

# Funeral

James Blake

I hold my ear to a shell  
I hear something that no one can sell  
You know I should've lived by the sea  
'Cause I feel invisible in every city

And I know this feeling too well (Too well)  
Of being alive at your own funeral  
Going, don't give up on me  
Going, don't give up on me  
Please, I'll be the best I can be  
I'll be the best I can be  
Don't give up on me

I'll come out of my shell  
'Cause I want the cake and I want to eat it as well  
I, I would live in the leaves that crunch under your feet  
I want to be heard if I can't be seen

And I know this feeling too well (Too well)  
Of being alive at your own funeral  
Going, don't give up on me  
Going, don't give up on me  
Please, I'll be the best I can be  
I'll be the best I can be