

One of the dead boys, he looked like Opie
he looked like Opie, one of the dead boys
Grandpa gave him a cup of cocoa and
Rubbed his head for luck like he always did
All you need is a coca-cola
That's what it takes to get the job done
A bunch of boys sitting in the van
With a bag of chips and a bloody can

Father do you know your son
Father do you know his name
There were two now there is one
They told me that his name was Cain

Black boys in the dungeons picking out all the red ones
The small are getting smaller
Getting smaller every day
White boys in the dungeons picking out all the green ones
All they found beneath that black knit cap was a bad cliché

Father do you know your son
Father do you know his name
There were two now there is one
They told me that his name was Cain

All of the smart kids live in Asia
Lord have mercy on us, euthanasia
Is there a heaven for the frustrated
The bored to death, the emasculated

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