

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.