

Leaning on the Day's Parade

The Badlees

He'd eat at KFC
Wore salad clothes and smelled like turpentine
He talked alot about his art
With a spitting image of Ernest Borgnine
They found him dead the other day
Out where the punks and school kids play
And a mere in the shade
Leaning on the day's parade
Leaning on the day's parade
Kid spilled some mercury
He stole from school, inside of school
He covered his ass he thought
The school director is in his gene pool
But he had too much on his hands
The organ donor list expands
And a mere in the shade
Leaning on the day's parade
Leaning on the parade
I never thought it wise
To wish for anyone's demise
Every face a mother's kiss
Every gesture's hit or miss
And a mere in the shade
Leaning on the day's parade
Leaning on the day's parade
Leaning on the day's parade
Leaning on the day's parade