

# Paul McCartney, End Of The End

At the end of the end  
It's the start of a journey  
To a much better place  
And this wasn't bad  
So a much better place  
would have to be special  
No need to be sad

On the day that I die I'd like jokes to be told  
And stories of old to be rolled out like carpets  
That children have played on  
And laid on while listening to stories of old

At the end of the end  
It's the start of a journey  
To a much better place  
And a much better place  
Would have to be special  
No reason to cry

(whistling)

On the day that I die I'd like bells to be rung  
And songs that were sung to be hung out like blankets  
That lovers have played on  
And laid on while listening to songs that were sung

At the end of the end  
It's the start of a journey  
To a much better place  
And a much better place  
Would have to be special  
No reason to cry  
No need to be sad  
At the end of the end