

## **Blind Pilot** **"Poor Boy"**

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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 too  
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  
A bandage you cut because you don't know what swims  
under me

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  
Life is in hard labor  
Go buy flowers you'll leave on it's grave  
Then with the goal of movement  
Now one this is different  
You don't want to change  
I don't want to change

