

# Tony

## Marisol

Does anyone remember Tony  
He was a quiet boy, little over weight  
He had breasts like a girl  
When I wasn't too busy feeling lonely  
I'd stare over his shoulder at a map of the world  
He always finished all his homework  
Raised his hand in home room  
He called the morning attendance  
And the pledge alligence to the gloom  
Hey Tony, what's so good about dying  
He might do a little dying today  
Looked in the mirror and saw  
A little fagot starin' back at him  
Pulled out a gun and blew himself away  
I hated every day of high school  
It's funny, I guess you did too  
Funny how I never knew  
There I was sitting right behind you  
They wrote it in the local rag

Death comes to the local fag  
I guess you finally stopped believing  
That any hope would ever find you  
Well I know that story, I was sitting right behind you  
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A little fagot starin' back at him  
Pulled out a gun and blew himself away  
Hey Tony, what's so good about dying

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