

If I Am Dead

[Dan Mangan](#)

Those dying breeds
Gather beneath
Old fallen trees
Bits of leaves And if only we'd know,
may see that tomorrow Oh, carry me
Four hands, eight feet
Through crowded streets
Ticker tape on me And if only I'd know,
may see that tomorrow Burn my remains
My stuff, the same
Bury my name
It's yours now anyway And if only I'd know,
may see that tomorrow X3

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