

Man O' The Year

Far

For the last twenty years,
She was sure and just waiting to leave.
She would shake in her sleep,
And over and over repeat,
There's plenty of time to bury
To bury what you don't want the sun to see.
What he won't know he won't believe
Then he'll see a family
In the dirt of the earth of the reasons
for a young man to feel,
There's a maze of arrangements between trust
And the desire to steal.
And there's plenty of time to carry.
He carries what they don't want the sun to see
They just want their son to be man o' the year
Oh, mother
Father