

You Gotta Die Sometime

Andrew Rannells

Okay
When the doctor started using phrases like:
"You'll pass away"
What could I say?
I said "Doctor, in plain english tell me why was I chosen?
Why me of all men?
Doctor, here's the good part:
At least death means I'll never be scared about dying again"Let's get on with living while we can
And no play dumb
Death's gonna come
When it does, screw the nurse
I'll be eating hors d'oeuvres
It's the roll of the dice
And no crying
You gotta die sometime
Death is not a friend
But I hope in the end
He takes me in his arms
And lets me hold his face
He holds me in his arms
And whispers something funny
He lifts me in his arms
And tells me to embrace his attack
Then the scene turns to blackLife sucks
People always hate a loser
And they hate lame ducks
Screw me and shucks
That's it
That's the ball game
I don't smoke
Don't do drugs
And then comes the bad news
I quit
That's the ball game
It's the chink in the armor
The shit in the karma
The blues
Can I keep my cool despite the urge to fall apart?
How should I start
I would cry if I could
But it does no damn good
To explain I'm a man in my prime

You gotta die sometime
Death's a funny pal with a weird sort of talent
He puts his arms around my neck
And walks me to the bed
He pins me up against the wall
And kisses me like crazy
The many stupid things I thought about with dread
Now delight
Then the scene turns to white
Give me the balls to orchestrate a graceful leave
That's my reprieve
To go out without care
My head high in the air
It's the last little mountain I'll climb
I'll climb
You gotta die sometime
You gotta die sometime
You gotta die sometime
You gotta die sometime
Sometime, sometime, sometime
Sometime, sometime, sometime
Sometime

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>