

# The Lament of Desmond R.G. Underwood-Frederick IV

Steve Taylor

Ah, the news of my impending death  
Came at a really bad time for me  
Yeah, the news of my impending death  
Any other day might have been okay

I was starting to track with my inner guide  
I was getting in touch with my feminine side  
But when the doctor starts whistling "Happy Trails"  
Tends to take a bit of wind out of the old sails

Desi Ray, if I may be so blunt  
Galahad, bag your agnostic front  
Underwood, hire a good undertaker  
Freddie, get ready to meet your maker

Ah, the news of my impending death  
Came at a really bad time for me  
I was far too young to depreciate  
When they read me my expiration date

I'd built Iron Man stalls in the northern wild  
I'd played Cabbage Patch dolls with my inner child  
Now I'm getting sealed bids for a granite vault  
And I'm pretty sure this is my parents' fault

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Galahad, bag your agnostic front  
Underwood, hire a good undertaker  
Freddie, get ready to meet your maker

Ah, the news of my impending death  
Came at a really bad time for me  
When they cancel your breathing policy  
Tends to steal a bit of the old joie de vivre

I'd just found the lost key to my mythic life  
So I bravely shook free of my kids and wife  
I had seminars booked as a second career  
Until a still, small voice screamed loud and clear

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