Robyn Hitchcock "Where Do You Go When You Die?"

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Where do you go when you die?

Where do you go when you die?

There isn't any Saviour

There isn't any Lord

There isn't a Madonna

Sitting there to be adored

There is no damnation

There is no salvation

This is it for you, baby

This is it for me

Watch out, honey

Where do you go when you die?

Where do you go when you die?

A church is full of people

Praying to themselves

Praying to each other

Praying not to go to hell

A church is full of people

Praying to the void

Eyes deep within them

And they're feeling paranoid

All I ever been is me

All I know is I

And I will turn to nothing

In the second that I die

Oh, where do you go when you die?

Where do you go when you die?

Your consciousness evaporates

Your body hits the ground

And if you have a soul, you know

It will not stick around

It could merge with Napoleon's

Or blend with Easy E's

It might get stuck in limbo

Like a balloon stuck in the trees

There ain't no Pontius Pilate

There ain't no Judas Priest

There's just a lump of rotting meat

Officially pronounced deceased

Oh yeah, baby, where do you go when you die?

Where do you go when you die?

You're not supposed to ask this question

You're supposed to be here now
And if you have good karma
You won't come back as a piece of British beef
Where do you go when you die?
Nowhere
Where do you go when you die?
Nowhere
When you die

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