

Ya (Rest in Peace)

Colin Hay

These mandolins will play at your bedside
No more black bins where you've checked in to stay
You've cashed your chips in, the dice were all loaded
Too tired to swim, instead you drifted away

Ya...hoo, hoo, hoo
Ya...hoo, hoo, hoo

These mandolins will play for your pleasure
You locked yourself in, then you sent us away
A good place to die, the best room in the hotel
So drink to yourself, and now you don't have to pay

Is it warm up in heaven
Can you put your name on the door
Do they have a drink rider
Now you're suffering no more

Ya...hoo, hoo, hoo
Ya...hoo, hoo, hoo

These mandolins will play at your poolside
You invite us in to while the evening away
We'll drink some gin, and then when the hours past
We'll take our leave, and see you next time we play

Ya...hoo, hoo, hoo
Ya...hoo, hoo, hoo