

## The Remains of the day

Hey, **give me a listen**, you corpses of cheer  
At least those of you who still got an ear  
I'll tell you a \_\_\_\_\_ make a skeleton cry  
Of our own jubiliciously lovely **corpse bride**

Die, die, we all pass away  
But don't **wear a frown** 'cause it's really okay  
You might try and hide, and you might try and pray  
But we all end up the remains of the day

Well, our girl was beauty, known for miles around  
When a mysterious stranger came into town  
He's plenty \_\_\_\_\_, but **down on his cash**  
And our poor, little baby, she fell hard and fast  
When her daddy said no, she just couldn't **cope**  
So our lovers came up with a plan to \_\_\_\_\_

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So they **conjured up** a plan to meet late at \_\_\_\_\_  
They told not a soul, kept the whole thing tight  
Now her mother's \_\_\_\_\_ dress **fit like a glove**  
You don't need much when you're really in love  
Except for a few things, or so I'm told  
Like the family \_\_\_\_\_ and a **satchel** of \_\_\_\_\_

Then next to the **graveyard**, by the old oak tree  
On a dark, foggy night at a quarter to \_\_\_\_\_  
She was ready to go, but where was he?

And then?

She \_\_\_\_\_

And then?

There in the shadows, was it her man?

And then?

Her little heart beat so loud

And then?

And then, baby, everything went \_\_\_\_\_

Now when she opened her eyes, she was dead as **dust**

Her jewels were missing and her heart was \_\_\_\_\_

So she **made a vow** lying under that tree

That she'd wait for her true love to come set her \_\_\_\_\_

Always waiting for someone to ask for her hand

When **out of the blue**, comes this \_\_\_\_\_, young man

Who vows \_\_\_\_\_ to be by her side

And that's the story of our corpse bride

Die, die, we all **pass away**

But don't wear a frown 'cause it's really okay

You might try and hide, and you might try and pray

But we all end up **the remains of the day**