

Grandaddy, Why Would I Want To Die

You didn't really die you only went away
my drummer he saw you
buying supplies about a week ago
a couple towns away south on the interstate

I gave him shit for not telling me sooner than he did
he said he thought I knew
he said everybody else has seen her too
I haven't been around that much
or kept in touch with anyone or anything.

You didn't really die although it seems as if you did
why would you have to hide
and who stayed on with you while you hid?
through all those silent nights
that silence sure can be real loud,
louder than anything.

You didn't really die
So what am I do do with the memories of ours
I chronicled and buried in the back yard
dig the up today attach a note tha say they're yours
leave them at the door of the supply store
and hope that when you come along
you bring yourself to reading them
and wonder from precisely that there moment on...
Why would I want to die?
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