

When We Die

Jack Peñate

When we die, when we die
When we die, when we die

Will our bones be left in strange lands
And our grave be dug by cold hands

When we die, when we die
When we die, when we die

Will their tears wash the church away
And their cries smash the stain glass panes

When we die, when we die

Or will it be another lonely morning for the preist
No dearly beloved gathered for the deceased

When we die, when we die
Will you cry, will you cry

Will you tie ribbons round blue flowers
Then you place them to be devoured

By the sky, when we die
When I die, when I die

Or will it be another lonely morning for the preist
No dearly beloved gathered for the deceased

When we die, when we die
When I die, when I die
When I die, when I die
When I die, when I die