

Ballad of the Dying Man

Father John Misty

Naturally the dying man wonders to himself:
Has commentary been more elusive than anybody else?
And had he successfully beaten back the rising tide
Of idiots, dilettantes, and fools
On his watch while he was alive
Lord, just a little more time

Oh, in no time at all
This'll be the distant past
Ooh

So says the dying man once I'm in the box
Just think of all the overrated hacks running amok
And all of the pretentious, ignorant voices that will go uncheck
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The homophobes, hipsters, and 1%
The false feminists he'd managed to detect
Oh, who will critique them once he's left?

Oh, in no time at all
This'll be the distant past

What he'd give for one more day to rate and analyze
The world made in his image as of yet
To realize what a mess to leave behind

Eventually the dying man takes his final breath
But first checks his news feed to see what he's 'bout to miss
And it occurs to him a little late in the game
We leave as clueless as we came
For the rented heavens to the shadows in the cave
We'll all be wrong someday

Oh
Oh
Oh