

# Michael

[Dan Mills](#)

He ties his bags around his thighs  
Newspaper bags filled with newspaper lies  
And combs his hair, straightens his tie  
But the people still stare the people want to know why  
He chose to fill the air with echoes of an ordinary life After all these years when she was alive  
He stood in the corner and he built a disguise  
Now that she's gone, the house won't rise  
So he sits on a milk crate with a handsaw to the sky  
He chose to fill the air with echoes of an ordinary life So don't call me man, don't call me boy anymore  
Take or leave your crown behind and I'll cry your name in war  
And there's rocks in windows that Michael threw  
And this weeks window...it's for you He dropped out of Amherst in his second year  
And now he's digging holes for the state  
And he lays so still in the morning chill  
'Cause he's having trouble sleeping late  
And he pours down the concrete on 7th street  
And the children come up slow with open hands  
And as they set them in, he's ashamed within  
'Cause he knows that once they walk away he'll just go fill it up again  
He chose to fill the air with echoes of an ordinary life Oh and I should go, but can I stay?  
Just one more song and I'll be on my way  
Don't call me man don't call me boy  
Don't call me man don't call me boy When he lost his home, and his face grew thin  
He traded her dresses for a used violin  
And when he raised the wood and touched it to his chin  
He whispered who I am, ain't nothing like the wasted man I've been  
He chose to fill the air with echoes of an ordinary life Far away we go  
We go far away  
We go so far that you can't even see us grow

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