

Cigar, Long Run

Sitting in the back row, preoccupied
While the world is spinning around him
He is locked up inside

And the one that they look to for answers
Holds the shackles as a threat
To the little boy of which requirements
This little boy he has not met

Thrown in a dungeon of confinement that is devoid
Of the happiness that would help this little boy
Teased him with a rainbow
When they knew there was no pot of gold
But it wasn't the richest lie they'd ever told

Hook him up to machines
See what they say
Is he blind, dumb, or ignorant
Does he need a hearing aid

And with a six page readout
They had the answers and a plan

What they had was a blueprint
To turn this boy into a man

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In the long run I did fine