

'Til I Die

NoMeansNo

The chill of the winter is bitter and bleak
The snow on the pathway is heavy and deep
So I dig in my shovel and lift it on high
I'm going to shovel this snow 'til I die

The end of the road looks like freedom to me
I walk past the hours, I walk past the weeks
And the months fall behind as I pass the years by
I'm going to walk this road 'til I die
'Til I die... I'm going to walk down this road 'til I die

I sit on my own and no word do I speak
The sky's in my head and the ground's on my feet
But no pleasure's delight, no tears do I cry
I'm going to sit on my own 'til I die
'Til I die... I'm going to sit on my own 'til I die

The sound of the ocean, my feet in the sand
The chill of the wind, the lie of the land
The drops on my skull, the gull's lonely sound
The thunder, the lightning, the rain pouring down
'Til I die

The years are a moment, the centuries pass
I walk from the first and I crawl to the last
But the silence surrounds me, in stillness I die
'Til I die... I'm going to pass through these days 'til I die
'Til I die