

## Ya (Rest in Peace)

Colin Hay

These mandolins will play at your bedside  
No more black bins where you've checked in to stay  
You've cashed your chips in, the dice were all loaded  
Too tired to swim, instead you drifted away

Ya...hoo, hoo, hoo  
Ya...hoo, hoo, hoo

These mandolins will play for your pleasure  
You locked yourself in, then you sent us away  
A good place to die, the best room in the hotel  
So drink to yourself, and now you don't have to pay

Is it warm up in heaven  
Can you put your name on the door  
Do they have a drink rider  
Now you're suffering no more

Ya...hoo, hoo, hoo  
Ya...hoo, hoo, hoo

These mandolins will play at your poolside  
You invite us in to while the evening away  
We'll drink some gin, and then when the hours past  
We'll take our leave, and see you next time we play

Ya...hoo, hoo, hoo  
Ya...hoo, hoo, hoo