

## It Doesn't Mean A Thing

### The Airborne Toxic Event

Well I never knew my mother  
But I can't say it was so bad  
She was still a girl of seventeen on the night she met my dad  
He was just six months out of Chino  
Trying his hardest to stay clean

And they'd sing and they'd sing and they'd sing  
Like doves sleeping with broken wings  
In a bed made for a king  
It didn't mean a thing

It was a shotgun forest wedding  
But they forgot to bring the guns  
They were too busy counting promises  
To the children not yet born  
No one could afford the ride  
They just hitched up the 101

And they'd sing and they'd sing and they'd sing  
Like doves dancing with broken wings  
With a view fit for a king  
It didn't mean a thing

There was a loneliness they would confess  
Like the world had gone bad, I guess  
So they'd hold hands looking to the eyes of God  
They'd say "Tell me why'd you hide from us?  
Why'd you fill this world with wickedness?  
Why'd you spare us from your grace, but not the rod?"

Now my dad says, "Fuck the details,  
Just keep your head down hard  
You got to find yourself alone  
Before you'll find the eyes of God  
You may be broke and scared and mad and tear  
At the flesh of your heart-strings  
But you were born to be a peasant not a king  
So just stop acting like you're running from something  
You're gonna leave the way you came without a thing  
With your heart tied to your mind tied to a string  
You just sing and you sing and you sing"  
It doesn't mean a thing