

# Funeral Tango

Scott Walker

Oh I can see them now  
Clutching a hankerchief  
And blowing me a kiss  
Discreetly asking how  
How came he died so young  
Or was he very old  
Is the body still warm  
Or is it already cold  
All doors are open wide  
They grope around inside  
At my desk my drawers my trunk  
There's nothing left to hide  
Some love letters are there  
And an old photograph  
They've laid my poor soul bare  
And now all they do is laugh

Oh I can see them all  
So formal and so stiff  
Like a sergeant at arms  
At a policeman's ball  
And everybody's pushing  
To be the first in line  
Their hearts upon their sleeves  
Like a ten cent valentine  
The old women are there  
Too old to give a damn  
They've brought along the kids  
Who don't know who I am  
They're thinking about the price of my funeral bouquet  
What they're thinking isn't nice  
For now they'll have to pay

Oh I see all of you  
All of my phoney friends  
Who can't wait for it ends  
Who can't wait till it's through  
Oh I see all of you  
You've been laughing all these years  
Now all that you have left  
Are a few crocodile tears  
Ah you don't even know  
That you're entering your hell  
As you leave my cemetary  
You think you're doing well  
With that one who's at your side  
You're as proud as you can be  
Ah she's going to make you cry  
But not the way you cried for me

Oh I can see me now  
So cold and so alone  
As the flowers slowly die  
In my field of little bones  
Oh I can see me now  
I can see me at the end  
Of this voyage that I'm on

Without a love without a friend  
Now all this that I see  
Is not what I deserve  
They really have a nerve  
To say these things to me  
No girls just bread and water  
And your money you must save  
For there'll be nothing left for us  
When you're dead and in your grave