

Spirit Of The West, Resurrection

At her funeral I never felt the grave
Never kissed the dead, had a laugh instead
Made a funny girl count nine best friends
Look how they adore her standing here before her
With words in their pockets, hearts on their sleeves
They sang her praise, I felt a breeze
And her photograph hung upon the wall
Of the little Jewish Hall
And beautiful was her comet
and beautiful was her comet

At her funeral someone rolled the stone
Pushed it through the night
Eyes adjusting to her light
Dressed in black only if we wanted
Picasso rose, and brighter, I think I would have liked her
With tears in my pockets, tears up my sleeve
I ran back home to give them wings
And they flew above what's inside
This world, it looks smaller from the sky

And beautiful was her comet
and beautiful was her comet