

Unrequited To The Nth Degree

Loudon Wainwright III

Oh when I die and it won't be long
Hey you're gonna be sorry that you treated me wrong
Yeah you're gonna be sorry that you treated me bad
Hey and if there's an after life I'll gloat and I'll be glad

Might be a plane crash, or some sort of O.D.
Hey there's going to be a photograph with my obituary
You're gonna see it and you'll cry
You're gonna wanna wear black
Hey I'll be dead but you can bet your life,
I'm gonna get you back

I'm tired of being left up on your shelf
I might not wait around, might kill myself
Not only would you miss me, but you'd feel guilty to
Oh I'd be dead but it'd be too late
The joke would be on you.

Ha ha ha ha, ho ho ho ho
Chuckle chuckle chuckle chuckle
Snicker snicker snicker snicker
Guffaw Guffaw Guffaw Guffaw Guffaw Guffaw
Yuk yuk yuk yuk yuk yuk yuk yuk yuk yuk

So you better take warning, start treating me good
Start doing the things that I think you should
And you better not pout and no you better not cry
The grim reaper is a-comin' to town
And I just might die