

Dying Young

Vic Chesnutt

Holes in his sweater, fluid in his lungs
The experts say there's things
He should've done better
But instead he is just dying young

And tired of disbelieving, sick of struggling
The experts busy
Their gloved hands are relieving
The symptoms of dying young

Yeah, he wished he was a lawyer
Maybe like Perry Mason
He would sue them 'til they are scrawny
Instead of lying there dying young

Sometimes when he's angry
He has a sharp tongue
The experts, they just fill him full of ice cream
They know that he is dying young

Yeah, he wishes he was an actor
Maybe like Rock Hudson
Instead of just another layman
Lying there dying young

Yes, he dreamed about an angel
And he thought about a gun
The experts, they file in by the roomful
Watching him dying young
Yeah, the experts, they file in by the roomful
Watching him dying young