

Mr. Wilmington (acoustic harmonica)

Lucky Boys Confusion

Your dreams they shine like the sun
Now your sun has set
Hey dad, grab another cigarette
ashes fall like an unpaid debt
come on everybody
place your bets
you dreaded this before dying old
and poor all because your kid
lived through a metaphone
had it all behind closed doors
he had it all but he wanted more
in seventh grade he dug his grave
trying to be cool with the cool kids, hey
follow everything they say
you might fit in if you misbehave
at sixteen, he promised he'd be clean
he didn't then but you shouldn't leave
you do not deserve thishey Mr. Wilmington
yeah I heard about your son
it's hard enough to hide your scars
small town usa
sweet Mr. Wilmington
yeah I read about your son
don't blame yourself
you raised him right
remember that when you can't sleep at nightat 21 you found his gun
hey dad it's just begun
the ties that bind they come undone
come on everybody just for fun
at 24 you find him on the floor
decadence was all he wore
you do not deserve thishey Mr. Wilmington
yeah I heard about your son
it's hard enough to hide your scars
small town usa
sweet Mr. Wilmington
yeah I read about your son
don't blame yourself
you raised him right

remember that when you can't sleep at night
na na na na na
na na na na na
na na na na na at the funeral
read his eulogy
insincere apologies
you do not deserve this
the press and papers all decide
hey, just another suicide
you do not deserve this
yeah I heard about your son
it's hard enough to hide your scars
small

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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