

# Spinal Tap, Now Leaving On Track 13

(Spoken)

In a hospital bed on the outskirts of town  
Lay an old gray man in a soiled white gown.  
His hair was all wispy, his eyes were a blank.  
His breath came in spurts from an oxygen tank.  
The nurse hovered near, and so did the Reaper.  
But which had the number to his private beeper?  
Shall he lie there forever with a tube up his nose  
And his peepee and poopoo slipping out through a hose?  
Or shall he be released to float towards the light?  
Like a wee, baby doveling or a really good kite.  
Let him go! Let him go!  
It's too late for healing.  
Put an end to the pain  
That we know he is feeling.  
His life is his burden  
His death is his right.  
Let's send him off gently  
Into that good night.  
(Spoken)  
Goodnight.