

Father John Misty, BALLAD OF THE DYING MAN

Naturally the dying man wonders to himself
Has commentary been more lucid than everybody else?
And had he successively beaten back the rising tide of idiots, dilettantes and fools
On his watch while he was alive
Lord, just little more time

In no time at all this will be the distant past

So says the dying man once I'm in the box
Just think of all the overrated hacks running amok
And all of the pretentious, ignorance vices
That will go unchecked
The homophobes, hipsters and one percent
The false feminists he'd manages to detect
Who will critique them once he's left

In no time at all this will be the distant past

What he'd give for one more day to rate and analyze
The World made in his image as of yet
To realize what a mess to leave behind

Eventually the dying man takes his final breath
Bit first checks his news feed to see what he;s about to miss
And it occurs to him a little late in the game
We leave as clueless as we came
From rented heavens to the shadows on the caves
We'll all be wrong someday