

WHERE WILL YOU GO
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Do you think you know what happens when you die?
Some say you meet a bearded man up in the sky
Some say there is a fate much worse
Awaiting those who lie and sin and curse
And for heaven you'd be foolish not to try
But I'm not here to debate your theology
I'm only entertaining curiosity
About the destination of your body

Chorus:

Where will you go when you die?
I mean your body, not the you that you call I

When the time has come for your 'in memoriam'
Will you be headed for the crematorium?
Or perhaps a box of pine
Will suit your carcass fine
Purchased at your local grief emporium
It's a lesson nobody wants to learn
The pros and cons of a coffin and of an urn
And the bad news is everybody gets a turn

Chorus

A mushroom suit would be quite cute
In a rocket ship would be pretty hip
In the dirt behind a yurt
In the ground at the edge of town
There's just so many creative ways
To properly dispose of your remains

So you better get to thinkin' 'bout these things
And long before the fat lady sings
'Cause you will leave behind a mess
If your family has to guess
And there's no telling what kind of antics that could bring
So, for goodness sake, write down a reminder
For when death arrives unannounced in your foyer
You better pick up the phone and call a decent lawyer
And tell 'im

Chorus

I mean you
The walking, talking, heart-still-beating and excreting you
Not the you behind your eyes
The you that you call I