

## **Willard Grant Conspiracy "Notes from the Waiting Room"**

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Come and sit yourself beside me  
This will be my last request  
I was born in these high mountains  
Leave my ashes here to rest

Cover me with blankets of flowers  
A pillow of satin for my head  
Lay me out in sheets of linen  
Sing a sweet song when I'm dead

And say goodbye to these high valleys  
Say goodbye to the steam trains moan  
Give me wings to fly over deserts  
Let me lose where the wild horses roam

Give my love to all my family  
Say a prayer for all my friends  
They have all gone before me  
Hope to see them in the end

Open the window and let me breathe slowly  
The smell of roses takes me away  
I can't stop my own destruction  
Give me strength, help me to pray

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