

## **B.B. King** **"Jack, You're Dead!"**

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When you've got no more assurance

Than a great big hunk of lead

If you don't respond to romance

Jack, you're dead

When a chick is smiling at you

Even though there's nothing said

If you stand there like a statue

Jack, you're dead

You've been always kicking

But you stubbed your toes

When you ups and kicks the bucket

Just like old man Mose

When you get no kicks from loving

And you blow your top instead

It's a fact that you ain't living

Jack, you're dead

If you just ain't got nobody

Since you've gone and lost your head  
Rigor Mortis has set in daddy

Jack, you're dead

What's the use of having muscles

When your life hangs by a thread

If you ain't got no red corpuscles

Jack, you're dead

You've been always kicking

But you stubbed your toes

When you ups and kicks the bucket

Just like old man Mose

When you get no kicks from loving

And the news begins to spread

All the cats will holler, "Murder!"

Jack, you're dead

All the breaths leaked out of you

When your friends gather round the bed

And look at you and say, "Um, um, um, don't he look natural"

When that happens to you, daddy

Jack, you're dead

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