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

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

In the long run I did fine