

DEATH, AFTER ALL

i don't understand all of the people (E, B7)
who try to eek out one more day (B7, E)
i'll be ready to meet my maker (E, B7)
when i'm 92 is what i hear them say (B7)
as for me i marvel at their desperation (A, E)
their claims that life is far too brief (E, B7)
well you know the way i see it
death after all is gonna be quite a relief

i don't understand all of the people
who reading obits, shake their head
they seem shocked to see a listing
of someone they can't believe is dead
as for me a marvel at their sense of horror
that the reaper's takin' them away
for when that gentleman comes a-knockin'
i'll just smile and say ok

i'm scared of dying (A)
but not so to be dead (E)
eternal slumber (A)
on a perfect bed (
i'm kinda nervous
my kids'll find me cold
my daughter dearly
never to console

i don't understand all of the people
who take a smorgasbord of pills
the one that monitors their heart rate
for which their doctor overbills
as for me i still eat a lot of pizza
and i ignore pains in my chest
i hope i croak at the local in and out
their double burger is the best