Caputt Bass	Body in A Borf - City AD COLOR	
T = 1	[Verse:] 6 D Em 9	
	There's a funeral procession on the highway, Traffic screeches to a halt. There's people searching for a better way, To live their lives, oh-oh Johnny lived a good life, you'll hear them say As tears of sadness soak the ground. The reaper crept in, took his breath away, In the middle of the night, oh-oh	
1:15	[Chorus:] The state of the dead, We celebrate the lives of the dead, It's like a man's best party, only happens when he dies. We gather 'round to pay our respects,' While their souls are still searching for the light, Searching for the light. Em C D Em C	

So please don't come to me on my dying day, Just let me go in peace. With all the things that I forgot to say, Racing through my mind. And don't you bury me six feet under ground, Just burn my body in a box. And let my ashes blow with the wind, Out into the night sky.	
[Chorus:] We celebrate the lives of the dead, It's like a man's best party, only happens when he dies. Em We gather 'round to pay our respects, While their souls are still searching for the light, Searching for the light.	
Searching for the light, oh - oh, Searching for the light C G	DEM C DEM C G

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