

# The Player

*by* Tim G. Young

He played real good  
But never looked  
At no one  
Strong guitar  
Weak knees  
And the melody  
Bounced off the tv  
While bar people  
Stared at their phones  
The beer made shallow  
In the tall glasses  
He told me a story  
About his mom  
And a corvette  
From the eighties  
Crazy in Oklahoma  
Drunk and police  
And I know it was all true  
Meanwhile the pool shooter  
Sunk the 8 ball  
And the bartender  
Spilled the drink  
And the glass broke  
Smashed on the floor  
A table of loud mouths  
Left without leaving a tip  
Crowding around the door  
So I ordered one more  
Adjusted the hat  
On my head  
And wiped the smudge  
Off the lenses of my glasses

Then he began  
The Redemption song

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