

# If I Am Dead

Dan Mangan

Those dying breeds  
Gather beneath  
Old fallen trees  
Bits of leaves

And if only we'd know  
May see that tomorrow

Oh, carry me  
Four hands, eight feet  
Through crowded streets  
Ticker tape on me

And if only I'd know  
May see that tomorrow

Burn my remains  
My stuff, the same  
Bury my name  
It's yours now anyway

And if only I'd know  
May see that tomorrow  
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