

Funerailles

Roger Daltrey

Life is pain, pain is lost
Life is pain, pain is lost
Lost is mine for living wild
The innocent are dying
They were pure as pure as love
Ooh they were pure as pure as love
But now they're crushed before the weight of man's desire for self
Destruction.
War is waste and waste is guilt
War is waste and waste is guilt
Guilt is mine for watching while my countrymen are dying
My man is dead, my love's destroyed
My man is dead, old man music lives, HE LIVES.