

The Losers

The bureaucratic cemetery keeper dips his toes in cement
He wants to know how it feels to be still and content
As I tried to join him, he told me to get lost and get bent
And looking back now I should've seen what he was trying to prevent

And now I'm in his shoes, a little dusty, a little grey, but well worn
And I've changed my name and I've mixed it with ashes I'm reborn
And now the sailors and tailors and farmhands, look at me lost and forlorn
And looking back now I should've seen what they were trying to warn

All that I ask when I speak to you is unflinching compliance
She complain's about living but does nothing but whine in defiance
She's got nothing to say but turns bitterness into a science
And I think I've found something worse than suffering in silence

The models at the patent agency stare at me through thick rimmed glasses
Their words are winding, whispered waves, thick and brown molasses
But they're stuck behind the iron bars, the sheriff's making passes
It seems so strange, but it seems so true this still happens to the masses

The girl from Boston called me up one night, may have saved my life in spades
She says I think I know what you want, as she pulls down the shades
And maybe she's not here, and maybe she's not real, but it sure felt that way
She's got an innocent air about her, but her hair ain't in braids

Maybe I could stand, to learn a thing or two from the losers
Maybe I could learn, to lose a thing or two before I stand