

Pedro The Lion, June 18, 1976

You were born in KC, Missouri
To a girl who wasn't married
After your birth she brought you to the nursery
Kissed your head and told you not to worry
And then quietly she turned and slipped away

In the elevator her heart began to pound
To the rooftop in her slippers and her gown
On the edge she took one last look around
Then closed her eyes and pushed away

Speeding towards the ground
Through the air without a sound
So gracefully

Twelve flights down nearly naked on the ground
Skin and tragedy always attract a crowd
So it was when the policeman came around
He took more than 50 eyewitness accounts
Each one in awe
For they'd never seen a girl
so sad and beautiful

Speeding towards the ground
Through the air without a sound
So gracefully