

# Father John Misty, BALLAD OF THE DYING MAN

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