Father John Misty, BALLAD OF THE DYING MAI

Naturally the dying man wonders to himself Has commentary been more lucid than everybody else? And had he successively beaten back the rising tide of idiots, dilettantes and fools On his watch while he was alive Lord, just little more time

In no time at all this will be the distant past

So says the dying man once I'm in the box Just think of all the overrated hacks running amok And all of the pretentious, ignorance vices That will go unchecked The homophobes, hipsters and one percent The false feminists he'd manages to detect Who will critique them once he's left

In no time at all this will be the distant past

What he'd give for one more day to rate and analyze The World made in his image as of yet To realize what a mess to leave behind

Eventually the dying man takes his final breath
Bit first checks his news feed to see what he;s about to miss
And it occurs to him a little late in the game
We leave as clueless as we came
From rented heavens to the shadows on the caves
We'll all be wrong someday