

Dag Nasty, Dear Mrs. Touma

dear Mrs. touma

I walked upstairs into the kitchen

saw a piece of birthday cake and I heard my mother crying

"dressed in his black raincoat , black hat lying on the yellow line...he was run down..."

your son was taken

and he spoke so often

with belief

with conviction

never with righteousness

of the day he'd go to heaven

and I will believe

if only for his sake

in father , son , and holy ghost

in whom he was so certain that he'd

turned the other cheek to those who teased and hurt him

Leo is dead

it's not the end of the world

sometimes I wish it was

I wouldn't wish it on anyone

Leo is dead

it's not the end of my world

sometimes I wish it was

sometimes I wish it was

and as for the man across the street

as he expresses sympathy (the fat, aging hypocrite)

spit into his face with me

"when you heard he was gone , you couldn't wait to be the first to seem concerned.

did you think we'd never learn ?

you were lying to us

you laughed at him

you threw upon him your own vices

you lied to us about everything

you lied about your barfly conquests

dying your hair to hide the gray

you're masturbating bitterly on your front porch while the wife's away"

Leo is dead

it's not the end of the world

but sometimes I wish it was