

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

*I suppose, one day, I will be dead and go to meet my maker,
So have this note set in my hand, there for the undertaker,
Don't dress me in a shroud of white or rouge my cheeks all red,
It is not right, to look a fright, e'en though you're stone cold dead.*

*Give me a brand new five pound note and a Visa credit card,
I want to buy a proper plot in old St Peter's yard,
And as I sit upon my cloud and look down at the earth,
I'll watch you use my worldly goods for festival and mirth,
And that will make me smile a smile, and have a laugh quite hearty,
To hear you say, the bugger's dead, let's have ourselves a party.*