

End of Me

Mother Mother

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Am I a fool to picture my own funeral as a real gala affair?
Everybody's there
Everybody cares about me
Am I a wretch to fantasize about my death
Like it was some big event?
Everybody laments
Where everybody says
What a life he led

Or am I just a lot like all the rest?
A little egotistical
A little self-obsessed
If a tree falls on me
Will it crash or just fall silently?
Whether be anybody to see the death of me
Than end of me?

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Am I a freak to dream about the street
On which I live when I am rich?
I'll build up a boulevard of bliss
Out on the block
Talk a lot about
The stupid shit I bought
Like the island in the sun
The one I blew up just for fun

Or am I just a lot like all the rest?
A little grandiose
And just a little self-possessed
If a wave come and take me
Will there be some ship to save me
Or at least one little fish to see the death of me
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