

## BLISSFUL FOOLS

How peacefully he sleeps with his dog at his feet and his wife by his side in his bed  
The kids in their rooms, his house is his tomb and nothing too tough clogs up his head  
He's got a white picket fence and an eight hundred rent and the cutest little spot on the lane  
He has the boss for tea and vacations by the sea and no wonder he never feels his pain

He gets up to work as the local postal clerk and takes a heap load of shit for his pay  
He fights his way home, turns on the t.v. and moans, "Not bad, dear and how was your day"  
He turns on the news and wonders if his team will lose by more than fourteen points on Monday Night  
But the twenty minutes proceeding show the fightings and the beatings and he doesn't think to flinch from the sights

But outside his window, he can't hear what the wind blows  
And what he feels in his heart is just some beating he thinks  
But I stay up every night, I think about the world and how to survive  
And what I feel in my heart I just don't know what it means

Blissful fools, I don't know what to do  
Be made at you know or just jealous of you  
Blissful fools your life is so straight  
You don't really mind because you don't feel the weight  
Blissful fools, I don't think it's fair  
You're walking through this life like you just don't care

Well, he's not paid enough and his love's got no lust, but his job's got unlimited sick days  
And he defines passion by what he'd do to that little cashier and his home life is happy, if not amazing  
And when it always comes to pass that he's the one who's last, he knows that things will work out in the end  
And he's clearly satisfied by his nature and his pride to blame it on his nearest, dearest friend

And the troubles of his days, he wipes them all away with a wave of the remote control in his hands  
And sitting right there, he's never quite aware of the passing of the hourglass sands  
But he's comforted by the thought, like the preacher says he ought that the big guy upstairs has him in his plans  
And with the facts in his face and his less than stately place, he says, "Some things just no one understands"

But outside his window, the traffic light turns green to go  
And what he sees are different colors, he thinks  
But I stay up every night, I think about the world and how to survive  
And what I see with my eyes, I just don't know what it means

Blissful fools, I don't know what to do  
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When Judgment Day has called and he's the one who's failed, only a few people come to pay respect  
He's dressed in that tux, the \$500 deluxe and his wife is there bragging about the check  
Because the Rock company paid in under three days just like their commercial always says  
And now she's comforted by the thought, though deeply, deeply distraught, "There's a lot of truth in advertising these days"

And his brother down below says, "It was a hell of a way to go, a t.v. tube exploding near his head"  
And rising above the scene, dress in white and looking clean, he says "Gee, how easy being dead"  
And his epithet reads "For those who do Believe, the Truth will come to you in the end"  
And he hoped and he prayed to his last dying day that the joke wasn't on him once again