

Badlees, The, Leaning On The Day's Parade

Badlees, The
Miscellaneous
Leaning On The Day's Parade
(alexander/naydock)

He'd eat at kfc, wore "sally" clothes and smelled like turpentine
Talked a lot about his art with a spitting image of ernest borgnine
They found him dead the other day
Out where the punks and school kids play

And i'm here in the shade
Leaning on the day's parade
Leaning on the day's parade

Kid spilled some mercury he stole from school inside his school
Covered his ass he thought, the school director's in his gene pool
But he got too much on his hands
The organ donor list expands

And i'm here in the shade
Leaning on the day's parade
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I never thought it wise
To wish for anyone's demise

Every face a mother'd kiss
Every gesture's hit or miss

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