

Oh Fortune

Dan Mangan

Oh fortune
Bring fortune to spare.
Time's passing,
And we're worsening for wear
Aching for breathable air
Oh my god it's killing me. Oh chances,
Oh forces, of luck.
Fields arid, windows boarded.
Enough.
Lord, let those skies open up.
Powers that be, forsaken me. Oh choices,
Bring voices, Resound.
Please be merry, when I am buried,
In the ground.
Nice to have the kids around.
Oh my god, it's killing me.

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