

They added to that funky list, the names of some crimes I might commit,
If ever I was bold enough,
If ever I was cold enough
To take someone's existence for granted.

The only existence I've taken for granted
Is my very own, on this very planet
And therein lies the rub of the story ... the gist of this song ...
For whether in penance or out of vain glory
They could never do wrong,
And I could never do right ...
I could never see my way clear to still be standing here
When the marching band,
Late at night,
Came shuffling thru ...
On its way to you ...
For reasons none of us even now understand.

Aw, man ...
I've had it
I'm wasted
Washed up
Deflated

I'm done with you.