

# Art Of Dying

## George Harrison

There'll come a time when all of us must leave here

Then nothing sister Mary can do

Will keep me here with you

As nothing in this life that I've been trying

Could equal or surpass the art of dying

Do you believe me?

There'll come a time when all your hopes are fading

When things that seemed so very plain

Become an awful pain

Searching for the truth among the lying

And answered when you've learned the art of dying

But you're still with me

But if you want it

Then you must find it

But when you have it

There'll be no need for it

There'll come a time when most of us return here

Brought back by our desire to be

A perfect entity

Living through a million years of crying

Until you've realized the Art of Dying

Do you believe me?

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