

# 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 away  
In 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 away  
Speeding toward the ground  
Through the air without a sound  
So gracefully  
Twelve 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 beautiful  
Speeding 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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