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 markered 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.