

Mice Parade, The Last Ten Homes

A man walks into his cell
And he looks at his story to tell
There are no walls in this place
Just a picture staring him in the face
He said "Hey there, picture
What are you hanging on?
It looks like you don't belong here
Suspended in the air
But you're the one making the call
Without asking what's better for all"

So then he gets out of his cell
And he looks around hoping to tell
His whole story, beginning to end
But the bitter sea likes to be
Hauntingly lonely, making it all the worse
To lose a friend