

Jack, You're Dead

[B.B. King](#)

When you've got no more assurance
Than a great big hunk of lead
If you don't respond to romance
Jack, you're dead
When a chick is smiling at you
Even though there's nothing said
If you stand there like a statue
Jack, you're dead
You've been always kicking
But you stubbed your toes
When you ups and kicks the bucket
Just like old man Mose
When you get no kicks from loving
And you blow your top instead
It's a fact that you ain't living
Jack, you're dead
If you just ain't got nobody
Since you've gone and lost your head
Rigor Mortis has set in daddy
Jack, you're dead
What's the use of having muscles
When your life hangs by a thread
If you ain't got no red corpuscles
Jack, you're dead
You've been always kicking
But you stubbed your toes
When you ups and kicks the bucket
Just like old man Mose
When you get no kicks from loving
And the news begins to spread
All the cats will holler, "Murder!"
Jack, you're dead
All the breaths leaked out of you
When your friends gather round the bed
And look at you and say, "Um, um, um, don't he look natural"
When that happens to you, daddy
Jack, you're dead

Songwriters

Sr. Bishop; Richard Miles
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