

# Cain

Patty Griffin

One of the dead boys, he looked like Opie  
he looked like Opie, one of the dead boys  
Grandpa gave him a cup of cocoa and  
Rubbed his head for luck like he always did  
All you need is a coca-cola  
That's what it takes to get the job done  
A bunch of boys sitting in the van  
With a bag of chips and a bloody can  
Father do you know your son  
Father do you know his name  
There were two now there is one  
They told me that his name was Cain  
Black boys in the dungeons picking out all the red ones  
The small are getting smaller  
Getting smaller every day  
White boys in the dungeons picking out all the green ones  
All they found beneath that black knit cap was a bad cliché  
Father do you know your son  
Father do you know his name  
There were two now there is one  
They told me that his name was Cain  
All of the smart kids live in Asia  
Lord have mercy on us, euthanasia  
Is there a heaven for the frustrated  
The bored to death, the emasculated  
Father do you know your son  
Father do you know his name  
There were two now there is one  
They told me that his name was Cain

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