

Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night

Iggy Pop

Do not go gentle into that good night
Old age should burn and rage at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light
Though wise men at their end know dark is right
Because their words had forked no lightning
Do not go gentle into that good night
Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay
Rage, rage against the dying of the light
Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way
Do not go gentle into that good night
Grave men, near death, who see with
Blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors
Rage, rage against the dying of the light
And you, my father, there on the sad height
Curse, bless me now with your fierce tears, I pray
Do not go gentle into that good night
Rage, rage against the dying of the light