Laments Of A Good Man

Toadies

Well you've got the kind of secret
That you can't afford to tell
So you gave it up to Jesus
But he's dragging you to hell
And you don't know what to make
Of all the darkness in your head
So you pray and then you cry
And then you work until you're dead
Now you've got the car, you've got the house
You've got the job, you've got the spouse
You hate your job, you hate your wife
There's nothing on TV tonight
You back is sore, your eyes are red
The voices screaming in your head
You went to see your doctor
This is what the doctor said:

It's so hard, it's so hard
It's so hard, to be a man
To be a good man
So hard, so hard
So hard, to be a man
To be a good man

So you take the children to the mall
And send them on their way
You can say your cash is fleeting
But you know you're gonna pay
When they get home they turn around
They're off to see their friends
And they'll smoke some pot
And god knows what, until the party ends
The wife is at the salon
Getting pretty for her man
But her tits are fake, and so's her tan
Her hips are taking all the care
You see her body in your bed
And still the voices in your head

You went to see your therapist
And this is all he said:

It's so hard, it's so hard
It's so hard, to be a man
To be a good man
It's so hard, it's so hard
It's so hard, to be a man
To be a good man

The weekend comes
You grab your clubs
You're off to play the links
So now's your chance to be yourself
With friends and cars and drinks
When you get home, you're all alone
The wife and kids are gone
Where you can get some thinking done
In a silent peaceful home
But on the kitchen table
There's a note from her that reads
"You're never home, I'm so alone
I'm taking everything"
You start to tremble then the tears
You haven't felt alive in years
You think your life is over
But it's really starting here

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