A boy in church sat, confused Father, son, holy ghost Came as a package for the asking Otherwise, no need to choose

Tombstone versus ashes
I can't decide
Cast my spirit heaven-bound?
Seal my bones up tight?
Tombstone versus ashes
Ain't it all the same?
Cast my spirit heaven-high
Let the ashes drift away

Oh ay, oh I...

Ain't we just like hay?
Cut and dried and baled
Our bodies grown to harvest souls
And used in some new way
Yeah, ain't we just like hay?
We're born to drift away
Til it's lesson time, when we're cut and dried
For the reasons why we're made

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Oh ay, oh I...

All this time, like firelight
A glimpse of what's in reach
Flickers out into night
All this time, like firelight
A glimpse of what's in reach
A box of watches and sweet memories
Are all that's left behind

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