

It Doesn't Mean A Thing

The Airborne Toxic Event

Well I never knew my mother
But I can't say it was so bad
She was still a girl of seventeen on the night she met my dad
He was just six months out of Chino
Trying his hardest to stay clean

And they'd sing and they'd sing and they'd sing
Like doves sleeping with broken wings
In a bed made for a king
It didn't mean a thing

It was a shotgun forest wedding
But they forgot to bring the guns
They were too busy counting promises
To the children not yet born
No one could afford the ride
They just hitched up the 101

And they'd sing and they'd sing and they'd sing
Like doves dancing with broken wings
With a view fit for a king
It didn't mean a thing

There was a loneliness they would confess
Like the world had gone bad, I guess
So they'd hold hands looking to the eyes of God
They'd say "Tell me why'd you hide from us?
Why'd you fill this world with wickedness?
Why'd you spare us from your grace, but not the rod?"

Now my dad says, "Fuck the details,
Just keep your head down hard
You got to find yourself alone
Before you'll find the eyes of God
You may be broke and scared and mad and tear
At the flesh of your heart-strings
But you were born to be a peasant not a king
So just stop acting like you're running from something
You're gonna leave the way you came without a thing
With your heart tied to your mind tied to a string
You just sing and you sing and you sing"
It doesn't mean a thing