

Iggy Pop, No Shit

It was in the winter of my fiftieth year
When it hit me
I was really alone
And there wasn't a hell of a lot of time left
Every laugh and touch I could get
Became more important
Strangely, I became more bookish
And my home and study meant more to me
As I considered the circumstances of my death
I wanted to find a balance between joy and dignity
On my way out
Above all, I didn't want to take any more shit
Not from anybody