

David Rovics "If I Die Tomorrow"

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If I die tomorrow
Maybe in a speeding car
You know I like to travel
With my notebook and guitar
But there's too many cars out there
Not enough train tracks
I tried flapping my wings
But I just don't have the knack
Don't talk to me of accidents
In this great democracy
America will be the death of me

If I die tomorrow
My body blown apart
By some child with a shotgun
Raging fire in his heart
Killed in some concrete jungle warzone
By some kid who never learned to write
Raised by desperation
And surviving the long night
In the wrong place at the wrong time
In this land of opportunity
America will be the death of me

If I die tomorrow
From a pipe bomb beneath my seat
Or from drowning in the bathtub
Or choking on a piece of meat
You can rest assured
I did not mean to slip upon the grass
It was no one that I knew
Who rammed the plunger up my ass
It's just that I was told
To speak freely
America will be the death of me

But I may not die tomorrow
And my death will not give pause
To the coroner who may say
That I died of natural cause
Lungs black from breathing city air
Cancer coursing through my veins

I'll be glowing in the dark
From the radiation rains
So here's a toast to Uncle Sam
And to mortality
And America, which will be the death of me

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