

# Cry Me a River Williamsburg Sleeve Tattoo Blues

## Sun Kil Moon

Went to see a band tonight  
And they wouldn't play my favorite tunes  
It's 2012 but I like the ones from 1992  
There was no place to sit  
And goddamn it I couldn't use my phone  
And fuck if the singer didn't joke  
That we all looked like cookie-cutter clones  
And they played too long  
And I didn't like his new words  
About guys in tennis shoes  
And moderately talented yet attractive young girls  
When I get home  
I tell you just what I'm gonna do  
I'm gonna cry me a river  
Williamsburg Sleeve Tattoo Blues  
Cry me a river Williamsburg sleeve tattoo blues Gonna tell you a little story here because, well,  
what the heck  
About a guy named Billy  
Who was born with a birth defect  
Was in a wheelchair by the time that he was 36  
He was hunchbacked and his feet and his hands were green  
And all turned in  
One day the candy strippers were taking him  
Out of his bed  
And they dropped him by accident  
Within five minutes  
He was pronounced dead  
I used to visit him with my father  
When I was a child  
I never saw Billy once when he didn't have  
The happiest smile  
I'll tell you another story here because, you know, well, what the fuck  
About a winter's day I was in Tennessee  
And my friend was out fixing his truck  
The next door neighbor kid was in the woods  
When a hunter mistook him as a buck  
He was shot in the heart  
And that was the end of his short run of luck  
He was 10 years old  
And he never got a chance to fuck

Or to play guitar  
Or get a tattoo  
Or dwell on the internet and run amok  
His mother was shattered  
Like a clay disc  
Or a ceramic duck  
While the rest of the world was watching MTV  
And hating [?]  
I'll tell you another story here about a tough Colombian kid  
Named Jimmy  
Who sadly only lived to be the young age of 23  
He held the featherweight title back in 1995  
Til he stepped in the ring with Rafael Ruelas' older brother Gabe  
And he died  
He had the heart of a lion  
Was outclassed and dropped in round 11  
And two weeks later he found himself  
In [?] heaven  
Jimmy Garcia's mother lost her young son  
But in time she found forgiveness  
And put her arms around the other mother and father's son  
Told Gabriel to get back out there  
Put up his fists and get in that ring  
And that in him, she would always see  
Her beloved son Jimmy  
You go quack quack quack quack  
Quack quack quack  
Like a little rubber duck  
Like a pathetic whiny sad little child hater boy fuck  
Go in on your analyst  
Little petty bitch bitch bitch bitch bitch  
Be glad you're not a motherfucker sleeping in the ditch  
Sleeping in the streets  
Sleep in your own vomit  
Sleep in your own piss  
Sleep in a pile of pigeon or dog or rat or crackwhore shit  
Or a murder victim in one of those Die For Me or Helter Skelter books  
Or one of those mentally ill kids  
Who was tortured in that Staten Island place called Willowbrook  
I was a kid in a basement when Geraldo Rivera broke that story  
And the images of those kids being tortured in that institution  
Stayed with me  
And they were so fucking gory  
Grateful you got legs to stand on  
And a place to pass  
Precious days on this earth  
That you still got  
Your life could end with a bullet in your head  
In a parking lot

Or in a cancer ward  
Much earlier than you ever thoughtCrying the river  
Williamsburg Sleeve Tattoo Blues  
(And you won't be)  
Crying the river  
Williamsburg Sleeve Tattoo Blues

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>