

Bran Van 3000

"Untitled 03"

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She was just 17
Pious and pretty with a deadly disease
And the weight of the world
On her prosodic shoulder.
And by the summer of '96
Her body was cracked like porcelain
Just like some precious moments collectible
In a hospital gown
And a big, bright, golden halo.

So three cheers for my morose and grieving pals
And now let's hear it for the tears that I've welled up
We've come too far to have to give it all up now
We live lives that are rich and blessed
And we're burned for how we transgress.

Now I've mastered the art
Of the open casket prayer and the singing guitar
And I've found the rewards weren't half what I'd hoped
for.
And meanwhile we all faked hope and mirth
As her parents went on and lied to her
All about the success of the surgeries
And how my ex girlfriend was now
Sleeping with her fiancée.

So three cheers for my morose and grieving pals
And now let's hear it for the tears that I've welled up
We've come too far to have to give it all up now
We live lives that are rich and blessed
And we're burned for how we transgress.

If there's any justice in heaven then God won't let me in
He'll lock the gates and take my weekend pass away.
With a pathetic wave they'll see me off
Return my golden crown
And I'll be cursed to walk the earth for a millennium
I know I deserve worse, but it terrifies me
And I can't take it anymore.

And so three cheers for my morose and grieving pals

And now let's hear it for the tears that I've welled up
We've come too far to have to give it all up now
We live lives that are rich and blessed
And we're burned for how we transgress.

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