

Invitation to the Funeral

Two Gallants

The banners wave upon the promenade.
The banners wave upon the promenade.
Colors fly and the funeral march is played.

There is, is there a foul taste in the air.
There is, is there a foul taste in the air.
Your legend walks before you everywhere.
Your legend walks before you everywhere.

And all you want from me is someone to abuse
Whether rags are on your back or gleams on your jewels.
So roll up your sleeves one of us must be wrong.
And hold me close until the feelings gone.
Woah!
Hold me close until the feelings gone.

Your daddy daddy was a buccanner.
Your daddy daddy was a buccanner.
To speak his name is to watch him disappear.

And every time you touched me in my feel.
And every time you touched me in my feel.
The colors fade and the flowers wilt.

Cuz all you want from me is someone to abuse
Whether callous on your back or gold is on your tooth.
So roll up your sleeves one of us must be wrong.
And hold me close until the feelings gone.
Woah!
Hold me close until the feelings gone.

And I could never understand all the boys who wear your brand a
nd all the hearts at your command
I guess I never will.
So lay me down and get your fill.
Hope my memory haunts you still.
It never could it always will.
Just as you had planned.
Ooohh oooh oooh! (vocal solo)