

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 be 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