

The Funeral

Turnpike Troubadours

Well stage right enter Jimmy,
Just a counterfeit James Dean,
With a pocket full of delta blues and cheap amphetamine.

Her feet up on the dashboard,
Like a burned out Betty Paige,
And she might have been pretty if she was half her age.

But together they were something,
Just closing down the bars,
Headed down to Oakie City in a slightly stolen car.

The folks were decent people,
They didn't like they're kind,
When the car pulled in the driveway they were staring through the blinds.

The preacher in the kitchen,
He's eatin apple pie,
And momma's in the bedroom she couldn't help but cry.

And daddy looked so natural,
Like he'd just gone to sleep,
And the preacher looked through Jimmy and prayed his soul to keep.

Coming home,
Coming home,
There's nothing like a family to make you feel so damned alone.
You should've brought flowers,
Should've got daddy's gun,
Aint nobody waiting on the prodigal son.

Well they pulled out into traffic,
Fell in behind the hearse,
And that awful empty feeling well it went from bad to worse.

The preacher read some scripture,
And they put him in the ground,
Then everybody loaded up and headed back to town.

But Jimmy got his whiskey out,
When everyone was gone,
Felt he should've said something staring down at the stone.

Coming home,
Coming home,
There's nothing like a family to make you feel so damned alone.
You should've brought flowers,
Should've got daddy's gun,
Aint nobody waiting on the prodigal son.

The men all folded tables,
While the ladies cleaned the plates,
And the cousins asked about the car locked behind the gate.

Jimmy knew his dad's .38,
Was in that trunk buried deep,
And it would find its rightful owner once his momma went to sleep.

And Jimmy looked at momma,
Momma just looked down,
She said why's it take a funeral just to bring you back to town?