

June 18, 1976

Pedro the Lion

You were born in KC, Missouri
To a girl who wasn't married
After your birth she brought you to the nursery
Kissed your head and told you not to worry
And the quietly she turned and slipped away

In the elevator her heart began to pound
To the rooftop, in her slippers, and her gown
On the edge, she took one last look around
Then closed her eyes and pushed away

Speeding toward the ground
Through the air without a sound
So gracefully

Twelve flights down, nearly naked on the ground
Skin and tagedy always attract a crowd
So it was when the policeman came around
He took more than fifty eyewitness accounts
Each one in awe, for they'd never seen a girl so sad and beautiful

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