

Dan Mills "Michael"

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He ties his bags around his thighs
Newspaper bags filled with newspaper lies
And combs his hair, straightens his tie
But the people still stare the people want to know why
He chose to fill the air with echoes of an ordinary life

After all these years when she was alive
He stood in the corner and he built a disguise
Now that she's gone, the house won't rise
So he sits on a milk crate with a handsaw to the sky
He chose to fill the air with echoes of an ordinary life

So don't call me man, don't call me boy anymore
Take or leave your crown behind and I'll cry your
name in war
And there's rocks in windows that Michael threw
And this weeks window...it's for you

He dropped out of Amherst in his second year
And now he's digging holes for the state
And he lays so still in the morning chill
'Cause he's having trouble sleeping late

And he pours down the concrete on 7th street
And the children come up slow with open hands
And as they set them in, he's ashamed within
'Cause he knows that once they walk away he'll just
go fill it up again
He chose to fill the air with echoes of an ordinary life

Oh and I should go, but can I stay?
Just one more song and I'll be on my way
Don't call me man don't call me boy
Don't call me man don't call me boy

When he lost his home, and his face grew thin
He traded her dresses for a used violin
And when he raised the wood and touched it to his chin
He whispered who I am, ain't nothing like the wasted
man I've been
He chose to fill the air with echoes of an ordinary life

Far away we go
We go far away
We go so far that you can't even see us grow

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