

# Jack, You're Dead

B.B. King

When you've got no more assurance  
Than a great big hunk of lead  
If you don't respond to romance  
Jack, you're dead!

When a chick is smiling at you  
Even though there's nothing said  
If you stand there like a statue  
Jack, you're dead!

You've been always kicking  
But you stubbed your toes  
When you ups and kicks the bucket  
Just like old man Mose

When you get no kicks from loving  
And you blow your top instead  
It's a fact that you ain't living  
Jack, you're dead!

If you just ain't got nobody  
Since you've gone and lost your head  
Rigor Mortis has set in daddy  
Jack, you're dead!

What's the use of having muscles  
When your life hangs by a thread  
If you ain't got no red corpuscles  
Jack, you're dead!  
You've been always kicking  
But you stubbed your toes  
When you ups and kicks the bucket  
Just like old man Mose

When you get no kicks from loving  
And the news begins to spread  
All the cats will holler, "Murder!"  
Jack, you're dead!  
All the breaths leaked out of you  
When your friends gather round the bed  
And look at you and say, "Um, um, um, don't he look natural"  
When that happens to you, daddy  
Jack, you're dead!