I'll Be Mellow When I'm Dead

Weird Al Yankovic

I don't care about your karma

I don't care about what's hip

No space cadet's gonna tell me what to do

I won't swim in your jacuzzi

You can't make me settle down

I'd rather kick and jump and bite and scratch

And scream until I'm blue

I may as well be hyper as long as I'm still around

'Cause I'll have lots of time to be laid back

When I'm six feet underground

I'll be mellow when I'm dead

When are you cosmic cowboys

Gonna get it through your heads?

I'll be mellow when I'm dead

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I can't stand the smell of incense

I don't really like to jog

No Joni Mitchell 8-tracks in my car, ooh

I hate anything organic

Even health food makes me sick

You won't catch me sipping Perrier

Down in some sushi bar, I tell you

Now's the time to go for all the gusto you can grab

You'll have plenty of time to be low-key

When you're laid out on the slab

I'll be mellow when I'm dead

When are you cosmic cowboys

Gonna get it through your heads?

I'll be mellow when I'm dead I don't want no part of that vegetarian scene I won't buy me a pair of designer jeans No redwood hot tub to my name I got all that I want and if it's all the same to you I don't need a course in self-awareness To find out who I am And I'd rather have a, a Big Mac or a Jumbo Jack Than all the bean sprouts in Japan So don't ask me what I'm into I don't need to prove I'm cool I'll break your arm if you ask me what's my sign I won't tell you where my head's at I don't need to see no shrink Psychosis may be in this year But I'm really not that kind And I'm in no hurry to be casual In fact, I think, I'll wait Until I'm pushing up the daisies Like wow, man, can you relate? I'll be mellow when I'm dead I'll be mellow when I'm dead

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