

Balsa Wood Bones

Saint Motel

Somehow I can't forget, you picked my feet off the ground,
You pushed my face in, and I nearly drowned.
What did that teach me?

I just can't forget, you were just mean from the start.
You'd leave me bleeding in the park after dark.
What did that teach me.

Somehow I don't forget, you'd laugh right into my tears.
You'd call me sissy, and you'd call me a queer.
What did that teach me.

I just won't forget, how it just made you feel good,
To snap my bones, like they were balsa wood.
What did that teach me.

Somehow I didn't forget, I found out right where you live.
I rang the buzzer and I let myself in.
All that you taught me.

I will never forget, the look of shock on your face.
I pulled the trigger and your life was erased.
What did that teach you?