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What Was He Thinking

Jack Frazer

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Jack Frazer

What Was He Thinking?

It happened so quickly
He was so young
Didn't kill anyone, used a note
No shots fired, piece-of-shit gun
Turned it on himself.

Amateur hour, less than three grand
Could have been out on probation
By the time he turned thirty
Was he religious, have a girlfriend
Never got the chance to ask.

Meat wagon on the way
This warehouse is a lonely place
To spend your last minutes
He probably never expected
To end up like this.

That smug psychology professor
That sad old agent, at the Academy
They tried to tell me what it's like
Neither one knew squat. Fuck them
I'm me. Here. Real.

SAC Harding got me into this
I'd like to kick his bureaucratic ass
He's been transferred to LA
Good luck to his negotiator there
He will need it.

What do I tell Rosemary
When she asks: "How was your day?"
Maggie needs to know. It will be on the news
Her school friends are vicious little bitches
Rosemary will have to tell her. I can't.

Hey Captain! Keep those TV vultures away
Don't give out my name, no press on this one
The kid killed himself. It's not the fucking circus
We don't even know who he is. Tell them
To show a little respect, for God's sake!

SWAT guys packing their gear
Didn't have to do anything. Glad it is over
Will take me for a drink. I need one
They will say "Tough break, not your fault"
Then tomorrow, call me "2 for 5 Murphy."

When is Mass; do I have to confess
What did I do wrong. This is number three
What could I have said
That would have made a difference
What was he thinking?