

Coach Said Not To, Series Of Near Misses

I found a 3-piece suit that was missing a button,
3rd from the bottom but I bought it anyway.
I found a matching t-shirt with a mother's hand writing
Spelling out the letters of her son's first name.

All of my colleagues caught a glimpse of the marked letters
When I dressed down on casual Friday.
And now the whole department thinks I want to change my name
And behind my back they call me Mark spelled with a K'

I don't mind this mere case of mistaken identity.
There's something strangely soothing in this notion of unending entropy.
A series of near misses, oh all in all and all I'm glad to have you hear with me.
A series of near misses and a gorgeous day and a walk on my feet.

Just when I thought my plans had cleared and to myself I had a whole night,
The news comes fiber optic-style, hardly in the nick of time.
And you are resting calmly, I tucked you in warm and tight.
All of your components are right here; the only difference is they are no longer alive.

So, I'm going to dance my sad dance today.
I'm going to sing like I'm a mess.
I'm won't pretend that it feels ok,
Not when I've lost a childhood friend.

Lay down and speak up. Lay down next to me. Lay down and speak up. Lay down next to me.

I found a 3-piece suit that was missing a button,
3rd from the bottom so I left it where it lay.