



Paul Otero

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When I'm Gone

When I come to the end of my journey
and I travel my last weary mile,
just forget if you can,
that I ever frowned and remember only the smile.
Forget unkind words I have spoken;
remember some good I have done.
Forget that I ever had heartache
and remember I've had loads of fun.
Forget that I have stumbled and
blundered and sometimes fell by the way.
Remember I have fought some hard battles
and won, ere the close of the day,
then forget to grieve for my going,
I would not have you sad for a day,
But in summer just gather some flowers and
remember the place where I lay,
and come in the evening when the sun paints
the sky in the west,
stand for a few moments beside me
and remember only my best.