

Thin Lizzy, Suicide

The paper called it suicide
A bullet from a forty-five
Nobody cared and nobody cried
Don't that make you feel sad?

Peter Brent combed his hair
And sent for the police
Policeman came, took Peter's name
God, may he rest in peace

No one saw the note beside the body
No one knew the problems
But my God
Suicide

The body remains unidentified
Forgotten in a file
Like the letter that was blown aside
Don't that make you want to smile?

No one was really satisfied
About number eighty-one
The autopsy proved that Peter lied
But they never could find the gun

No one saw the note beside the body
No one knew the problems
But my God
Suicide