

# Five Iron Frenzy, The Untimely Death Of Brad

Here is the tale, its spoken word-for-word,  
It may be abominable, but yes it must be heard.  
Nauseating at first,  
You can expect the worst,  
So listen closely, as the plot unfolds...

I might stretch the truth,  
Maybe a little lie,  
There was a boy named Brad,  
He played trumpet,  
And he died.  
Too young for him to cease,  
Why? We haven't got a clue,  
It's on the internet,  
So then it must be true.

The untimely death of Brad,  
How sad it must have been.  
If you see him anywhere,  
Remember to console him.

I curse the day,  
I ever met the boy,  
Only the good die young,  
They say.  
The details of his death are vague  
Unbelievable it seems,  
As if his passing was only a dream.  
Catastrophe, calamity,  
What will we tell his mother now?  
Cataclysmic, a tragic mishap.  
I just heard that their band is breaking up.

I hear his trumpet,  
His voice rings in my ears,  
It sometimes seems he's standing very near.  
I don't believe in ghosts.  
I've never seen one,  
But isn't the trumpet playing haunting on this album?

A day that lives in infamy,  
In horror we behold,  
His passing,  
His memory,  
But the truth must be told.