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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