

## Long Run

Cigar

Sitting in the back row, preoccupied  
While the world is spinning around him  
He is locked up inside

And the one that they look to for answers  
Holds the shackles as a threat  
To the little boy of which requirements  
This little boy he has not met

Thrown in a dungeon of confinement that is devoid  
Of the happiness that would help this little boy  
Teased him with a rainbow  
When they knew there was no pot of gold  
But it wasn't the richest lie they'd ever told

Hook him up to machines  
See what they say  
Is he blind, dumb, or ignorant  
Does he need a hearing aid

And with a six page readout  
They had the answers and a plan

What they had was a blueprint  
To turn this boy into a man

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In the long run I did fine