

When You Died

The Menzingers

I was on my way to heaven when you died
I was racing up the express lane, I was cheating HOV
Lanes
I made it to the gat in record timing
I quickly threw my hazards on, no bother finding parking
I was on my way to heaven when you died I was dressed in all black and I hoped
That nobody would notice me
Or the bolt cutters I was hiding
Underneath my oversized jacket
I snuck around the back end
And broke you out when the Gods weren't looking
I was on my way to heaven when you died But then it was all over
They got us surrounded
They beat us with batons
Cuffed us and threw us in the car
When I wake up I want to talk to a lawyer
I demand a fair and speedy trial Where do people go when they die?
How do you keep them alive?
How do you make sure that something like these
Won't ever happen again?
Not to any other friends

Songwriters

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