

Long While

Barenaked Ladies

It's gonna be a long while
It's gonna be a long, long while
Gonna be a long while, living

A sad, sad day
When he finally goes away
There's gonna be a deli tray
And some tears
But it could be years

Everybody's lining up
To get a piece of grandpa's stuff
If you think that living's tough
Dying's worse

It's gonna be a long while
It's gonna be a long, long while
It's gonna be a long while, living

It only takes a little slip
For him to fall and break his hip
And then it's just a downhill trip
To his grave
Embalmed and shaved

Sister wants the figurines
Brother wants the fax machine
Mother thinks it's all obscene
'Cause she'll be next

But it's gonna be a long while
It's gonna be a long, long while
It's gonna be a long while, living

Beneath the chatter no one heard
The old man's final dying words
He lay alone so pale and small
And whispered, "How I hate you all"
His life is not what I would call living

Wait until
The lawyer finally reads the will
Circling above their kill
Everyone will be stunned

He gave it all to charity
Dangled like a carrot, he
Decided not to share it, we
Should have known

Grandpa's gonna be a long while
Gonna be a long, long while
Gonna be a long while, living
Grandpa's gonna be long while
Gonna be a long, long while
It's gonna be a long while, living
Long while,

Gonna be a long, long while, living
Long while,
Oh he's gonna be a long, long while,
Gonna be a long while, living.