



Let Me Die A Young Man's Death

Let me die a young man's death
not a clean and in-between
the sheets holy water death
not a famous-last-words
peaceful out of breath death
When I'm 73
and in constant good tumour
may I be mown down at dawn
by a bright red sports car
on my way home
from an allnight party
Or when I'm 91
with silver hair
and sitting in a barber's chair
may rival gangsters
with ham-fisted Tommy guns
burst in
and give me a short back and
insides
Or when I'm 104
and banned from the Cavern
may my mistress
catching me in bed with her
daughter
and fearing for her son
cut me up into little pieces
and throw away every piece but
one
Let me die a young man's death

not a free from sin tiptoe in
candle wax and waning death
not a curtains drawn by angels
borne
'what a nice way to go' death



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