

# XTC, Dying

It frightens me when you come to mind  
The day you dropped in the shopping line  
And my heart beats faster when I think of all the signs  
When they carried you out your mouth was open wide  
The cat went astray and the dog did pine for days and days  
And we felt so guilty when we played you up  
When you were ill, so ill  
What sticks in my mind is the sweet jar  
On the sideboard. And your multicolored tea cosy  
What sticks in my mind is the dew-drop hanging off your nose  
Shrivelled up and blue  
And I'm getting older, too  
But I don't want to die like you  
Don't want to die like you