

# Poor Boy

## Blind Pilot

Poor boy  
Why don't you try getting water?  
Poor boy  
Why don't you try getting sleep?  
I think if one of us is going to suffer  
Why shouldn't it be me? Poor boy  
Your wife is in hard labor  
The rhythm you know  
Is pulsing and drifting to the grave  
When you come to  
You'll be asking yourself just one question  
Was I always this way?  
Was I always this way? Think back a year  
When everything stood at the surface  
But bandage you cuts 'cause you don't know what swims underneath Hold tight  
The bondage of this life is slipping  
Why shouldn't it be me?  
Why shouldn't it be me? When I come back  
You'll be the brightest star  
In the black  
When there are days  
That you want the call we're all waiting for  
Think back Poor boy  
Your wife is in hard labor  
Go buy the flowers you'll leave on its grave  
You went with the goal of movement,  
Now one thing is different:  
You don't want to change.  
I don't want to change

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