

Fisher, Missing

Never knew why he would fall victim to five dollar highs
bending his stories, inventing new lies
telling of cancers one way to avoid
questions and answers

And Karl, he's lucky
He's learned how to fly
By keeping his knees on the ground
The most likely one to achieve such a high
And Karl is missing tonight

What can I say to his poor father
He calls every day, looking for clues
There's no gingerbread trail for him to follow
The candy man's come and taken his son

And Karl, he's lucky
He's learned how to fly
By keeping his knees on the ground
His face in the dirt and his friends by his side
And Karl is missing tonight

Maybe I'm the one that's wrong, I misunderstood
You just wanna die young to come back and feel good
But is it worth the exchange? Does it keep you from harm?
The last time I saw you, you clutched my arm
And you wept like a child

And Karl, he's lucky
He's learned how to fly
By keeping his knees on the ground
He's learned how to leave without saying goodbye
And Karl is missing tonight

And Karl is out of my life.