

I can barely make out
a little light from the house on the cul-de-sac
Bedroom upstairs,
it's a family affair.

I've watched you in class,
your eyes are cut glass and you stay covered upstairs
Head to your toe,
nobody will know it was you

I might not be a man yet,
But that bastard will never be,
So I'm cleaning my Weatherby
My sight and my scope
And I hope against hope.
I hope against hope.

Your mother seems nice,
I don't understand why she won't say anything.
As if she can't see
who he turned out to be.

I might not be a man yet,
But your father will never be,
So I load up my Weatherby.
I let out my breath
And I couple with death.
I couple with death.

Saw your father last night
in the window the light made a silhouette.
Saw him hold you that way,
he won't hold you that way anymore, Yvette.