

## WHEN I'VE GONE

*When I've gone from this mortal shore  
and wander round this land no more  
don't weep, don't sigh, don't grieve or sob;  
maybe I've landed a better job.  
Don't consider buying me a wreath  
instead, spend the money on  
something nice to eat,  
and don't stand around me looking blue  
I may be a lot better off than you.  
Don't tell the folks I was a saint  
or anything you know I ain't  
If you have things like that to spread  
please tell it before I'm dead.  
If you have roses, bless your soul,  
then put one in my buttonhole.  
However ..... do it while I'm at my best,  
don't wait until I'm safe at rest.*