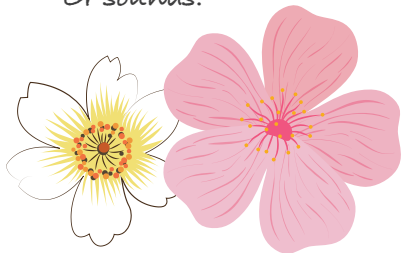




When I die
Give what's left of me
away to children
And old men that
wait to die.

And if you need to
cry,
Cry for your brother
Walking the street
beside you
And when you need
me,
Put your arms
Around anyone
And give to them
What you need to
give to me.

I want to leave you
something,
Something better
Than words
Or sounds.



Look for me
In the people I've
known
Or loved,
And if you cannot
give me away,
At least let me live in
your eyes
And not on your
mind.

You can love me most
By letting
Hands touch hands
By letting
Bodies touch bodies
And by letting go
Of children
That need to be free.

Love doesn't die,
People do.
So, when all that's
left of me is love,
Give me away

