

# Funeral

Wallace

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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