

# Jack Penate, When We Die

When we die, when we die  
When we die, when we die  
Will our bones be left in strange lands  
And our grave be dug by cold hands  
When we die, when we die  
When we die, when we die  
Will their tears wash the church away  
And their cries smash the stain glass panes  
When we die, when we die  
Or will it be another lonely morning for the preist  
No dearly beloved gathered for the deceased  
When we die, when we die  
Will you cry, will you cry  
Will you tie ribbons round blue flowers  
Then you place them to be devoured  
By the sky, when we die  
When I die, when I die  
Or will it be another lonely morning for the preist  
No dearly beloved gathered for the deceased  
When we die, when we die  
When I die, when I die  
When I die, when I die  
When I die, when I die