

Gene Watson, Farewell Party

When the last, breath of life
Is gone from, my body
And my lips, are as cold as the sea
When my friends gather 'round
For my farewell party
Won't you, pretend you love me

There will be flowers from those
Who cry, when I'm gone
And leave you in this, world alone
I know you'll have fun
At my farewell party
I know, you'll be glad, when I'm gone

Don't be mad at me, for wanting to keep you
Till my life on this old world is through
You'll be free at the end of my farewell party
But I'll go away loving you

There will be flowers from those
Who cry, when I'm gone
And leave you in this, world alone
I know you'll have fun
At my farewell party
I know, you'll be glad, when I'm gone

Oh, I know you'll be glad when I'm gone