

John Doe

"The Meanest Man In The World"

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The wide wide open sky
Above the sage and the thorns
The rocks and pines were humming an old familiar
tune

His hard black boots came crunching up this gravel
road
He saw the house a mile away
The moon was just setting

The nights were darker then
Lights in the living room
He could recall that the tv was on
But not if anyone was watching

He never thought of himself as cruel
He never thought of himself at all
Kindness was always outside his grasp
He was the meanest man in the world
He was the meanest man in the world

The door wasn't really locked
The fire place was burning
The room exploded like a bomb
But all in slow motion

Icicles hung from the roof
He remember someone weeping
Though it was sticky on the road
He just kept on walking

He never closed a door
He never turned off a light
He left things pretty much the way they were
After he did what he did that night

He never thought of himself as cruel
He never thought of himself at all
Kindness was always outside his grasp

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