

# Talking To Your Tombstone

Gregor Barnett

I know my way to your new place  
From the cemetery gates  
Like the back of my hand  
Knows the distance to my heartbreak  
I park the car and I greet your new neighbors  
I read their epitaphs, I call in favors  
I brought some flowers and a six-pack of beer  
Hope you don't mind if I just  
Talk, drink, and sit here  
Feels like there's so much that I can tell ya  
How the world keeps spinning  
With or without ya

Your New York Mets are a tragedy  
It was a total shutout at the Subway Series  
I watched with Mom in the nursing home  
Told her I've been sitting here  
Talking to your tombstone

Talking to your tombstone  
Talking to your tombstone, whoa  
Talking to your tombstone

Well, I've been looking for a job  
But they're hard to find  
When you've never been the people type  
But now I'm desperate  
And my money's getting tight  
Most nights it gets so damn  
Dark in my mind  
But today I went up to the  
Post Office in town  
Where me and the mailman chatted in fiction  
Like, "What would you do  
With a million dollars?  
What car would you drive?  
Where would you live?"

Told him I'd move back to  
Marine Park, Brooklyn  
Buy back that little home that  
We were raised in  
Just to listen to those old walls talk  
Of you and Mom with heavy  
New York accents  
I try my best to not get sad  
Think of all the good times that  
Made us laugh  
It's getting late, I should be getting home  
It's been nice sitting here  
Talking to your tombstone

Talking to your tombstone  
Talking to your tombstone, whoa  
Talking to your tombstone