

## If I Live Or If I Die

John Vanderslice

Little fly  
Your summers play  
My thoughtless hand  
Has brushed away  
And ended your day

Am I not a fly like you  
Are you not a man like me  
Oh I dance and drink and sing  
'Til some hand tears off my wing

If thought is life and strength and breath  
And the want of thought is death  
Then am I a happy fly?  
If I live or if I die