

Poor Boy

Blind Pilot

Poor boy
Why don't you try getting water?
Poor boy
Why don't you try getting sleep?
I think if one of us is going to suffer
Why shouldn't it be me? Poor boy
Your wife is in hard labor
The rhythm you know
Is pulsing and drifting to the grave
When you come to
You'll be asking yourself just one question
Was I always this way?
Was I always this way? Think back a year
When everything stood at the surface
But bandage you cuts 'cause you don't know what swims underneath Hold tight
The bondage of this life is slipping
Why shouldn't it be me?
Why shouldn't it be me? When I come back
You'll be the brightest star
In the black
When there are days
That you want the call we're all waiting for
Think back Poor boy
Your wife is in hard labor
Go buy the flowers you'll leave on its grave
You went with the goal of movement,
Now one thing is different:
You don't want to change.
I don't want to change

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