

## **Bogmen**

### **"The Third Rail"**

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Dear Mr. Good I'm writing to tell you about my child

He's in the fifth grade and very dangerous

He thinks he's smarter than you and I and everybody else

So play him like a Maestro would play a cheap violin

Let him think he's the ringleader

Then in mid-circus pull the rug out from under him

My fear is that he's nearing the third rail

He's kneeling to another angry idol

And I can see it as his face is getting pale

That he's on his way out of this world

This sudden spat of insanity needs a good fat dose of humility

Otherwise a dictator will arise in class and rule by fear

So, before he gets too old to know what we're doing right now

Before he gets too old to turn a deaf ear, turn it back my way

My fear is that he's nearing the third rail

He's kneeling to another angry idol

And I can see it as his face is getting pale

Getting nowhere on no one's referrals

Getting nowhere on no one's referrals

He's on his way out of this world

He's on his way out of this world

He's on his way

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