Burn

John Wesley Harding

If I die tomorrow

Don't read too much into this song

I'll be as surprised as you are

I always get predictions wrong

If I die tomorrow

Break out and play my best guitars

Don't put this one in the hard rock cafe

In a case above the bar

I'd like to take this chance to say good-bye

You want the answers, don't look in my eyes

You're asking me my opinion

Well, baby, we're all gonna burn

So light up and wait your turn in the fire

I'm telling you my decision

Baby we're all gonna burn

There will be no return

Cos baby we're all gonna burn

If I die tomorrow

There's one thing I'd ask of you

A favour for your favourite friend

When his living days are through

Make sure it's me up on the funeral pyre

Make sure the house band's playing light my fire

You're asking me my opinion

Well, baby, we're all gonna burn

So light up and wait your turn in the fire

I'm telling you my decision

Baby we're all gonna burn

There will be no return

Cos baby we're all gonna burn

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