

## Lagwagon "After You My Friend"

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Here he is. He saves a grin  
He wants to be the one who doesn't have to sink a level  
Indiscrete, in his retreat  
All he need is just a taste of the bitter pride he held in  
her name  
Embrace the solitude in ordinary fucked up state of  
grace  
Far away from the days he bared  
The cross he used to wear  
In some resolve well aware  
A little pitiful, a pin up boy they dress in grieving wear  
Well at ease in consent  
In the drift of undertow

He won't justify the pity from them  
When he knows...fools in love are arrogant

Their sermons cloud his breathing air  
He's in love with an isolation from emotion

Here he is awaiting sentence  
A fool to think that anyone can escape guilt and  
anguish  
A subtlety that can't be learned  
A subtlety that can't be taught  
He is caught in the lure of second thoughts  
He might still care  
As he settles down well aware  
Bound in secrecy. His voice will  
Only dignify their fears  
But sorrow is signified  
He's well aware of his pride

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