

# When You Died

The Menzingers

I was on my way to heaven when you died,  
I was racing up the express lane, I was cheating HOV  
lanes,  
I made it to the gat in record timing,  
I quickly threw my hazards on, no bother finding parking,  
I was on my way to heaven when you died.

I was dressed in all black and I hoped,  
that nobody would notice me,  
or the bolt cutters I was hiding,  
underneath my oversized jacket,  
I snuck around the back end  
and broke you out when the Gods weren't looking,  
I was on my way to heaven when you died.

But then it was all over,  
they got us surrounded,  
they beat us with batons,  
cuffed us and threw us in the car,  
when I wake up I want to talk to a lawyer,  
I demand a fair and speedy trial.

Where do people go when they die?  
How do you keep them alive?  
How do you make sure that something like these  
won't ever happen again?  
Not to any other friends.

How could a perfect human run out of luck,  
when there's just so many horrible people screaming  
"jackpot!", I cannot help but fear the thing I can't control,  
the things I'll never know.