

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
Snickersnicker
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