

# Warren Zevon, Life'll Kill Ya

(Warren Zevon)

You've got an invalid haircut  
It hurts when you smile  
You'd better get out of town  
Before your nickname expires  
It's the kingdom of the spiders  
It's the empire of the ants  
You need a permit to walk around downtown  
You need a license to dance

Life'll kill ya  
That's what I said  
Life'll kill ya  
Then you'll be dead  
Life'll find ya  
Wherever you go  
Requiescat in pace  
That's all she wrote

From the President of the United States  
To the lowliest rock and roll star  
The doctor is in and he'll see you now  
He don't care who you are  
Some get the awful, awful diseases  
Some get the knife, some get the gun  
Some get to die in their sleep  
At the age of a hundred and one

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Life'll kill ya  
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Wherever you go  
Requiescat in pace  
That's all she wrote

Maybe you'll go to heaven  
See Uncle Al and Uncle Lou  
Maybe you'll be reincarnated  
Maybe that stuff's true  
If you were good  
Maybe you'll come back as someone nice  
And if you were bad  
Maybe you'll have to pay the price

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