

411**"Leaning On The Day's Parade"**Visit "[Leaning On The Day's Parade](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hed eat at kfc, wore sally clothes and smelled like
turpentine
Talked a lot about his art with a spitting image of
ernest borgnine
They found him dead the other day
Out where the punks and school kids play

And Im here in the shade
Leaning on the days parade
Leaning on the days parade

Kid spilled some mercury he stole from school inside
his school
Covered his ass he thought, the school directors in his
gene pool
But he got too much on his hands
The organ donor list expands

And Im here in the shade
Leaning on the days parade
Leaning on the days parade

I never thought it wise
To wish for anyones demise

Every face a motherd kiss
Every gestures hit or miss

And Im here in the shade
Leaning on the days parade
Leaning on the days parade

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