

We Will All Go Together When We Go

Tom Lehrer

I am reminded at this point of a fellow I used to know whose name was Henry, only to give you an idea of what an individualist he was he spelt it Hen3ry. the 3 was silent, you see. Henry was financially independent having inherited his father's tar-and-feather business and was therefore able to devote his full time to such intellectual pursuits as writing. I particularly remember a heart-warming Novel of his about a young necrophiliac who finally achieved his boy-hood ambition by becoming coroner.

The rest of you can look it up when you get home. In addition to writing he indulged in a good deal of philosophizing. Like so many contemporary philosophers he especially enjoyed giving helpful advice to people who were happier than he was. One particular bit of advice which I recall, which is the reason I bring up this whole dreary story is something he said once before they took him away. The Massachusetts State Home for the Bewildered. He said: "Life is like a sewer: what you get out of it depends on what you put into it." It's always seems to me that this is precisely the sort of dynamic, positive thinking that we so desperately need in these trying times of crisis and universal broodiness, and so with this in mind I have here a modern positive dynamic uplifting In the tradition of the great old revival hymns. This one might more accurately be termed a survival hymn. When you attend a funeral,

It is sad to think that sooner or
Later those you love will do the same for you.
And you may have thought it tragic,
Not to mention other adjec-
tives, to think of all the weeping they will do.
But don't you worry.
No more ashes, no more sackcloth.
And an armband made of black cloth
Will some day never more adorn a sleeve.
For if the bomb that drops on you
Gets your friends and neighbors too,
There'll be nobody left behind to grieve. And we will all go together when we go.
What a comforting fact that is to know.
Universal bereavement,
An inspiring achievement,
Yes, we all will go together when we go. We will all go together when we go.
All suffuse with an incandescent glow.
No one will have the endurance
To collect on his insurance,
Lloyd's of London will be loaded when they go. Oh we will all fry together when we fry.
We'll be french fried potatoes by and by.
There will be no more misery
When the world is our rotisserie,

Yes, we will all fry together when we fry. Down by the old maelstrom,
There'll be a storm before the calm. And we will all bake together when we bake.
There'll be nobody present at the wake.
With complete participation
In that grand incineration,
Nearly three billion hunks of well-done steak. Oh we will all char together when we char.
And let there be no moaning of the bar.
Just sing out a te deum
When you see that i.c.b.m.,
And the party will be "come as you are." Oh we will all burn together when we burn.
There'll be no need to stand and wait your turn.
When it's time for the fallout
And saint peter calls us all out,
We'll just drop our agendas and adjourn. You will all go directly to your respective valhallas.
Go directly, do not pass go, do not collect two hundred dolla's. And we will all go together when we go.
Ev'ry hottenhot and ev'ry eskimo.
When the air becomes uranious,
And we will all go simultaneous.
Yes we all will go together
When we all go together,
Yes we all will go together when we go.

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