

John Wesley Harding **"People Love To Watch You Die"**

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People love to watch you die
And wonderful to tell
People you have never met
Claim to know you well
People love to watch you die
Dig your dignity
One guy said 'he's better dead
Than how he used to be'
They'll sell the souvenirs
And the relics of your tears
They build a little shrine, wait until it shines
They love to watch you die and you know why

People love to watch you die
It gets them sexually
And then they smoke a cigarette
And make a cup of tea
People love to watch you fry
They love to throw the switch
They'll either have you crucified
Or burn you as a witch
They send bouquets of flowers

And then stare at space for hours
They build a little shrine, wait until it shines
They love to watch you die and you know why

People love to watch you die
Then give your family hell
They call it grief but it's just a relief
And they know that full well
People love to watch you drown
The symbol's what they need
They'd rather not see you at all
Than watch your hair recede
And just to watch your pain
They'd bring you back to life again
They build a little shrine, sing you Auld Lang Syne
They love to watch you die and you know why

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