

Forgive Durden, Harry Frazee And No, No, Nannette

I followed every single step
Listed in didactic manuals
I sat up straight
I prayed to God
I dress my shutters in matching paint
I pressed my nose to the grindstone
I did everything I was told
I rubbed elbows with the elite
But I still feel so empty

His parents divorced over
Mother's parturient belly
Who, in keeping with martyrdom
Died upon boy's delivery
His father had always blamed him
For her early departure
He was born alone
He lived alone
He'll rot alone
And die alone

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He sits alone and sobs
Immersed in his trappings of luxury
He's never been a big drinker
But tonight his liver would not know it
The burdens have become a crushing load
The wrenching twist will soon cause a shift
The pressure, fleeting and pounding
I feel the trigger give

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