

# Funeral

The Mekons

Your dead are buried, ours are reborn  
You clean up the ashes while we light the fire  
They're queuing up to dance on socialism's grave  
This funeral is for the wrong corpse  
This is my testimony, a dinosaur's confession  
But how can something really be dead when it hasn't even happened?  
Democracy is an alibi  
The peaceful country is an ordered cemetery  
What you call a sane man is now an impotent man  
Smart bombs replace the dumb bombs  
We can aim right into someone's kitchen  
Hard rice sprays from the cooking pot  
Into the eyes delicate jelly  
When the natural order gets unruly  
The cost of living starts going up  
That makes a man's life worth so much less?  
In the boring land of the snoring men  
Where happiness is the taste of a sausage  
And revolution is a powder for your wash  
Glory in the greatest of a toilet soap  
And a man falls in love with a motor  
He trades his tractor for a microwave  
Now we're all ex-tractor fans  
Moving over to the golden state  
Digging up bones tired old tails  
They undertake to drive in nails  
"Coo what a scorcher!"  
"Are you ashamed of your bum?"  
The sun is shining all around  
But it's raining in our hearts  
Hang on in there baby  
Hang on in there child  
We're gonna work it out sometime  
Down in the dark we've been word-mining  
We're caught in the light of the rising moon  
Hairs on our palms and our vocabulary  
We're gonna work it out soon