

A.M. Suicide

Ookla the Mok

Poor Gary Coleman
He's had things hard
A short black man in a tall white world
A security guardThe laughter is gone now
But the joke remains
Everything is different
But Gary's the sameSometimes I feel like Gary Coleman:
Sad and stout,
Out of place,
With that look on my face:
"Whatchu talkin' 'bout?"Sometimes I feel like Gary Coleman
But I don't mind
We all feel like Gary Coleman sometimes
Everybody feels like Gary Coleman sometimes
Except for the actual Gary Coleman, who finds
He almost always feels like Gary Coleman.He says, "Why? Why couldn't I just have died?
Another Midget Suicide.
Or I may just fade away.
Just quietly dissolve away into nothingness,
Just like Emmanuel Lewis did."Gary's good, but it's a drag
Beating kids at laser tag
News flash:
You're not fooling anyone with that mustache.There's a little Gary Coleman inside us all
Gary Coleman's inside us allGary Coleman's in you, Gary Coleman's in me
There's a little Gary Coleman inside everybody
Gary Coleman will fit, Gary Coleman is small
There's a little Gary Coleman inside us allPut a little Gary Coleman in your heart
Won't you put a little Gary Coleman in your heart
If you put a little Gary Coleman in your heart
Then you'll have a little Gary Coleman in your heartThere's a little Gary Coleman inside us all, Gary
Coleman's inside us allThere's a little Gary Coleman inside of Gary Coleman

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