

Why Would I Want To Die

Grandaddy

You didn't really die
You only went away
My drummer he saw you
Buying supplies about a week ago
A couple towns away
South on the interstate

I gave him shit for not
Telling me sooner than he did
He said he thought i knew
He said everybody else had seen her too
I haven't been around that much
Or kept in touch
With anyone or anything

You didn't really die
Although it seems as if you did
Why would you have to hide
And who stayed on with you while you hid?
From all those silent nights
That silence sure can be real loud
Louder than anything

You didn't really die
So what am I to do with
The memories of ours i chronicled and buried in the backyard?
Dig them up today
Attach a note that says they're yours
Leave them at the door of the supply store
And hope that when you come along
You bring yourself to reading them
And wonder from precisely that they're moving on

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