

Funerals

Ryan Hurd

Funerals

Guess we're all gonna die
Some make me angry, some make me cry
I sing the hymns, I wonder why
I can't stop thinking 'bout mine

Funerals

Yeah, they're always too soon
Even if you're a hundred or just twenty-two
I'm reading the program right there in the pew
Feeling the weight in the room

But I make my plans and I fight with my wife
I take a pill and I call it a life
I bend 'til I break, white-knuckle my pain
'Til it gets too heavy to hold
Gotta let that shit go
Gotta let that shit go

Funerals

I drink with my friends
Let's not let it take dying to do this again
It's like we exhale, telling jokes from back when
It's like nothing's changed 'cause we just changed the tense
Here's to us, here's to us

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I take a pill and I call it a life
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Last night, I told someone people just disappoint me
Like I'm not the aim of the finger I'm pointing
And I start crying when I realize that
I'm only wasting my time
And the heart that I'm hurting is mine

So, I took a deep breath just to know I'm alive
Accepting the outcomes of things that I try
To wrestle that weight, to hell with this pain
'Cause it's all too heavy to hold
Gotta let that shit go
Gotta let that shit go