

B.B. King, JACK, YOU'RE DEAD!

When you've got no more assurance
Than a great big hunk of lead
If you don't respond to romance
Jack, you're dead!

When a chick is smiling at you
Even though there's nothing said
If you stand there like a statue
Jack, you're dead!

You've been always kicking
But you stubbed your toes
When you ups and kicks the bucket
Just like old man Mose

When you get no kicks from loving
And you blow your top instead
It's a fact that you ain't living
Jack, you're dead!

If you just ain't got nobody
Since you've gone and lost your head
Rigor Mortis has set in daddy
Jack, you're dead!

What's the use of having muscles
When your life hangs by a thread
If you ain't got no red corpuscles
Jack, you're dead!
You've been always kicking
But you stubbed your toes
When you ups and kicks the bucket
Just like old man Mose

When you get no kicks from loving
And the news begins to spread
All the cats will holler, "Murder!"
Jack, you're dead!
All the breaths leaked out of you
When your friends gather round the bed
And look at you and say, "Um, um, um, don't he look natural"
When that happens to you, daddy
Jack, you're dead!