



## Requiem For A Freak

We all shall die soon or late.  
For death is all mens final fate.  
But when I go, all I ask,  
is let me not linger let me go fast.  
When you hear that I am gone.  
Don't weep for me, that is all wrong.  
Just come to my funeral, so stoned you can't see,  
for that is the way I want it to be.  
You don't even have to kneel down and pray,  
Just smoke a joint over my grave.  
For I am bound, for a land in the sky,  
Where there are no pigs, and your always high.  
The only thing missing there will be you,  
and one of these days you'll be there too.  
So if born to be wild plays in your mind,  
and suddenly you feel kinda high,  
as the sweet smell of pot,  
drifts down from the sky,  
you'll know it's just me;  
Saying Good-bye!