

The Sick Bed

Poor Nick is sick, he's going fast
This time I doubt if he will last
His fever's high, his pulse is slow
I've never seen him quite this low
He's on the skids, there is no doubt
All that remains is to see him out.

So I called the funeral director
(a fancy name for undertaker)
I said that Nick was going to sleep
Permanently, totally and for keeps
He said "could I be more specific"?
Like, when, how soon, how long, how quick?
I said "tomorrow, or not much later"
So he got out his calculator.

Cremation will cost you \$5000 bucks
And you'll want to put him in a box
Pine's the cheapest, and then of course
There's another \$1000 for the hearse
You can hire mourners to wail and moan
Unless you want to BYO
You must have flowers, they're very nice
I've got some, second hand, half price
Music is extra, and then maybe
You'll want an urn, for the – er – debris.

I said "Now stop" just tell me straight
How much for the lot, at your best rate?
He said \$10,000, and I swear
You won't do better, anywhere"
I said "Don't call me, I'll call you
For goodness sake it's only flu"
So come on Nick, don't be a quitter
Oh gee, you're looking so much better.