## Lucky Boys Confusion, Mr. Wilmington

Your dreams they shine like the sun Now your sun has set Hey dad, grab another cigarette Ashes fall like an unpaid debt Come on everybody Place your bets In seventh grade he dug his grave Trying to be cool with the cool kids, hey Follow everything they say You might fit in if you misbehave At sixteen, he promised he'd be clean He didn't then but you shouldn't leave You do not deserve this

Hey Mr. Wilmington
Yeah I heard about your son
It's hard enough to hide your scars
Small town USA
Sweet Mr. Wilmington
Yeah I read about your son
Don't blame yourself
You raised him right
Remember that when you can't sleep at night

At 21 you found his gun
Hey dad it's just begun
The ties that bind they come undone
Come on everybody just for fun
At 24 you find him on the floor
Decadence was all he wore
You do not deserve this

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And na na

At the funeral Read his eulogy Insincere apologies You do not deserve this The press and papers all decide Hey, just another suicide You do not deserve this

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