

The Mad Ones

by Damion Hamilton

On the parking lot of the bar, two in the afternoon

You notice the battered car, dented up body of a Ford escort,

No hubcaps, plastic in two of windows,

It yells a story to you

A familiar story

Head into the bar

2 O' clock in the afternoon

It's a nice, sunny, warm Saturday afternoon too

And before you came, you wondered what
You would do this day,

A day off from work

Some people might have went fishing, or
Camping or to a park to enjoy the
Weather

But not you

You enter the bar, as you have entered it
A couple of thousand times before

It's dark in there

On a sunny Saturday afternoon

Its dark, smoking dreary and smells like
Sex

You order your beer, get it and sit far away
From everyone

Ur trying to hide

The girl dancing on stage, reminds

Of a starved cat on meth.

She's dancing hard

Aint nobody watching

The music is loud and very bad,

As she yells out, "fucker."

You sip the drink slowly

You have no better place to be

The girl dancing is mad--they say
She cant work regular job, when I
See her, she always threatening to
Quit

She's been saying that for two years

She walks over you and asks for a dollar

You want to tell her something funny, or sexy

But am too damned depressed to do it

You stay and drink a couple more

Until its less sunny outside

You leave and head back to a beat up

Old 96 Pontiac Grand Am, no hubcaps,

Dented body, trashed insides

Ur a Mad One Too

