

Tony

A.C.E

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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Hey Tony, what's so good about dying

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