



## That's Your Funeral

He's a born undertaker's mute.  
I can see him in his black silk suit.  
Following behind the funeral procession...  
With his features fixed in a suitable  
expression.

There'll be horses with tall black plumes  
To escort us to the family tombs,  
With mourners  
In all corners  
Who've been taught to weep in tune.

Then the coffin lined with satin.  
That's your funeral.

That's your funeral.

Large enough to wear your hat in.  
That's your funeral.

That's your funeral.

We're just here to glamourize you for that  
Endless sleep.

You might just as well look fetching  
When you're six feet deep.

At the wake we'll drink a toddy  
To the body beautiful.

That's your funeral.

Not our funeral.

That's your funeral.

If you're fond of overeating  
That's your funeral.

That's your funeral.

Starve yourself by undereating  
That's your funeral.

That's your funeral?

Visualize the earth descending on you clod by  
clod.

You can't come back when you're buried  
Underneath the ...sod.

We will not reduce our prices.  
Keep your vices usual.

That's your funeral.

Not our funeral.

Not our funeral.

That's your funeral.

I don't think this song is funny.

That's your funeral.

Here's the boy, now where's the money?

That's your funeral.

That's your funeral.

We don't harbour thoughts macabre,  
There's no need to frown.

In the end we'll either burn you up or nail you  
down.

We love coughs and wheezes  
And diseases called incurable.

That's your funeral.

No one else's funeral.

That's your...

That's your...

Funeral!