Tom Waits, No One Knows I'm Gone

Hell above and Heaven below
All the trees are gone
The rain made such a lovely sound
To those who are six feet under ground
The leaves will bury every year
And no one knows I'm gone

Live me golden tell me dark
Hide from Graveyard John
The moon is full here every night
And I can bathe here in his light
The leaves will bury every year
And no one knows I'm gone