

Page Tommy

"The Happy Song"

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Listen, my new friend, please
And have a sympathetic tender ear
I was born in this junkyard
And it was the prettiest little thing to me
Here's the part in the song
Where you think of me all wrong
And here's the part where I choose
That I got nothing left to lose cause...

Any pain that you could bring to me is nothing
comparatively
And I've been so lost and found, I can't smile, I can't
frown
Happy song, nothing's wrong, it's all fun, am I done?

How much can one man stand?
Before he kisses a cold dead street?
This cross bears a billion lost souls
Three times do I fall to my bloody bare feet?
Think again my lovely friend
Don't ask for more you dirty whore

Here's a part in the song where you tell me you don't
care
I made you in my head and you don't even care, you
don't care
Happy song, nothing's wrong, it's all fun and I'm all
done
But now I'm done, this is fun, now I'm done

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