

ON THIS IS THE CASE THEY GAVE ME, ...  
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Six foot eleven, so the state says,  
Straight out of heaven.  
Two hundred forty, the state says again,  
Like Old E glory.

A daughter to busy acting quite dizzy,  
Another close friend loving to pretend,  
That all is quite well and just swell.

When in Virginia, orange dirt and all,  
They saw me run the track from daylight to sunset.  
Many wonder to this very day,  
"Just how does he do it, ... How did he do that?"  
Little did they know, little do they know,  
That I did not do it, all alone.

Right by my side, clear within illusionary sight,  
That second wind utopia, as they call it,  
There by my side is you, as when you were so small,  
Just running and talking,  
Right by my side, all the day long.

Thus I ran day in and day out,  
You beside me all the time through,  
Yet the real you now leaves so much to be desired.  
The you now, as you so often said,  
Just don't have time for me.

The you now won't write or call,  
As if you don't give a dam at all.  
Often I wonder, just how can this be,  
That all of a sudden, now,  
Grown up, mature, an adult and all,  
How in the world can this be,  
That now, you just don't have time for me?

I really worked hard to make your little ass,  
Your mom had thoughts of aborting your ass.  
But now all of a sudden,  
You feel I require to much of your time,  
In my simple request just to hear from you.  
WOW, what a fuckkin trip,  
Finding out that my precious offspring,  
Has so totally flipped.

Six foot eleven, so the state says,  
Two hundred forty, the state says again,  
A daughter to busy, acting quite dizzy,  
Another close friend loving to pretend,  
What ever happened to my daughter, phone calls or mail?

Conviction finally many years later overturned,  
Falsely imprisoned judicial corruption and all,  
About to come home with plenty of loot,  
Guess who I do not plan to see,  
Someone (those) who I had thought,  
Was (were) an intrical part of me.  
Guess who, ON THIS IS THE CASE THEY GAVE ME, ...