

# Sloan, Bells On

While I'm at this funeral  
You're in New York  
I've been dividing my grieving  
You're sleeping with a mutual friend

I dreamed that I kissed your mouth  
And you thought about me  
Over Christmas  
Oh, you might know who I am  
But I know who you are  
Your heart is in your art  
And mine's in New York

I'm wearing my heart on my sleeve  
You're sleeping with a mutual friend  
And I want to be with you again  
And again  
And again  
I've thought about you a lot lately  
So flash me your metal smile

I'm thinking about you  
You're thinking about  
New York  
Though to you your friend was hurt  
To him I owe him money  
Will you pay back the thirty dollars  
That he thinks I owe him?  
But I don't owe him anything

If you had a funeral  
I'd be there with bells on  
La la la la...

If I had a funeral  
Would you even care?  
Would you wear your silver dress?  
Would you actually wear lipstick?  
Would you lie upon my grave?  
And be there with bells on  
So you could ring me from this life?  
From this life  
From this life  
So you could ring me from this life