

I've preened the feathers on my wings
And I've polished my halo
I've heard my knell on church bells ring
And I feel it's time to go

Jesus, Jesus, give me your answer do
I'm half crazy all for the love of you

I've curled my hair and cleaned my shroud
And I've practised on the lyre
So put my name down for a cloud
Near that old heavenly choir

I've booked my plot in Bid-a-wee
And I've had the stone inscribed
The coffin's black mahogany
With silk cushions, dear, inside