

# People Love to Watch You Die

[John Wesley Harding](#)

People love to watch you die  
And wonderful to tell  
People you have never met  
Claim to know you well  
People love to watch you die  
Dig your dignity  
One guy said 'he's better dead  
Than how he used to be'  
They'll sell the souvenirs  
And the relics of your tears  
They build a little shrine, wait until it shines  
They love to watch you die and you know why  
People love to watch you die  
It gets them sexually  
And then they smoke a cigarette  
And make a cup of tea  
People love to watch you fry  
They love to throw the switch  
They'll either have you crucified  
Or burn you as a witch  
They send bouquets of flowers  
And then stare at space for hours  
They build a little shrine, wait until it shines  
They love to watch you die and you know why  
People love to watch you die  
Then give your family hell  
They call it grief but it's just a relief  
And they know that full well  
People love to watch you drown  
The symbol's what they need  
They'd rather not see you at all  
Than watch your hair recede  
And just to watch your pain  
They'd bring you back to life again  
They build a little shrine, sing you Auld Lang Syne  
They love to watch you die and you know why

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