

Cry Me A River Williamsburg Sleeve Tattoo Blues

Sun Kil Moon

Went to see a band tonight
And they wouldn't play my favorite tunes
It's 2012 but I like the ones from 1992
There was no place to sit
And goddamn it I couldn't use my phone
And fuck if the singer didn't joke
That we all looked like cookie-cutter clones
And they played too long
And I didn't like his new words
About guys in tennis shoes
And moderately talented yet attractive young girls
When I get home
I tell you just what I'm gonna do
I'm gonna cry me a river
Williamsburg Sleeve Tattoo Blues

Cry me a river Williamsburg sleeve tattoo blues
Gonna tell you a little story here because, well, what the heck
About a guy named Billy
Who was born with a birth defect
Was in a wheelchair by the time that he was 36
He was hunchbacked and his feet and his hands were green
And all turned in
One day the candy stripers were taking him
Out of his bed
And they dropped him by accident
Within five minutes
He was pronounced dead
I used to visit him with my father
When I was a child
I never saw Billy once when he didn't have
The happiest smile
I'll tell you another story here because, you know, well, what the fuck
About a winter's day I was in Tennessee
And my friend was out fixing his truck
The next door neighbor kid was in the woods
When a hunter mistook him as a buck
He was shot in the heart
And that was the end of his short run of luck
He was 10 years old
And he never got a chance to fuck
Or to play guitar
Or get a tattoo
Or dwell on the internet and run amok
His mother was shattered
Like a clay disc
Or a ceramic duck
While the rest of the world was watching MTV
And hating

I'll tell you another story here about a tough Colombian kid
Named Jimmy
Who sadly only lived to be the young age of 23
He held the featherweight title back in 1995
Til he stepped in the ring with Rafael Ruelas' older brother Gabe
And he died
He had the heart of a lion

Was outclassed and dropped in round 11
And two weeks later he found himself
In dead fighter heaven
Jimmy Garcia's mother lost her young son
But in time she found forgiveness
And put her arms around the other mother and father's son
Told Gabriel to get back out there
Put up his fists and get in that ring
And that in him, she would always see
Her beloved son Jimmy
You go quack quack quack quack
Quack quack quack
Like a little rubber duck
Like a pathetic whiny sad little child hater boy fuck
Go in on your analyst
Little petty bitch bitch bitch bitch bitch
Be glad you're not a motherfucker sleeping in the ditch
Sleeping in the streets
Sleep in your own vomit
Sleep in your own piss
Sleep in a pile of pigeon or dog or rat or crackwhore shit
Or a murder victim in one of those Die For Me or Helter Skelter books
Or one of those mentally ill kids
Who was tortured in that Staten Island place called Willowbrook
I was a kid in a basement when Geraldo Rivera broke that story
And the images of those kids being tortured in that institution
Stayed with me
And they were so fucking gory
Grateful you got legs to stand on
And a place to pass
Precious days on this earth
That you still got
Your life could end with a bullet in your head
In a parking lot
Or in a cancer ward
Much earlier than you ever thought

Crying the river
Williamsburg Sleeve Tattoo Blues
(And you won't be)
Crying the river
Williamsburg Sleeve Tattoo Blues