

# WHEN I'M GONE BY: PHIL OCHS

There's no place in this world where I'll belong when I'm gone  
And I won't know the right from the wrong when I'm gone  
And you won't find me singing on this song when I'm gone  
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

And I won't feel the flowing of time when I'm gone  
All the pleasures of love will not be mine when I'm gone  
My pen won't fall at any time when I'm gone  
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

And I won't breathe the grace and air when I'm gone  
And I can't even worry about my cares when I'm gone  
Won't he asked to do my share when I'm gone  
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

And I won't be running from the rain when I'm Gone  
And I can't even suffer from the pain-when I'm gone  
Can't say whose to Praise and who's to blame when I'm gone  
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

Won't see the gold of the sun when I'm gone  
And evenings and mornings will be one when I'm gone  
Can't be singing louder than the guns when I'm gone  
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

All my days won't be dances of delight when I'm gone  
And the sands will be shifting from my sight when I'm gone  
Can't add my name to the fight when I'm gone  
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

And I won't be laughing at the lies when I'm gone  
And I can't question how or when or why when I'm gone  
Can't be proud enough to die when I'm gone  
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here