

Can't Fade Away

Fishboy

when I was just a baby calf, I'd always make my mother laugh
by blowing bubbles in the bath, or imitating every tall giraffe
in front of human beings, and every now and then it seems
they'd turn the focus back and me, they'd poke and prod and proudly taunt and
tease me like I wouldn't mind, it would hurt, I wouldn't cry
they didn't know but didn't try, to understand, to empathize
my mother sat me down and she explained,
bad days will come but they'll always fade away when I was older then I knew, the rotten things a man can do
and though I tried to curb my fears, they struck me down, erased my final
years and years have passed me by, a couple decades since I died
I thought my resting place was tied to one who took away my little life
and now, I'm finding out, there's nothing in the sky but only
clouds and sun and birds and air, not a shred of heaven any
where I'll go I do not know, back to earth to maybe wait some more
and when my time it ends, I'll wear an everlasting grin
I don't know where to go but I do not want to stay
bad days will come but they'll always fade away
and maybe in a future time, children will repeat how I
lived long past the day I died, sum it up inside a nursery
rhyme the end of every verse, sing it til their throats are horse
and when they can't sing anymore, scream until their tiny tonsils
burst in air, the atmosphere, you will find, find me there
trying hard to disappear, but never ever going any--
where it ends I do not know, I do not have a way to go
I do not have a resting home, I do not have a way that I can
say the words that haunt me to this day
bad days will come but they'll always fade away
my days are gone but I still can't fade away

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

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