

Veils, The

"Killed By The Boom"

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He stared at the skyline with a look of avarice
He smelled the diesel of a passing train
He fell with both hands still in his pockets
Killed by the boom and washed away

Oh no what a tragedy
Say what you want about him
I say goddamn

He wasn't no drug dealer mamma
he was a dancer
with the dull eyes of a steer and a lions mane
Bear me no public opinion it never answers
whatever intuition cannot explain

Oh no what a tragedy
Say what you want about him
I'll say goddamn

No recognition by the state nor senate
No epitaph to sing aloud his sweet name
No fourteen stations and the nineteenth sonnet
He weren't no wealthy man but he was a man all the
same

Oh no what a tragedy
Say what you want about him
Oh no what a fucking tragedy
Say what you want about him
I say goddamn

It weren't the rain that killed him
and it weren't his muddy ears
It weren't the rain that killed him
He was killed by the boom

He was killed by the boom

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