

## Mr. Wilmington

### Lucky Boys Confusion

You dreamed he'd shine like the sun  
Now you son is set  
Hey dad, grab another cigarette  
Ashes fall like an unpaid debt  
Come on everybody place your bets  
In seventh grade he dug his grave  
Trying to be cool with the cool kids hey  
Follow everything they say  
You might fit in if you misbehave  
At sixteen he promised he'd be clean  
You didn't bend, but you sure did lean  
You do not deserve this  
Hey Mr. Wilmington  
Yeah, I heard about your son  
It's hard enough to hide your scars  
In smalltown USA  
Sweet Mr. Wilmington  
Yeah I read about your son  
Don't blame yourself, you raised him right  
Remember that when you can't sleep at night  
At twenty-one you found his gun  
Hey dad, it's just begun  
The ties that bind, they come undone  
Come on everybody, just for fun  
At twenty-four you found him on the floor  
Decadence was all he wore  
At the funeral, read his eulogy  
Insincere apologies  
You do not deserve this  
All the papers and press decide  
Hey, just another suicide  
You do not deserve this