

Sad Business

Radical Face

Little boy at your mothers side
Watching on as your daddy comes to die.
As they rope his neck, his hands both shake
Then they kick the stool from the wooden deck they made.

But as he's strangling there
He says he's sorry for his sins.
You watch him worthlessly
Until the struggling finally comes to an end.

You fought the crows from your daddy's flesh
You dug a hole and you laid his body to rest.
Your mother cried and smoked cigarettes
She cursed his name and said "It's what the bastard gets."

But no one ever came
To see if you were still okay.
You stood there in the rain
Until you mamma finally dragged you away.