

The Untimely Death Of Brad

Five Iron Frenzy

Here is the tale
It's spoken word for word
It may be abominable
But yes, it must be told
Nauseating at first
You can expect the worst
So listen closely
As the plot unfolds

I might stretch the truth
May be a little lie
There was a boy named Brad
He played the trumpet and he died
Too young for him to cease
Why?
We haven't got a clue
It's on the Internet
So then it must be true

The untimely death of Brad
How sad it must have been
If you see him anywhere
Remember to console him

I curse the day
I ever met the boy
Only the good die young, they say
The details of his death are vague
Unbelievable it seems
As if his passing was only a dream
Catastrophe, calamity
What will we tell his mother now?
Cataclysmic, a tragic mishap
I just heard that their band is breaking up

I hear his trumpet
His voice rings in my ears
It sometimes seems he's standing very near
I don't believe in ghosts
I've never seen one
But isn't the trumpet playing haunting on this album?

A day that lives in infamy
In horror, we behold
His passing, his memory
But the truth must be told