

THOUGHTS OF A DYING MAN

(F – Dur)

Prelude: F - C - B - F - F2 - F - F - C - B - F - B - F - F
F - C - B - a - B - F - G F

- 1.** I would like to stay at home for the last hours remaining now to me
instead of being bound to infusorians, but I know, I wouldn't get free.
I have to persevere enduring all the treatments they call for.
I wouldn't get a chance to flee, because my illness shuts the hospital door.
- 2.** I want to creep on grass again, when sunbeams warm my breast and face,
when people are crowding out of their doors enjoying nature's splendor, grace.
Would like to sniff the scent of roses, perceive the breeze of winds once more,
to admire the marvelous sunset glow, to sit in the sand in front of the shore.

Interlude: But the time is hindering all my striving, and now I seem to get insight.
Well, I know that my path was wrong, yes, I was blind, not filled with light.
Chasing myself through my own life, thus all my days were born on lies.
I didn't realize the truth, satisfied by consumer lullabies.

- 3.** I thought, I could take possession of my life, cope with all the things,
was gaining property and wealth, being obsessed by that what greed brings.
I was clinging to the mammon, to the riches, comfort holding shares,
convinced, that you can always win, if each challenge you are willing to dare.
- 4.** I was dazzled by the maxims, which the progress takes as its greed,
let myself be deceived by the faith in wealth, not willing other trains of thoughts to concede.
intoxicated by the odor of consumption and the luxury,
like in a trance I stood beside myself, was not able the joys to see.

Interlude: But I traced, the more you get, the more you are afraid to lose.
If you purchase all those useless things, you'll stick to them, you can't refuse.
The higher you try to set the claims, the less you'll be contented then.
You become a conceited superior teacher, who doesn't notice, if he hurts the men.

Interlude: F - C - d - a - B - F - g7 - C4C - F - C - d - a - B - F - B - C4C

- 5.** The last shirt doesn't wear pockets, but I didn't realize till now.
You can't be happy by all that yearning for wealth, esteem, you'll feel somehow,
even if you win the whole wide world, you will miss something quite deep inside,
you're lacking depth of consciousness, although you might be touched by pride.
- 6.** I do not know the fields of Eden, if I will miss the breeze of winds,
the smiling of a little child, the warming sunbeams on my skin.
Does there love exist like we know it, does our belly rumble, crawl,
Do church bells ring and blackbirds sing, can you stand below waterfall?

End: On earth there are a lot of marvels, why didn't I just notice them?
Why recovering just now my consciousness, not really knowing, who I am?
But when I'll meet old Goodman death, I beg, that he will do his best,
that I can keep in remembrance all these things, when I will rest.

F - C - B - F - B - C - F