

Funeral

Wallice

I met the reaper and all her friends
On the old road outside Magic Mountain
Can't stand the way she talks so much
You'd have to kill me to get on her party bus

I've been thinking about death
How I want my friends to dress
Think I want an open bar
Casket in the muscle car
Pregame at my boyfriend's house
When I'm six feet in the ground
Don't forget the camera crew

'Cause we're dancing at my funeral
I wanna rock and roll
When my body leaves my soul
The crowd's gonna lose control

Now I live in Hollywood Forever
I like the city, but this is even better
I'm so young, you'd think I'm out of place
But every night I'm dancing on my grave

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