

## Showbread

### "You're Like A Taxi"

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When we die I bet they'll haul a box into a pile of dirt  
Nothing in it but a sack of bones  
And stuffy tie and shirt  
As loved ones wish we'd get up  
And moan this isn't fair  
But you and me won't be there

When I die, whatever you might say  
Don't say I'm gone  
Gone is not the word for someone  
Who finally found his way back home

Death, it doesn't scare me  
Thinking that you're somewhere on your way  
I can't go on pretending  
I might never see the day  
It's not hard for me to picture  
What makes me feel out of place  
Hope I'm not afraid when I see you face to face  
To some you're like a prison  
When they've yet to taste freedom  
And maybe you feel bitter  
Because Jesus broke your kingdom  
Once you were so powerful  
And power made you happy  
But now you're like a ferry boat  
Now you're like a taxi

When I die, whatever you might say  
Don't say I'm gone  
Gone is not the word for someone  
Who finally found his way back home

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