

Someone Somewhere Somehow

Super Whatever

I asked you how he's doing the day before he died
You said he's doing fine, we're all just doing fine
About a week ago, I watched his body lowered down
Now no one's doing fine and I am less and less around
I'm sick to death and scared that I might actually be the culprit
it
I didn't spend much time with him and no one seemed to notice
His lust for life was squandered when he lost his loving friend
s
Believe he actually was a corpse before his life had ended
The final letter seemed despondent as if he wasn't there
One more summer and you could've been amongst the world you feared

You were happy, don't understand how it could all be fake
Your smile glowing but your eyes reflected shame
Sorrowful and somber-filled, your family didn't help
Your sister was the one with issues that they had to deal with
now
Now life is but a memory and death is in full swing
Your skin that held together bone is promptly decaying
Family gathered 'round to see an issue unresolved
Why couldn't you have told a friend that might've helped it all
?
"Identify the body," the father pleaded so
All that laid was flesh, no longer occupied a soul
Delicate and calm, the father witnessed his son's fate
The bullet hole that entered had an exit just the same

And I've been wrapping these tragedies in plastic
And throwing them away amidst the trash that I inhabit
Madness, it's tragic
I'm clogging up my feelings with this sickness that is sadness

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