

## Unrequited To The Nth Degree - Loudon Wainwright III

Oh when I die and it won't be long  
Hey you're gonna be sorry that you treated me wrong  
Yea you're gonna be sorry that you treated me bad  
Hey and if there's an afterlife I'll gloat and I'll be glad  
Might be a plane crash or some sort of OD  
Hey there's gonna be a photograph with my obituary  
You're gonna see it and you'll cry. You're gonna wanna wear black  
Hey I'll be dead but you can betcha life I'm gonna get you back  
I'm tired of being left up on your shelf  
I might not wait around, I might kill myself  
Not only would you miss me but you'd feel guilty too  
Oh I'd be dead but it'd be too late the joke would be on you  
Ha ha ha  
Ho ho ho  
Chuckle chuckle  
Snicker snicker snicker  
Guffaw guffaw guffaw  
Yuck yuck yuck yuck  
Ha ha ha  
So you better take warning Start treating me good  
Start doing the things that I think you should  
And you better not pout, No and you better not cry  
The grim reaper is a coming to town and I just might die