

Mr. Wilmington

Lucky Boys Confusion

You dreamed he'd shine like the sun
Now your son is set
Hey dad, grab another cigarette
Ashes fall like an unpaid debt
Come on everybody place your bets
In seventh grade he dug his grave
Trying to be cool with the cool kids hey
Follow everything they say
You might fit in if you misbehave
At sixteen he promised he'd be clean
You didn't bend, but you sure did lean
You do not deserve this
Hey Mr. Wilmington
Yeah, I heard about your son
It's hard enough to hide your scars
In smalltown USA
Sweet Mr. Wilmington
Yeah I read about your son
Don't blame yourself, you raised him right
Remember that when you can't sleep at night
At twenty-one you found his gun
Hey dad, it's just begun
The ties that bind, they come undone
Come on everybody, just for fun
At twenty-four you found him on the floor
Decadence was all he wore
At the funeral, read his eulogy
Insincere apologies
You do not deserve this
All the papers and press decide
Hey, just another suicide
You do not deserve this