

## 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