

The Funeral
Turnpike Troubadours

Capo 2

Well now 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
Aw she might have been pretty if she was half her age
But together they were something, just closing down the bars
Headed down to Okie 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
Oh mamma's in the bedroom she couldn't help but cry
Oh and daddy looked so natural like he'd just gone to sleep
And the preacher looked through Jimmy and prayed his soul to keep

Chorus:

It's coming home, coming home
Ain't nothing like a family to make you feel so damned alone
You should've brought flowers, should've got daddy's gun
Ain't nobody waiting on the prodigal son

Well they pulled out into traffic, moved 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
Aw then everybody loaded up and headed back to town
But Jimmy got his whiskey out once everyone was gone
Felt he should've said something staring down at the stone

Chorus

Well the menfolk folded tables and the ladies cleaned the plates
And the cousins asked about the car locked behind the gate
Jimmy knew his daddy's .38, was in that trunk buried deep

And it would find its rightful owner once his momma was asleep.
And Jimmy looked at momma, momma just looked down
She said why s it take a funeral, boy to bring you back to town