

The Day He Didn't Die

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones

How could I forget The day that he didn't die That day he knew what he was up to He had this look in his eye How could I forget There's now way I could forget him Or ever forget the day. And then the day after that Just after the afternoon It was the day after Christmas In his living room He died on that day In his house - with his wife Still I won't forget the day before The last day of his life I really miss him He would have loved this I hope he can hear me I really miss him He would have loved this I hope he can hear me. And how I loved how he lived How he was loved and admired A knack a certain flare for life And how he had it wired He'd never give up-he wouldn't give in He had a wonderful way of living There's not been a day One hasn't gone by When I don't think about The day he didn't die I really miss him He would have loved this I hope he can hear me I really miss him He would have loved this I hope he can hear me I really miss him He would have loved this I hope he can hear me I really miss him Hewould have loved this I hope he can hear me...