

The Badlees

"Leaning on the Day's Parade"

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(Alexander/Naydock)

He'd eat at KFC, wore "sally" clothes and smelled like turpentine

Talked a lot about his art with a spitting image of Ernest Borgnine

They found him dead the other day

Out where the punks and school kids play

And I'm here in the shade

Leaning on the day's parade

Leaning on the day's parade

Kid spilled some mercury he stole from school inside his school

Covered his ass he thought, the school director's in his gene pool

But he got too much on his hands

The organ donor list expands

And I'm here in the shade

Leaning on the day's parade

Leaning on the day's parade

I never thought it wise

To wish for anyone's demise

Every face a mother'd kiss

Every gesture's hit or miss

And I'm here in the shade

Leaning on the day's parade

Leaning on the day's parade

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