

# Date with Death

a read-along  
story-song



This is a song about death, but  
not in a morbid way.

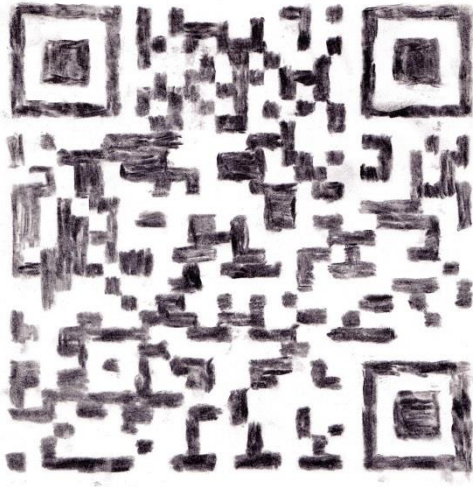
Scan the QR code on the opposite  
page or load this online file for  
the accompanying audio:

[JayAckley.com/DateWithDeath.mp3](http://JayAckley.com/DateWithDeath.mp3)

When the music starts, turn the  
page, and then flip along to  
follow the lyrics.

Thanks to Pratchett and Gaiman for  
introducing me to a Death that I  
didn't have to be scared of.

You can print your own copies of  
this and explore my other projects  
at [JayAckley.com](http://JayAckley.com)



I had a date with death,  
she said "Now boy you're looking stressed,



you look like you could use some rest,  
why don't you come this way?"



I followed her down her dark path,  
she told me of when we'd first met,



of how she'd kissed my newborn head,  
said we'd meet another day.

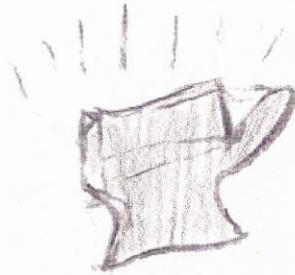


Another day,





another day, another day.



We walked on then hand in hand,  
she told me of so many men,



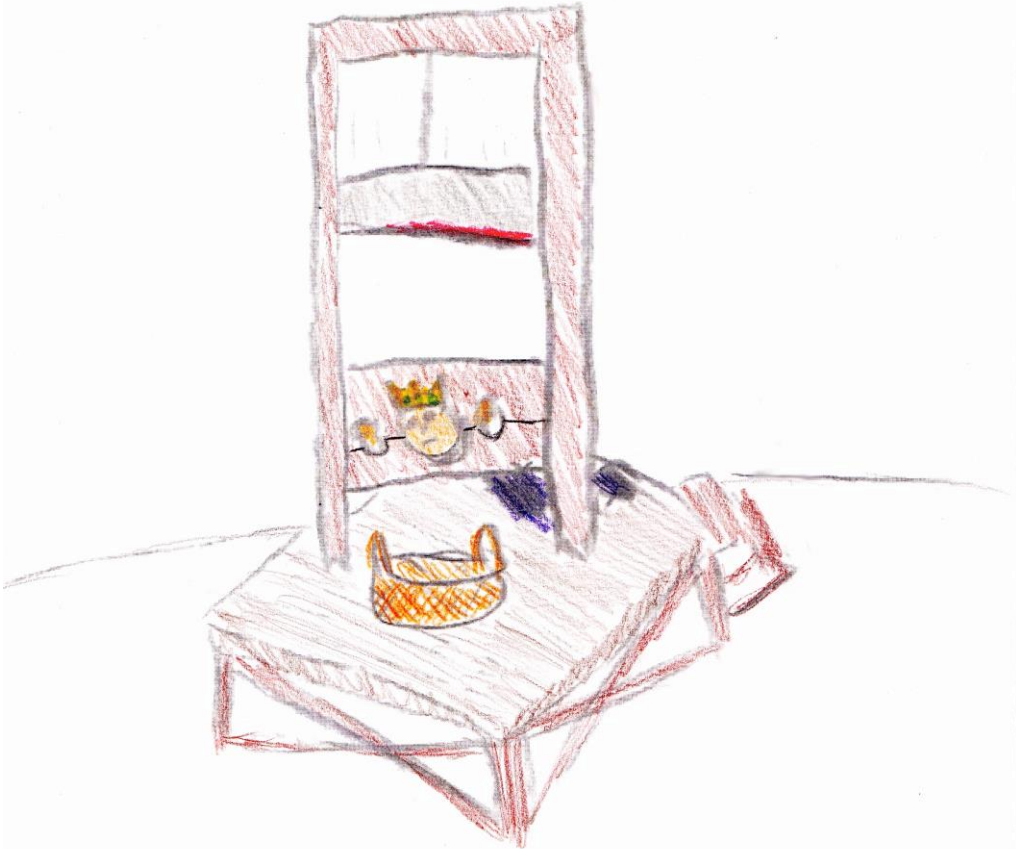
of kings and paupers,  
merchants all the same.



Of how they'd beg and cry for life,  
and offer up their babes and wives,



and how she'd take them all the same.



All the same,



all the same, all the same.



She laughed at the games we played,  
of pride and honor guilt and shame,





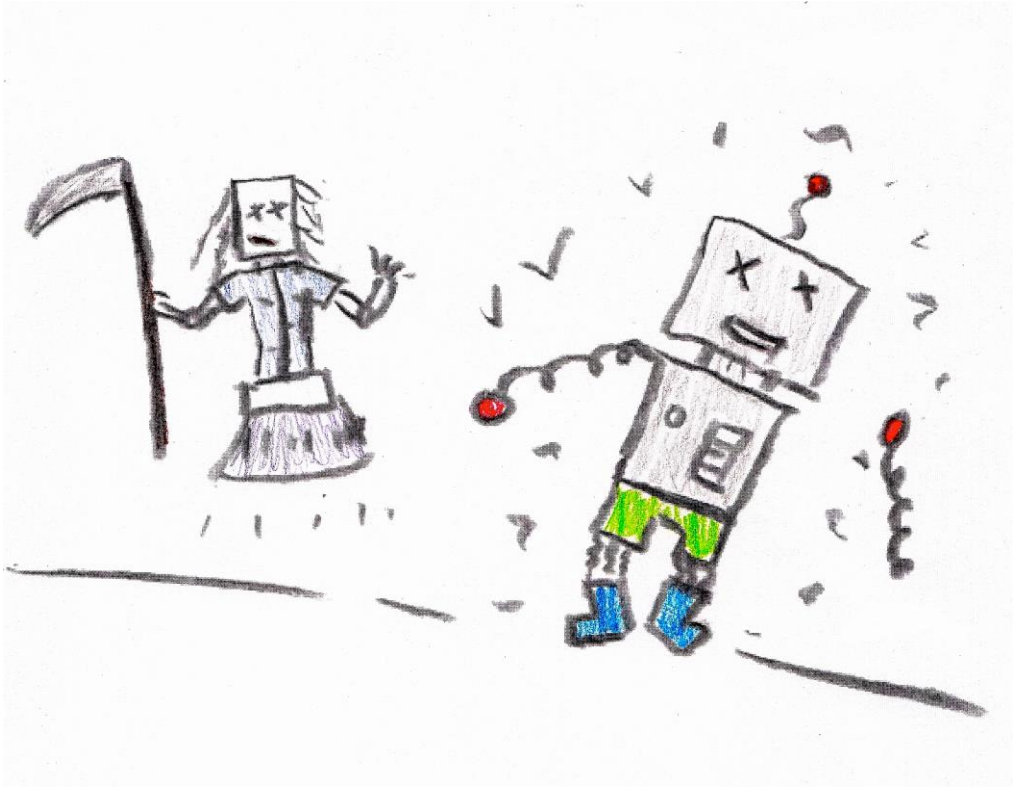
she said she knew every name,  
and every name knew her.



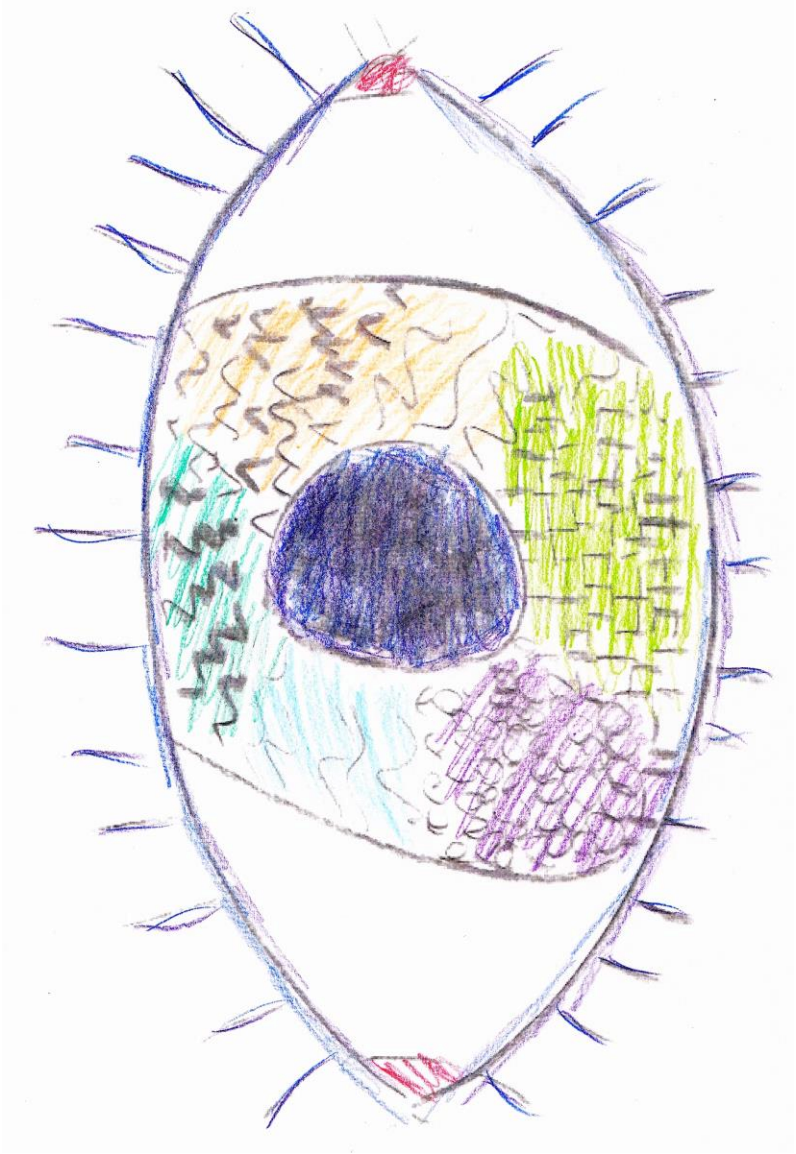
Every name knew her,



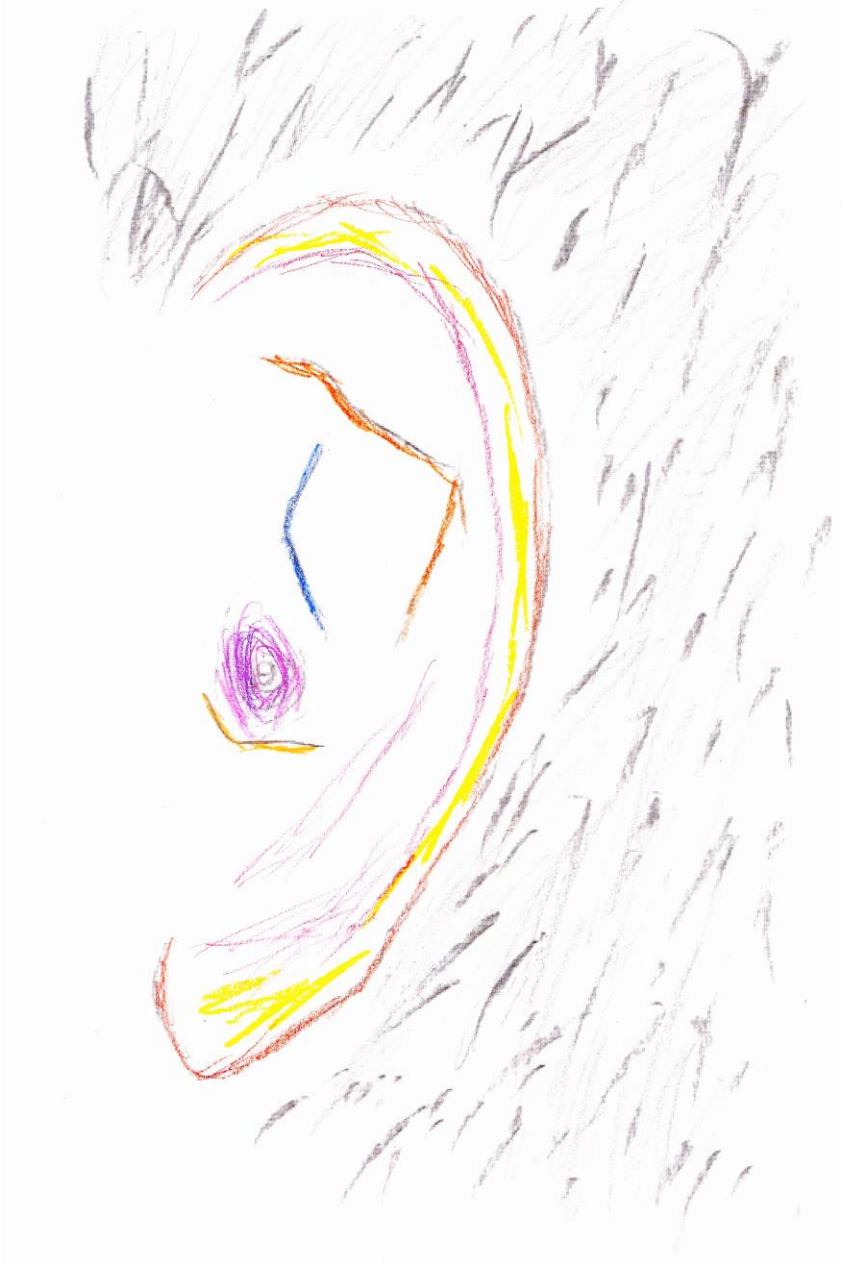
every name knew her.



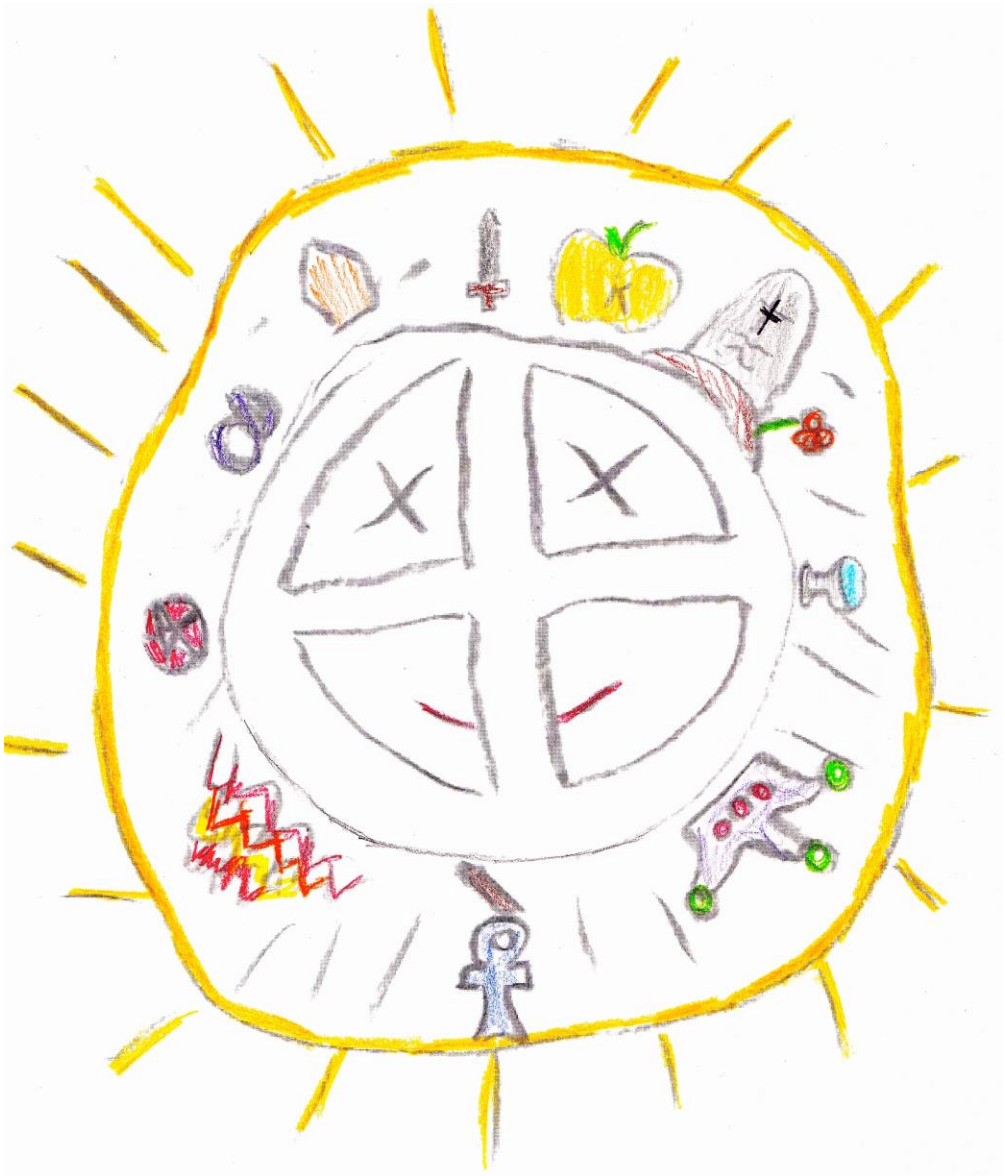
She said "Boy I like your smile,  
would you like to stay with me a while?  
I'll show you things you've never seen."



"Now why don't you just wait right here?"  
she whispered softly in my ear,  
"and we'll have ourselves a dream."



Before my eyes the world transformed,  
I saw it dead but then reborn,  
and in the chaos there she stood.



Long black hair, chalky skin, ruby lips,  
and eyes that knew not bad nor good.



We danced we laughed,  
smoke in our eyes liquor on our breath,

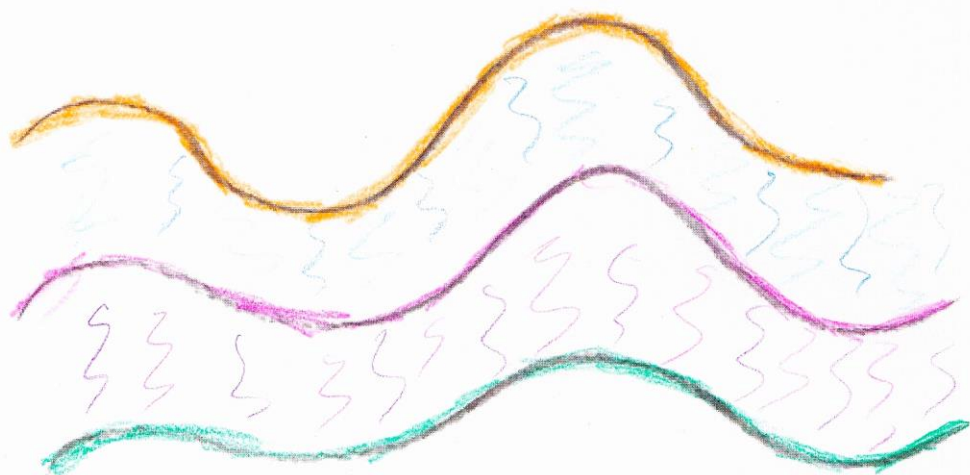




and through the night, through the night,  
I danced with death.







By the morning she had left me,  
I shuddered, stricken, cold and empty,



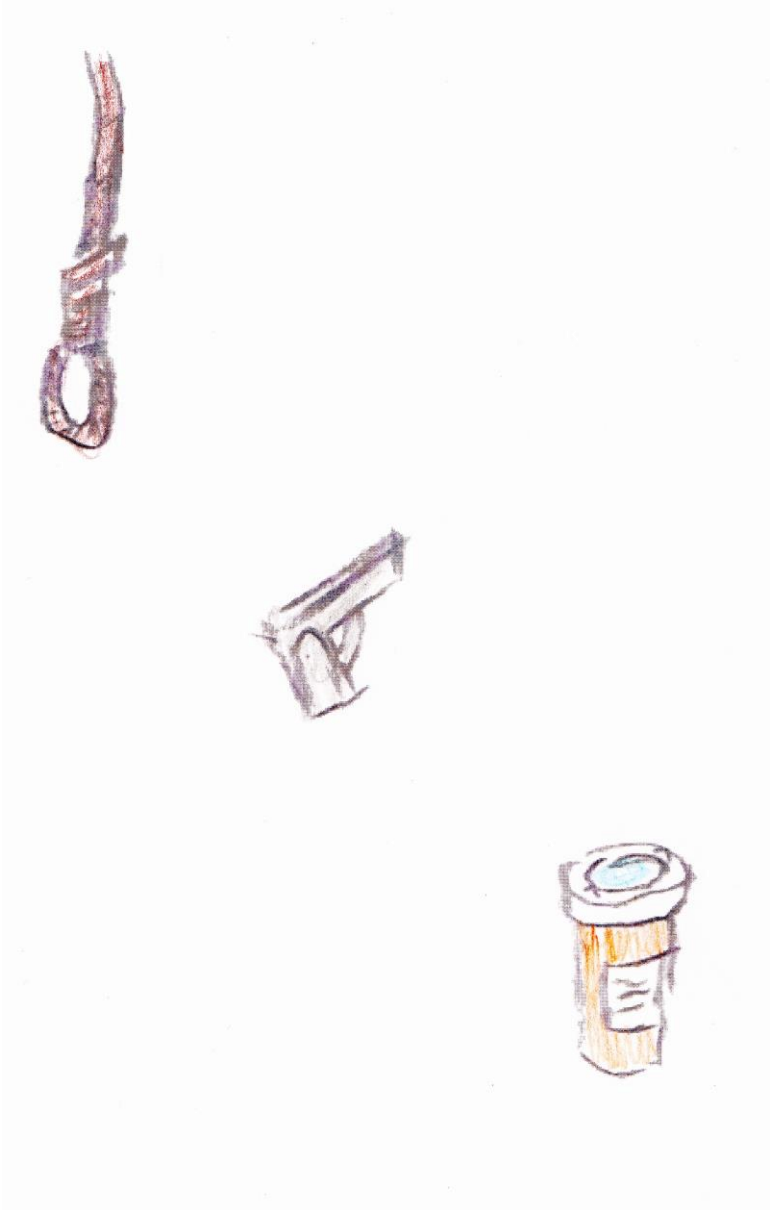
the only thing that held me steady  
was the letter she had left me.



"Thanks for laughing, thanks for dancing,  
love the world but don't forget me,  
if you'd like to call again feel free."



"Feel free, feel free, feel free."



Before my eyes the world transformed,  
I saw it dead but then reborn,  
and in the chaos there she stood.





Long black hair, chalky skin, ruby lips,  
and eyes that knew not bad nor good.



We danced we laughed,  
smoke in our eyes liquor on our breath,



and through the night, through the night,  
I danced with death.



Thanks!