

Suicide

Europe

The paper called it suicide A bullet from a forty-five Nobody cared and nobody cried Dont that make you feel sad?

Peter Brent combed his hair And sent for the police Policeman came, took Peters name God, may he rest in peace

No one saw the note beside the body No one knew the problems But my god Suicide

The body remains unidentified Forgotten in a file Like the letter that was blown aside Dont that make you want to smile?

No one was really satisfied About number eighty-one The autopsy proved that Peter lied But they never could find the gun

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