

Twenty-Three

MC Lars

I don't sleep, because sleep is the cousin of death
Down the hall, there's a kid that I know
He's kind of quirky so I say hello
He's so sarcastic but he's always right
Working on those problem sets late into the night
Mad magazines sit piled by his bed
A million brilliant thoughts going all through his head
We bike to class in the autumn rain
He tells me that he's fine but I know he's in pain
Pat I miss you dude it's so hard to say goodbye
In Europe last winter you were tired of the lie
Monoxide in the bathroom but the door was locked
We were always there for you, you could have called and
talked
I felt guilty and alone and so sick when I discovered
You did it in Berlin, you'd just talked to your mother
I guess it was too much, depression disillusion
Maybe suicide's an answer, but it wasn't the solution

And I wish that you hadn't done it
Could have won it and moved on from it
And we could have grown old together
But instead you'll always be 23.... 23.

We sat together one night on El Camino
On the bench by the bus stop hiding from El Nino
You told me your secret I just sat there in shock
You couldn't tell your parents, you couldn't break that
lock
Cognitive dissonance, trapped in your shell
Depression and regression made your life a living hell
The pain was too intense, the fence too strong to break
So you went to Germany, it was too much to take
You came back broken hearted distracted by the dream
The worlds collided now, college wasn't what it seemed
You went to back to Berlin to find yourself once more
They broke down the door and found you lying on the
floor
I took the Amtrak up the coast, your mom met me at the
station
I went to see your house and photos of your graduation
We drove to your grave, no tombstone where you lay
Your freshmen yearbook's by your bed and your room's in
disarray

And I wish that you hadn't done it
Could have won it and moved on from it
Now we'll never grow old together
But you're in my memory, 23... 23.

Lars: Ladies and gentlemen, I want you to meet a good
friend of mine, this is Patrick Wood!

Pat: What's up Lars?

Lars: What's up Pat?

Pat: How you doing man?

Lars: Good. What do you think of me having my recording
equipment take up three quarters of our small room in

the Kimball dorm?

Pat: It's no problem man, I love you.

Lars: I love you too Pat.

Pat: Thanks Lars.

Lars: Pat Wood! Hey that's you.

Pat: (Sarcastic laughter)

And I wish that you hadn't done it
Could have won it and moved on from it
Now we'll never grow old together
But you're in my memory, 23... 23.

Suicide sucks.