybe this is your suicide
Maybe this is more pure
Pure than simple
Maybe this is all I have for home

Why have all beautiful people
Brushed you on down?
And brushed you on down?

I saw the shame inside your addiction,
Waitin' to see what was passed on by.
I saw the shame and wondered why
I should live, and die.
Leave a note and tell me,
Leave a note and tell me why.