

What Beadie Said

Sundowner

Who do you think would even show up at the funeral day?
Staring six feet down, that's my hallowed ground
Just a bed of dirt and bones, that's where I'll lay
Words carved like a poem into some cheap headstone

And who's so lucky
but to have a few dear souls tried and true?
And could you even hear the brassy sounds
of the last bells crying out?

I'm just a dark horse
with a pale heart
on a cold night
for a long walk
Just a dead flame
fuck this old game
lay me down now
I've got a new name

Would anyone show up with a few last words to say?
And toast my final hour, at least piss on my grave?
Maybe there's a sad song that a lonely trumpet could play
The tune could flutter on into an evening sun

And who's so lucky
but to have a few dear souls tried and true?
There won't be a chorus from a crowd
just the crickets chirping loud...