

## Far "Man 'o The Year"

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For the last twenty years,  
She was sure and just waiting to leave.  
She would shake in her sleep,  
And over and over repeat,  
There's plenty of time to bury  
To bury what you don't want the sun to see.  
What he won't know he won't believe  
Then he'll see a family  
In the dirt of the earth of the reasons  
for a young man to feel,  
There's a maze of arrangements between trust  
And the desire to steal.

And there's plenty of time to carry.  
He carries what they don't want the sun to see  
They just want their son to be man o' the year  
Oh, mother  
Father

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