

Poor Bailey

"Oxy Moron"

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All my friends died in a train wreck
They were on their way over the hill
The helicopters tried to help them,
But by the time they arrived there was no pain left to
kill.
And me, I guess I just got lucky, I was running a little
late
'Cause if I'da had it my way, I'da been on that train
Instead I took the bus back up town and walked through
my neighborhood
The sun set upon the rooftops, everything was good.

Oh I met a ghost out on the levy,
His pale face weathered and worn.
And I asked him how long he'd been dead for
And he laughed and said, I'm not dead, I'm waiting to
be born.
You're so proud of your problems 'cause you never
have to
Take responsibility for the stupid things you do
You once were a metaphor but those days are gone
Ever since you became an oxymoron.

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