

Mr. Tragedy

The Slackers

Hello, my name is Mr. Tragedy, and I'm going to kill myself first

Mr. Tragedy, it's plain to see
There's nothing in this world for you and me
Mr. Tragedy, open up your eyes
Or this whole world's gonna pass you by

Tarot cards and sleeping pills don't lie
One last cigarette might make you cry
There's another world outside your living room
[Your living room is murder]
There's a clear blue sky outside, that's killing you

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Black cats cross your path, out in the park
Pianos fall upon you in the dark
That car that almost hit you was a hearse
[That car, it looks like murder]
That girl that almost kissed you was a nurse

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Or this whole world's gonna pass you by

It's raining on my house
But none of the others
All the girls you ever loved
Had vengeful brothers
The room's on fire, the baby's waking
Mr. Tragedy, stop hesitating [Hesitating, hesitating]

Anywhere you hang yourself is home
Silence sounds too good when you're alone
Your coffee is so black, it could be wine
[That coffee looks like murder]
And the end it's got so near, it's out of time

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