

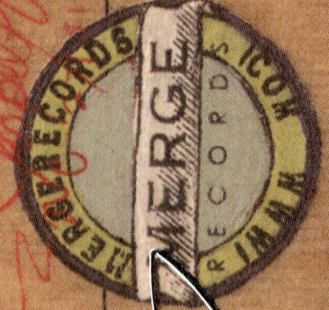




# FUNERAL

- 1. Neighborhood "1" (*Tunnels*)
- 2. Neighborhood "2" (*Sanka*)
- 3. Une année sans lumière (*Power Out*)
- 4. Neighborhood "3" (*Hottles*)
- 5. Crown of Love
- 6. Wake Up
- 7. Rebellion (*Lies*)
- 8. In the backseat
- 9. Haini
- 10. In the backseat

90 Box 1238  
*Shedell*



0 36172 95552 7

MADE IN CANADA

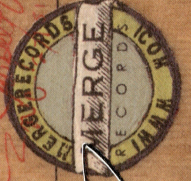
*Grade Five* | Funeral | MRG 255



# FUNERAL

- 1. Neighborhood '1 (*Tunnels*)
- 2. Neighborhood '2 (*Saika*)
- 3. Une année sans lumière (*Power Out*)
- 4. Neighborhood '3
- 5. Neighborhood '4 (*Hottles*)
- 6. Crown of Love
- 7. Wake Up
- 8. *Hain*
- 9. Rebellion (*Lies*)
- 10. In the backseat

90.233.12.159  
*Shoobell*



MADE IN CANADA

0 36172 95552 7

*Arcade Fire* Funeral MRG 255









**Neighborhood #4 (7 Kettles)**...I am waitin' 'til I don't know when, cause I'm sure it's gonna happen then. Time keeps creepin' through the neighborhood, killing old folks, wakin' up babies just like we knew it would. All the neighbors are startin' up a fire, burning all the old folks the witches and the liars. My eyes are covered by the hands of my unborn kids, but my heart keeps watchin' through the skin of my eyelids. They say a watched pot won't ever boil, well I closed my eyes and nothin' changed, just some water getting hotter in the flames. It's not a lover I want no more, and it's not heaven I'm pining for, but there's some spirit I used to know, that's been drowned out by the radio! They say a watched pot won't ever boil, you can't raise a baby on motor oil, just like a seed down in the soil you gotta give it time.



**Crown of Love**...They say it fades if you let it, love was made to forget it. I carved your name across my eyelids, you pray for rain I pray for blindness. If you still want me, please forgive me, the crown of love is not upon me. If you still want me, please forgive me, because the spark is not within me. I snuffed it out before my mom walked in my bedroom. The only thing that you keep changin' is you name, my love keep growin' still the same, just like a cancer, and you won't give me a straight answer! If you still want me, please forgive me, the crown of love has fallen from me. If you still want me please forgive me because your hands are not upon me. I shrugged them off before my mom walked in my bedroom. The pains of love, and they keep growin', in my heart there's flowers growin' on the grave of our old love, since you gave me a straight answer. If you still want me, please forgive me, the crown of love is not upon me. If you still want me, please forgive me, because the spark is not within me, it's not within me, it's not within me. You gotta be the one, you gotta be the way your name is the only word that I can say! La la la la la al la la al la lalalalafnonjiodasoiudafnji

**Wake Up**...Somethin' filled up my heart with nothin', someone told me not to cry. But now that I'm older, my heart's colder, and I can see that it's a lie. Children wake up, hold your mistake up, before they turn the summer into dust. If the children don't grow up, our bodies get bigger but our hearts get torn up. We're just a million little god's causin' rain storms turnin' every good thing to rust. I guess we'll just have to adjust. With my lighnin' bolts a glowin' I can see where I am goin'. With my lighnin' bolts a glowin' I can see where I am goin' to be when the reaper he reaches and touches my hand. Better look out below!



**Haïti**...Haïti, mon pays, wounded mother I'll never see. Ma famille set me free. Throw my ashes into the sea. Mes cousins jamais nés hantent les nuits de Duvalier. Rien n'arrête nos esprits. Guns can't kill what soldiers can't see. In the forest we are hiding, unmarked graves where flowers grow. Hear the soldiers angry yelling, in the river we will go. Tous les morts-nés forment une armée, soon we will reclaim the earth. All the tears and all the bodies bring about our second birth. Haïti, never free, n'aie pas peur de sonner l'alarme. Tes enfants sont partis, in those days their blood was still warm.

**Rebellion (Lies)** ...Sleeping is giving in, no matter what the time is. Sleeping is giving in, so lift those heavy eyelids. People say that you'll die faster than without water. But we know it's just a lie, scare your sons and scare your daughter. People say that your dreams are the only thing that save ya. Come on baby in our dreams, we can live our misbehavior. Every time you close your eyes Lies, Lies! People try and hide the night underneath the covers. People try and hide the light underneath the covers. Come on hide your lovers underneath the covers, come on hide your lovers underneath the covers. Hidin' from your brothers underneath the covers, come on hide your lovers underneath the covers. People say that you'll die faster than without water, but we know it's just a lie, scare your son, scare your daughter. Scare your son, scare your daughter. Now here's the sun, it's alright! (Lies!) Now here's the moon, it's alright! (Lies!) Now here's the sun, it's alright! (Lies!) Now here's the moon it's alright! (Lies!) But every time you close your eyes. Lies!!!!



**In the Backseat**...I like the peace in the backseat, I don't have to drive, I don't have to speak, I can watch the country side, and I can fall asleep. My family tree's loosing all it's leaves, crashing towards the driver's seat, the lightning bolt made enough heat to melt the street beneath your feet. Alice died in the night, I've been learning to drive my whole life, I've been learning. I like the peace in the backseat, I don't have to drive, I don't have to speak, I can watch the country side... Alice died in the night. I've been learning to drive. My whole life, I've been learning. Oh, Norah!

# THE ARCADE FIRE



*Funeral*

September 14, 2004



## FUNERAL

Produced by The Arcade Fire  
Recorded by Howard Bilerman, Richard Reed Parry, and The Arcade Fire,  
with loving help from Mark Lawson and Thierry Amar.  
Recorded and mixed at Hotel 2 Tango and Win & Régine's apartment à Montréal  
in a week of August 2003 and the winter of 2004  
Engineered by Howard Bilerman, Richard Reed Parry, The Arcade Fire, and Mark Lawson  
Mastered by Ryan Morey at Disques SNB, Montréal  
Cover Art by Tracy Maurice [desertbeige@hotmail.com](mailto:desertbeige@hotmail.com)  
Photo and Insert by Hilary Treadwell [www.hilarytreadwell.com](http://www.hilarytreadwell.com)

Win Butler:..... vocals, jaguar & 12 strings electric guitar, acoustic guitar, piano, synth, bass  
Régine Chassagne:..... vocals, drums, synth, piano, accordion, xylophone, recorders, percussions  
Richard Reed Parry:..... rickenbacker, synth, organ, piano, accordion, xylophone, percussions, upright bass  
Timothy Kingsbury:..... bass, telecaster and acoustic guitar  
Howard Bilerman:.....drums, guitar  
William Butler:..... bass, xylophone, synth, percussions  
Sarah Neufeld:..... violin  
Owen Pallett:..... violin  
Michael Olsen:.....cello  
Pietro Amato:..... horn  
Anita Fust:..... harp  
Sophie Trudeau:.....violin on Wake Up  
Jessica Moss:..... violin on Wake Up  
Gen Heistek:..... viola on Wake Up  
Arlen Thompson:..... drums on Wake Up

All songs written by The Arcade Fire, with help from Josh Deu on Neighborhood #1 and #3  
String arrangements by Owen Pallett, Sarah Neufeld, and The Arcade Fire

Thank you Kirsten, Gregg, Josh, Hilary, Liza and Ned Butler, Jon and Chick Rey, Gordon and Birdie Kingsbury,  
Natalie, L. R. Vineberg, Michael Bilerman, Arlen (and Wolf Parade), Owen and Mike, The Unicorns, Mark  
Lawson, Don, Efrim, Thierry, Gary and Sean, Jenny Mitchell, Brendan, Myles, Dane, Michael Barclay, Matt  
Brown, and everyone at Merge Records.

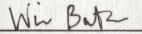
MERGE Records, PO Box 1235, Chapel Hill, NC 27514, USA. [www.mergerecords.com](http://www.mergerecords.com)

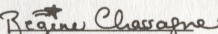
This album is dedicated to the memory of:

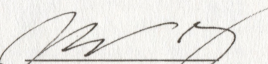
Marie-Alice Chiappini Chassagne	Alvino Rey	John Dyer
Nancy Turnbull Chassagne	Luise Rey	Betsy Balderston
David Parry	Rose Bilerman	Ruth Balderston

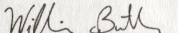
love,

The Arcade Fire


  
Win Butler

  
Régine Chassagne

  
Richard Reed Parry

  
William Butler

  
Timothy Kingsbury

  
Howard Bilerman

©The Arcade Fire 2004  
[www.arcadefire.com](http://www.arcadefire.com)

## The Arcade Fire

Members fled from Texas and Ontario at young ages and joined with local youth, making their home in Montréal, Québec, Canada. Somehow they survived the first terrible winters, and in August 2003 at the dusty Hotel 2 Tango they made some preliminary recordings for a new album. Partially due to the intense heat, two of them married each other. This time in the sun was short lived however, and soon the terrible winter of 2004 was upon them. To keep warm they recorded the remaining nine tracks, at the Hotel and in Win and Régine's apartment, on 24 track 2 inch tape, 1/2 inch 16 track, 1/2 inch 8 track, optimus ctr-108, and G\_d-forsaken Computer. When family members kept dying they realized that they should call their record "Funeral", noting the irony of their first full length recording bearing a name with such closure.



**Neighborhood #1 (Tunnels)**...and if the snow buries my, my neighborhood. And if my parents are crying then I'll dig a tunnel from my window to yours, yeah a tunnel from my window to yours. You climb out the chimney and meet me in the middle, the middle of the town. And since there's no one else around, we let our hair grow long and forget all we used to know, then our skin gets thicker from living out in the snow. You change all the lead sleepin' in my head, as the day grows dim I hear you sing a golden hymn. Then we tried to name our babies, but we forgot all the names that, the names we used to know. But sometimes, we remember our bedrooms, and our parent's bedrooms, and the bedrooms of our friends. Then we think of our parents, well what ever happened to them?! You change all the lead sleepin' in my head to gold, as the day grows dim, I hear you sing a golden hymn, the song I've been trying to say. Purify the colors, purify my mind. Purify the colors purify my mind, and spread the ashes of the colors over this heart of mine!

**Neighborhood #2 (Laïka)**...Alexander, our older brother, set out for a great adventure. He tore our images out of his pictures, he scratched our names out of all his letters. Out mother shoulda just named you Laika! Come on Alex, you can do it. Come on Alex, there's nothin' to it. If you want somethin' don't ask for nothin', if you want nothin' don't ask for somethin'! Our mother shoulda just named you Laika! It's for your own good, it's for the neighborhood! Our older brother bit by a Vampire! For a year we caught his tears in a cup. And now were gonna make him drink it. Come on Alex don't die or dry up! Out mother shoulda just named you Laika! It's for your own good, it's for the neighborhood! When daddy comes home you always start a fight, so the neighbors can dance in the police disco lights. The police disco lights. Now the neighbors can dance!



**Une année sans lumière**...Hey. The streetlights all burnt out. Une année sans lumière. Je monte un cheval, qui porte des oeillières. Hey, my eyes are shooting sparks, la nuit mes yeux t'éclairent. Ne dis pas à ton père qu'il porte des oeillières. Hey, your old man should know, if you see a shadow, there's something there. So hey! my eyes are shooting sparks, la nuit mes yeux t'éclairent, ne dis pas à ton père qu'il porte des oeillières.

**Neighborhood #3 (Power Out)**...I woke up with the power out, not really something to shout about. Ice has covered up my parents hands don't have any dreams don't have any plans. I went out into the night, I went out to find some light. Kids are swingin' from the power lines, nobody's home, so nobody minds. I woke up on the darkest night, neighbors all were shoutin' that they found the light. "We found the light". Shadows jumpin' all over my walls some of them big, some of them small. I went out into the night, I went out to pick a fight with anyone. Light a candle for the kids, Jesus Christ don't keep it hid! Ice has covered up my parents eyes, don't know how to see, don't know how to cry. Growin' up in some strange storm, nobody's cold, nobody's warm. I went out into the night, I went out to find some light. Kids are dyin' out in the snow, look at them go, look at them go! And the power's out in the heart of man, take it from your heart put in your hand. What's the plan? Is it a dream? Is it a lie? I think I'll let you decide. Just light a candle for the kids, Jesus Christ don't keep it hid! Cause nothin's hid, from us kids! You ain't foolin' nobody with the lights out! And the power's out in the heart of man, take it from your heart put in your hand. And there's something wrong in the heart of man, you take it from your heart and put it in your hand! Where'd you go?!





*Arcade Fire*  
**FUNERAL**



02C96<0241>MRG255CD

IFPI L485

IFPI 8101

MADE IN CANADA BY AMERIC DISC