

# Sunday's Best, Red Herring

A pictured life with  
framed to keep but still he needs.  
Can he talk a good game?  
It's all done wrong--he's still the same.

The roundabout vagueness plague;  
guitar-driven moods he displays.  
Play the chord, hear the ring,  
it's all the rage--it's still the same.

Today is the day, marked for life.  
Here in which we shine so bright.