

Afterlife

Music and lyrics: Gary McGath, Copyright 2024

The wind blew, the rain fell, the road bent.
The headlights were right in my face.
I swerved and braked hard, not in time, though,
And then found myself in this place.

The furnishings here were the finest.
The sofa was soft and yet firm.
The landscape I saw through a window
Could not be surpassed, I affirm.

A voice spoke, though no one was present
And no electronics to see,
"You are in the afterlife. Welcome,
And ask what you wish, it will be."

I asked, "I can have all I wish for
If I only make the request?"
The voice answered, "All you desire,
The finest, the rarest, the best."

Had I earned so much in my lifetime?
To be safe, I chose to start small.
I said, "I would like a library,
The world's greatest books at my call.

"I want them on paper, not pixels,
And easy to find on the shelf."
The voice answered, "So you shall have it,
A library all to yourself."

A door appeared and it was opened.
I stepped through it to take a look.
The place held a row of bookcases,
All filled up with leather-bound books.

I spent hours or weeks in there reading
But got bored of being alone.
I said, "I would like a companion,
Somebody I can call my own."

Then there stood a beautiful woman
Who said, "I exist to serve you,
And if you should grow tired of me,
Just trade me in for someone new."

And so I had all that I asked for,
But soon I began to feel blue.
I cried, "It all comes without effort,
But I would like something to do!"


"I'd like to encounter a challenge,
A quest that would make me feel proud
Of facing a real chance of failure."
The voice said, "That is not allowed."

I shouted back, "What is the point then?
Why, Hell would be better by far!"
My unseen host chuckled and asked me,
"And where do you think that you are?"

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