

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones, The Day He Didn't

How could I forget, the day that he didn't die
That day he knew what he was up to
He had this look in his eye
How could I
Forget
There's no way
I could forget him, or ever forget the day

And then the day after that, just after the afternoon
It was the day after Christmas in his living room and he died
On that day
In his house
With his wife
Still I won't forget the day before the last day of his life

Oh, I really miss him, he would have loved this, I hope he can hear me
I really miss him, he would have loved this, I hope he can hear me

And how I loved how he lived, how he was loved and admired
A knack, a certain flare for life, and how he had it wired
He'd never give up, he'd never give in, he had a wonderful way of living

There's not been a day, one hasn't gone by
When I don't think about the day he didn't die

Oh, I really miss him, he would have loved this, I hope he can hear me
I really miss him, he would have loved this, I hope he can hear me