

Footsteps on gravel at the neighborhood bar  
Things start to unravel, then they go too far  
The sound of pain written on the wind  
fades to grey and then goes dim  
A boy is tied to a barbed wire fence  
for the crows to ride and the claws to clench  
For the sweet bouquet of blood and bone  
to undermine the scent of collegiate cologne  
What makes a man a man?  
The cut of a coat, the hint of a tan?  
It's not who you love, but whether you can  
What makes a man a man?  
Who did he harm, what was the crime?  
Did he walk too lightly, did he seem too shy?  
Did he make them wonder deep inside?  
Did they feel like real men when he died?  
Did the waning moon look down from on high?  
Did the twinkling stars try to catch his eye?  
Did the wind caress his flesh and bone?  
Did they leave him there to die alone?  
What makes a man a man?  
The cut of a coat, the hint of a tan?  
It's not who you love, but whether you can  
What makes a man a man  
Now the stars are nailed to an empty sky  
The moon is pinned like a butterfly  
and I'm afraid to shine too bright  
since the day they took his life  
So mothers, teach your children this  
Don't overreach, don't run the risk  
Hide in the shadows, don't expect  
your good heart to save your neck  
What makes a man a man?  
The cut of a coat, the hint of a tan?  
It's not who you love, but whether you can  
What makes a man a man?