

# 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