

I'll Be Mellow When I'm Dead

"Weird Al" Yankovic

I don't care about your karma
I don't care about what's hip
No space cadet's gonna tell me what to do
I won't swim in your jacuzzi
You can't make me settle down
I'd rather kick and jump and bite and scratch
And scream until I'm blue
I may as well be hyper as long as I'm still around
'Cause I'll have lots of time to be laid back
When I'm six feet underground
I'll be mellow when I'm dead
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When are you cosmic cowboys
Gonna get it through your heads?
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I can't stand the smell of incense
I don't really like to jog
No Joni Mitchell 8-tracks in my car, ooh
I hate anything organic
Even health food makes me sick
You won't catch me sipping Perrier
Down in some sushi bar, I tell you
Now's the time to go for all the gusto you can grab
You'll have plenty of time to be low-key
When you're laid out on the slab
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I don't want no part of that vegetarian scene
I won't buy me a pair of designer jeans
No redwood hot tub to my name
I got all that I want and if it's all the same to you
I don't need a course in self-awareness
To find out who I am
And I'd rather have a, a Big Mac or a Jumbo Jack
Than all the bean sprouts in Japan
So don't ask me what I'm into
I don't need to prove I'm cool
I'll break your arm if you ask me what's my sign
I won't tell you where my head's at

I don't need to see no shrink
Psychosis may be in this year
But I'm really not that kind
And I'm in no hurry to be casual
In fact, I think, I'll wait
Until I'm pushing up the daisies
Like wow, man, can you relate?
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