

# Harps And Angels

Randy Newman

Hasn't anybody seen me lately  
I'll tell you why  
Hasn't anybody seen me lately  
I'll tell you why  
I caught something made me so sick  
That I thought that I would die  
And I almost did too  
First me knees begin to tremble  
My heart begin to pound  
First my knees begin to tremble  
My heart begin to pound  
It was arrhythmic and out of tune  
I lost my equilibrium  
And fell face down upon the ground  
As I lay there on that cold pavement  
A tear ran down my face  
'Cause I thought I was dying  
You boys know I'm not a religious man  
But I sent a prayer out just in case  
You never know  
Lo and behold almost immediately  
I had reason to believe my prayer had  
been heard in a very special place  
'Cause I heard this sound  
Ooooh  
Yes  
Oooh  
Yes, it was harps and angels  
Harps and angels coming near  
I was too sick to roll over and see them  
But I could hear them singin ever so beautifully  
in my ear  
Then the sound began to subside  
And they sounded like background singers  
And a voice come down from the heavens above  
It was a voice full of anger from the Old Testament  
And a voice full of love from the New One  
And the street lit up like it was the middle of the day  
And I lay there quiet and listened to what that

voice had to say  
He said, "You ain't been a good man  
You ain't been a bad man  
But you've been pretty bad  
Lucky for you this ain't your time

Someone very dear to me has made another  
clerical error  
And we're here on a bit of a wild goose chase  
But I want to tell you a few things  
That'll hold you in good stead when it is your time  
So you better listen close  
I'm only going to say this once  
When they lay you on the table  
Better keep your business clean  
'Fore they lay you on the table  
Better keep your business clean  
Don't want no back stabbing, ass grabbing  
You know exactly what I mean  
Alright girls - we're outta here"

Ooooh  
"Encore. Encore."

Ooooh  
(He spoke French)  
"Tres bien  
Encore"

And off they went into the night  
Almost immediately I felt better  
And I come round to see you boys  
'Cause you know we ain't living right  
And while it was fresh  
I wanted to tell you what he told me  
He said, "When they lay you on the table  
Better keep your business clean  
When they lay you on the table  
Better keep your business clean  
Else there won't be no harps and angels  
coming for you  
It'll be trombones, kettle drums, pitchforks,  
and tambourines."

Sing it like they did for me one time  
Ooooh - yes

Ooooh - beautiful

Wish I spoke French

So actually the main thing about this story is for me

There really is an afterlife  
And I hope to see all of you there  
Let's go get a drink

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