

If I die by 36, let it be known that I still exist.
 I have much to see and do. I have much to breathe.
 I have many people to touch.
 36 is too young to let go. So if I die by 36, hold me close.
 Still a part of me. I breathe. I yearn to learn.
 Don't let go, if I die by 36.

If I die by 36, I still exist.
 I will finally meet the one you always spoke of.
 She was known for beauty and grace.
 She was known for creativity and bravery.
 There have been many at 36, and it isn't just a list.
 It isn't just me. It wasn't just her. It was him.
 Though I have held another man, though I have loved another man,

If I die at 36, let me be buried next to him.
 My love in the sunshine with that mysterious grin.
 All the new ideas, and now you grow old.
 I borrowed the hat for his mother, and I put on the white shoes.
 It a fairytale in the blue. The haze of the gray clouds but we shone.
 He knows the truth of youth.
 The second man knows that I wish to lay with him.

When I die at 36, I existed.
 I loved. I never hated.
 There was a world at my fingertips.
 Holding it in my grasp, it was gone in a flash.
 The life I had and the two sons that stood there were taken.
 I fell into what they wanted, and
 I forced myself to walk the city streets with head held high.

When I die at 36, lay me next to him, my love
 I was young, and the sun hung high in the summer sky..
 Stolen away in the dead of night, I never looked back.
 He brought me comfort and happiness.
 I had the life I dreamed, every dance and laugh.
 There was never a dull moment with someone on our heels.
 I never had a second thought, but he did.

When I die at 36, I loved more than I thought.
 I know you understand, second man.
 You are my love, but there was one man who stood before.
 He stole my heart and crushed it in his palm.
 I was thrown to the wolves, and I picked myself up.
 When I stood tall, second man, I found you.
 On the rolling green hills, you read the greats.

When I die at 36, this is the life I deserved.
To all the children that I have, say goodbye.
My days are short but our lives are long.
No matter who loves, who owns and touches,
I wish I was there for life.
But I am gone, and memories will fade.
I will fade. Another name on a list. Another 36.