

# Gary

Dave Hause

Don't name him Gary  
I knew a Gary in school  
He tried so hard to be cool  
But kids can be so cruel

When I knew Gary  
He liked climbing trees  
But we were a hive of bees  
We stung him mercilessly

Poor little Gary  
You could see it when we would sting  
He'd spin on his broken wing  
Kids say the damndest things

When I knew Gary  
He'd beat on his brother's face  
Under that old staircase  
Just to give him a taste

Hurt people, hurt people  
I hope you don't hurt anymore  
I'm hoping you kept your heart open  
Like a Christmas Eve soup kitchen door  
Hurt people, hurt people  
I hope you don't hurt anymore

Maybe he's married  
God, it would be such a relief  
If somebody's giving him love  
Like we gave him all that grief

But don't name him Gary  
I know its your grandpa's name  
But kids can be so lame  
I still feel so ashamed  
I hope he don't think I'm the same

Hurt people, hurt people  
I hope you don't hurt anymore  
I'm hoping you kept your heart open  
Like a Christmas Eve soup kitchen door

And maybe sorry for me now is like a cup of cold coffee  
It's bitter and old, and a little too late  
But I'm trying to make right the shit that we put on your plate

Hurt people, hurt people  
I hope you don't hurt anymore