

Bobby Darin, In Memoriam

He's a ruthless opportunist
And he motivates by greed
He's just the way his father was
And that we sure don't need
So they all cried out destroy him
For he wants to see us drowned
They never understood him
So they put him in the ground.

Now some had stood for hours
And some sat on the grass
Listening to their radios
For where the train had passed
And a crowd will get impatient
As the clock hands turn around
They never understood him
So they put him in the ground.

They handed out some candles
To the somber weary crowd
And told us not to light them
Till our eyes beheld the shroud
Not even at that moment
Could there be tranquility
I could feel them push and argue
Hey, sit down, I cannot see
They never understood him
So they put him in the ground.

When the fathers closed their bibles
And the family left the site
The ropes and walls and hedges
Kind of faded in the night
Replaced by all the people
Who made a prayerful sound
They never understood him
So they put him in the ground.

Some people say the eighth of June
But the morning of the ninth
The workmen gently lowered him
By the beam of three work lights
Easy, take it easy
Set him down real slow
He'd been on some rougher trips
But he couldn't tell them so
They never understood him
So they put him in the ground.

Now no man has the answers
And he was just a man
And yet I can't help feelin'
That he knew a better plan
A shorter road to justice
On the trip that's freedom bound
But they never understood him
So they put him in the ground.