

Omar Bay

State Radio

Dear Mr. Omar Bay
Heard the news that you left today
You still countin' all them taxicabs
They takin' you back to the time you have left? Do you well remember Vietnam
When you had a mother who loved her son?
Did you have to leave us all and go away? Omar Bay, I think I'm fallin' to pieces
Won't you help a good man get up and back on his feet?
Five winters, five winters in New York is plenty
I'd even say it's four too many
Won't you help a good man get up and back on his feet? Dear Mr. Omar Bay
I saw your old friend from the war today
He said you went to seek God in a church
Or to get some warmth, whatever came first And now your, now your standpipe it stands alone
If where you place your cap is your home
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