

## Voltaire

### "When You're Dead"

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The other day, I took a walk  
Because the air was sweet.  
And I passed the crusty house  
Of the curmudgeon 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 curmudgeon saw this  
And he disapproved of that. He said:  
"I've had one just like that  
For ten years, you ripped me off!  
You've got no right to wear a hat  
Like mine, so take it off!"

As it happens, I'm a gentleman  
So I approached his porch.  
I told him; "Great minds think alike,  
And you have 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 you if you do!"

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

Well, the next day I forgot  
This whole damned mess  
And went to town. And there I saw

A hundred or so posters all around  
And on them was my face,  
And I was wearing my new hat  
And they read: "This guy ripped me off,  
I've 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 told him "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's gonna cry at your funeral.  
No one's gonna drink at your wake.  
No one's gonna sigh with a tear in their eye.  
'Cause no one's gonna miss you 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 curmudgeon on my street.  
Maybe it was foolish  
To go too his house again.  
Just to show this 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 neighbour-lady,  
Who was lying on her lawn:  
"What happened to that mean old man?"  
She shrugged, and that was all.

No one's gonna cry at your funeral.  
No one's gonna drink at your wake.

No one's gonna sigh with a tear in their eye.  
'Cause no one's gonna miss you.  
Hell, no one's gonna notice.  
And I'll enjoy the silence...

When you're dead!

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