

# Harry Frazee and No, No, Nannette

## Forgive Durden

I followed every single step  
Listed in didactic manuals  
I sat up straight, I prayed to God I dressed my shutters in matching paint  
I pressed my nose to the grindstone  
I did everything I was told  
I rubbed elbows with the elite  
But I still feel so empty His parents divorced over  
Mother's parturient belly  
Who, in keeping with martyrdom  
Died upon boy's delivery  
His father had always blamed him For her early departure  
He was born alone  
He lived alone  
He'll rot alone  
And die alone I followed every single step  
Listed in didactic manuals  
I sat up straight, I prayed to God I dressed my shutters in matching paint  
I pressed my nose to the grindstone  
I did everything I was told  
I rubbed elbows with the elite  
But I still feel so empty He sits alone and sobs  
Immersed in his trappings of luxury  
He's never been a big drinker  
But tonight his liver would not know it The burdens have become a crushing load  
The wrenching twist will soon cause a shift  
The pressure, fleeting and pounding  
I feel the trigger give

Songwriters

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protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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