

The Leading Guy

Micah P. Hinson

Words wouldn't come stumbled all deaf and dumb
As the crowd awaits his great escape
And his fingers wouldn't move nervous back and blue
Just an eye game, game away now
And he had moved

And he had moved on to god knows where
And he had moved on none of us care
And he had moved on to god knows where
And he had moved on none of us care

So the crowd spit him out
And they shot him through the skies
They crucified rock and rolls worst leading guy

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