

Die Easy

Rag'n'Bone Man

When it comes to bury me
Put a fifth of rum in my hand
Might as well come and take my soul
'Cause I can't take it to the promised land

Well, well, well
So I can die easy
Well, well, well
So I can die easy
The devil's gonna make up my dying bed

Meet me, brother, meet me
For I have so much to say
Might as well come and take my soul
Cause I won't need it on my dying day

Well, well, well
So I can die easy
Well, well, well
So I can die easy
The devil's gonna make up my dying bed

In my time of dying
I don't want nobody to mourn
All I want for my friends to do
Is to hold my dying arms

Well, well, well
So I can die easy
Well, well, well
So I can die easy
Well, well, well
So I can die easy

The devil's gonna make up my dying bed