

# The Leading Guy

Micah P. Hinson

Words wouldn't come stumbled all deaf and dumb  
As the crowd awaits his great escape  
And his fingers wouldn't move nervous back and blue  
Just an eye game, game away now  
And he had moved

And he had moved on to god knows where  
And he had moved on none of us care  
And he had moved on to god knows where  
And he had moved on none of us care

So the crowd spit him out  
And they shot him through the skies  
They crucified rock and rolls worst leading guy

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