

# Lagwagon, After You My Friend

Here he is, he saves a grin  
He wants to be the one who doesn't have to sink a level  
Indiscrete, in his retreat  
All he needs is just a taste of the bitter pride  
He held in her name  
Embrace the solitude of ordinary fucked up state of grace  
Far away from the days he bared the cross she used to wear  
In some resolve well aware  
A little pitiful, a pin up boy they dress in grieving wear  
Well at ease in consent in the drift of undertow  
He won't justify the pity from them  
When he knows....fools in love are arrogant  
Their sermons cloud his breathing air  
He's in love with an isolation from emotion  
Here he is awaiting sentence  
A fool to think that anyone can escape guilt and anguish  
A subtlety that can't be learned  
A subtlety that can't be taught  
He is caught in the lure of second thoughts  
He might still care  
As he settles down well aware  
Bound in secrecy. His voice will only dignify their fears  
But sorrow is signified  
He's well aware of his pride