

When You're Dead

Voltaire

The other day I took a walk because the air was sweet
When I passed the crusty house of a curmedgeon on my street
Now, every town has got one
So I'm sure you'll understand
When I tell you this old bastard
Is a mean and bitter man

Now this day it was special I was wearing my new hat
The old curmedgeon saw this and he disapproved of that
He said "Iv'e had one just like it for 10 years ya ripped me off!
You got no right to wear a hat like mine so TAKE IT OFF!"
Now as it happens, I'm a gentleman so I approached his porch
I told him "Great minds think alike and you got one of course
So how 'bout I just tip my hat to you when I come through?"
He reached down for his gun and said "I'll shoot ya if ya do!"

And I said "No one is gonna cry at your funeral
No one is gonna drink at your wake
No one is gonna sigh with a tear in their eye
Cause no one is gonna miss ya when you're dead!"

Well the next day I forgot this whole damn mess and went to town
And there I saw a hundred or so posters all around
On them was my face and I was wearing my new hat
And they read "This guy ripped me off I got one just like that!"

I took a walk down to his house to see if I could find
A way to show him that we're kindred spirits of the mind
I said "I didn't make these hats. Nor did you of course!
And hey, we both love Johnny Cash!"
He said "GET OFF MY PORCH!"

And I said "No one is gonna cry at your funeral
No one is gonna drink at your wake
No one is gonna sigh with a tear in their eye
Cause no one is gonna miss ya when you're dead!"

When you look back on your life what will you see?
Did you spend your time mending fences or planting mines?
There's no shortage of potential enemies
So don't waste so much time pushing away your kind

I thought I must be stupid or just crazy from the heat
When I went down to the house of that curmedgeon on my street
Maybe it was foolish to go to his house again
Just to show some crazy drunken fool he had a friend
When I got there, much to my surprise, he wasn't there
He was gone as was his shotgun and his rocking chair
I asked the neighbor lady who was laying on her lawn
"Hey, What happened to that mean old man?"
She shrugged and that was all

And I said "No one is gonna cry at your funeral
No one is gonna drink at your wake
No one is gonna sigh with a tear in their eye
Cause no one is gonna miss ya... HELL no one's gonna notice
And I'll enjoy the silence! When... you're... DEAD!"