June 18, 1976

Pedro the Lion

You were born in KC, Missouri to a girl who wasn't married
After your birth she brought you to the nursery
Kissed your head and told you not to worry
And then quietly she turned and slipped awayIn the elevator her heart began to pound
To the rooftop in her slippers and her gown
On the edge, she took one last look around
Then closed her eyes and pushed awaySpeeding toward the ground
Through the air without a sound
So gracefullyTwelve flights down, nearly naked on the ground
Skin and tragedy always attract a crowd
So it was when the policeman came around
He took more than fifty eyewitness accounts
Each one in awe for they'd never seen a girl so sad and beautifulSpeeding toward the ground
Through the air without a sound
Speeding toward the ground
Through the air without a sound
So gracefully

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