

## Godkiller

### "Lonnie"

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Lonnie Garamond was disturbed by the face  
That looked back at him from the bathroom mirror  
He looked older than he remembered  
It was as if all forty-two years of his life  
Had suddenly leap frogged over each other  
And crash landed in his face  
He was middle-aged and the truth hit him  
Like a man with no parachute  
The eyes were golfballs  
The skin hung on his face like a cheap suit  
And the trapdoor of greasy black frizz  
That he combed from one side of his head to the other  
To hide his baldness  
In reality emphasized it  
It was 2:30 in the morning Nov. 22nd 1963  
And Lonnie couldn't sleep  
Lonnie took a last look at the face  
And popped another sleeping tablet  
Under his sandpaper tongue  
And slipped into a cold, dark sleep  
The last thing Lonnie saw  
Before his eyes finally closed  
Was his camera watching him  
From the other side of the Motel room  
But the camera wasn't loaded yet  
Lonnie Garamond was a loser  
Lonnie Garamond was a loser  
Lonnie Garamond was a loser  
And he really hated being that  
Lonnie's body clock woke him at 8:30 sharp  
He stabbed a button by his bed  
And the TV crackled into life  
Showing the crowds already gathering  
In Dealy Plaza  
He showered, shaved, and slipped into an Ivy League  
jacket  
And brown slacks and loaded the camera  
The Stetson put the icing on the southern cake  
And he headed for the parking lot  
Leaving the key behind in his room  
He knew he wouldn't be coming back

Lonnie Garamond was a loser  
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Lonnie Garamond was a loser  
And he really hated being that  
Lonnie parked the Buick and ran down Pacific St.  
It was 12.15 and he wanted to be outside  
The Texas School Book Depository  
Before the motorcade came down Elm St.

12.20

He elbowed his way through a group of good ol' boys  
And stood next to a kid in a wheelchair  
Waving a Confederate flag

12.25

He took off the lens cap  
And lit his first cigarette for two years  
He checked the focus one last time  
And blew a smoke ring  
Into the blue Dallas heat haze

12.30

He ground the Lucky Strike under the heel of his boot  
And calmly squeezed off three shots  
Lonnie put the camera back into it's case  
And melted into the panic  
Lonnie Garamond was a loser  
Lonnie Garamond was a loser  
Lonnie Garamond was a loser  
And he really hated being that

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