

Notarhomas Jamie

"Minus One"

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In a closet in a box, you can't hide nothing from a kid
When his dad went off to the football game
Guess what that kid did?
Last week it was lighting hairspray, this week he found
a gun
He was trying to be like Rambo when he pushed on it
with his thumb
Now the news says it's the father's fault, and the father
blames the son
And the N.R.A. is doing everything to protect the stupid
gun
But when all is said, nothing's done
Life goes on... Minus One
I was walking through Columbus Circle when I saw two
street bums
One of them was just lying there lifeless in the sun
Upon closer inspection, I discovered he was dead
The other bum reached over, grabbed the bottle from
under his head
I looked at him puzzled, he just looked back and
grinned
Then said, "Someday I want to be just like him"
He took a sip of that whiskey, then offered me some
He said, "Life goes on... Minus One."
Now Charles Manson's just an argument the politicians
use
Like Hitler convinced his countrymen that it was good
to kill the Jews
Now down in Georgia there's a judge who supports the
K.K.K.
Who just sent another innocent black man to the
electric chair today
And while that judge sleeps the dirty work is done by a
hired hand
Who never saw or heard the witness or defendant on
the stand
The switch goes down, the deed is done
Life goes on... Minus One
Now if you're working in the nursing homes, you see it
every day
It's something you've got to get used to, there just ain't

no other way
Now the people gather at the graveyard to hear the
final words
Of the Pastor's reinterpretation of something he once
heard
He prays, "Lord take her spirit and please take away
our hurt"
Then they lower down the coffin. The little boy throws
the dirt
"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done"
Life goes on... Minus One

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