

# Why Would I Want To Die

Grandaddy

You didn't really die  
You only went away  
My drummer he saw you  
Buying supplies about a week ago  
A couple towns away  
South on the interstate

I gave him shit for not  
Telling me sooner than he did  
He said he thought i knew  
He said everybody else had seen her too  
I haven't been around that much  
Or kept in touch  
With anyone or anything

You didn't really die  
Although it seems as if you did  
Why would you have to hide  
And who stayed on with you while you hid?  
From all those silent nights  
That silence sure can be real loud  
Louder than anything

You didn't really die  
So what am I to do with  
The memories of ours i chronicled and buried in the backyard?  
Dig them up today  
Attach a note that says they're yours  
Leave them at the door of the supply store  
And hope that when you come along  
You bring yourself to reading them  
And wonder from precisely that they're moving on

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