

MORTAL TRAGEDY

Our own guitars and drums
We never needed those
Cause we had way more fun
Planning tours and stage clothes

We carved our name onto the wall
“Mortal Tragedy”
I thought it looked so punk
Circled a, as in “anarchy”

So you cooked up a plan
Get to the city and start up a band
Too bad that we never did

We’d be just like Ramones
But only the 2 of us
Have even shorter songs
Our name on the tour bus

When you were humming out a tune
Over and over
It was the best I’d ever heard
I hope I told you

Who needs drums and guitars
Johnny Rotten, he was a star
And he didn’t know how to play
As far as having a plan
There was no city, there was no band
We only lived for one day

A graffiti and a melody
All gone now
But somehow it ain’t lost
Cause we were “Mortal Tragedy”
All gone now
The greatest band there was
The band that never was

I can’t remember much from my youth
Not even your name, and this is the truth
But I remember that day
The feeling of hope, a life to be won
Some kind of meaning, somewhere to run
Maybe everything would be...okay