

# Your Funeral My Trial

Joe Bonamassa

Please come home to your daddy, and explain yourself to me  
Because I and you are man and wife, tryin' to start a family  
I'm beggin' you baby, cut out that off the wall jive  
If you can't treat me no better, it gotta be your funeral and my trial  
When I and you first got together, 't was on one Friday night  
We spent two lovely hours together, and the world knows alright  
I'm just beggin' you baby, please cut out that off the wall jive  
You know you gotta treat me better, if you don't it gotta be your funeral and my trial  
Alright  
The good Lord made the world and everything was in it  
The way my baby love is some solid sentiment  
She can love to heal the sick and she can love to raise the dead  
You think I'm jokin' but you better believe what I say  
I'm beggin' you baby, cut out that off the wall jive  
Yeah, you gotta treat me better, or it gotta be your funeral and my trial  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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