

Does anyone remember Tony
A quiet boy, little over weight
He had breasts like a girl
When I wasn't too busy feeling lonely
I'd stare over his shoulder
At a map of the world
He always finished all his homework
Raised his hand in homeroom
He called the morning attendance
With the pledge alligence to the gloom

Hey Tony, what's so good about dying
He said I think I might do a little dying today
He looked in the mirror and saw
A little faggot starin back at him
Pulled out a gun and blew himself away

I hated every day of high school
It's funny, I guess you did too
Its funny how I never knew
There I was sitting right behind you
They wrote it in the local rag
Death comes to the local fag
I guess you finally stopped believing
That any hope would ever find you
Well I know that story,
I was sitting right behind you

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