

If I Live Or If I Die

John Vanderslice

Little fly
Your summers play
My thoughtless hand
Has brushed away
And ended your day

Am I not a fly like you
Are you not a man like me
Oh I dance and drink and sing
'Til some hand tears off my wing

If thought is life and strength and breath
And the want of thought is death
Then am I a happy fly?
If I live or if I die