Going to your funeral now and feeling I could scream
Everything goes away
Driving down the highway through the perfect sunny dream
A perfect day for perfect pain

Look at all the people with the flowers in their hands They put the flower on the box that's holding all the sand that was... That was once...

Honolulu Hurricane I knew
that you were not insane
Living in the insane wolrd
Smiling like it's no big deal
Scabby wound that never heal
The woman was only a girl

Look at all the people with their heads down in their hands When everything I'm feeling makes it hard to understand that, uh
What I need to miss...
It's what I need to miss...
Is you

Going to your funeral
I'm feeling like a fool
No one's gonna take the blame
Thinking 'bout the days of
hanging out behind the school
Everything goes away