

I walked upstairs into the kitchen  
saw a piece of birthday cake and I heard my mother crying  
"dressed in his black raincoat , black hat lying on the yellow line...he was run down..."  
your son was taken  
and he spoke so often  
with belief  
with conviction  
never with righteousness  
of the day he'd go to heaven  
and I will believe  
if only for his sake  
in father , son , and holy ghost  
in whom he was so certain that he'd  
turned the other cheek to those who teased and hurt him  
Leo is dead  
it's not the end of the world  
sometimes I wish it was  
I wouldn't wish it on anyone  
Leo is dead  
it's not the end of my world  
sometimes I wish it was  
sometimes I wish it was  
and as for the man across the street  
as he expresses sympathy (the fat, aging hypocrite )  
spit into his face with me  
"when you heard he was gone , you couldn't wait to be the first to seem concerned.  
did you think we'd never learn ?  
you were lying to us  
you laughed at him  
you threw upon him your own vices  
you lied to us about everything  
you lied about your barfly conquests  
dying your hair to hide the gray  
you're masturbating bitterly on your front porch while the wife's away"  
Leo is dead  
it's not the end of the world  
but sometimes I wish it was