

Mr. Bourgeois Drowns His Sorrows

by j. h. woodyatt

Late last night down at Jim's Saloon
Everyone expected that the last balloon
Would go Boom! The one they all saw coming
And Lady Liberty would send the bad guys running
'Cause Mr. Bourgeois he was in the shit
His wife of ten years finally threw the big fit
Now his house was empty and his kids hell and gone
His job dried up with the cuts at the Pentagon
 Yeah, big hairy deal, he remarked to Jim
I got twelve years experience at cutting out shims
And the Big Man, he can't take away everything
Liberty and me here we're ready for anything
But when it came to the brink it was all just talk
There weren't gonna be any outlines in chalk
On the floor. Mr. Bourgeois simply couldn't play the game
Their last great hope would be pathetically lame
 Hey, Mr. Bourgeois
 They're coming for you
Yeah, Mr. Bourgeois
 You've got a job to do
Mr. Bourgeois
 You'll give them the news
And Mr. Bougeois
 Don't let us down
 'Cause we're counting on you
 The fiends kicked in the door and they gassed the place
And everyone who bailed got pepper in the face
Jim and Mr. Bourgeois dug in for the fight
And for a minute, it looked like they might

Have a chance. But it was nothing but a ruse
They suckered Jim out and now had nothing to lose
It was certainly now or never for our man Mr. B
Lady Liberty was ready for the metro P.D.

And outside the saloon, all eyes were on the captain. Nobody
knew if Mr. Bourgeois was alone or if he had a hostage. The captain
called out on the megaphone, but there was no answer. It was a
long half an hour before the captain sighed and made one last plea.

Hey, Mr. Bourgeois

We're coming in for you

Yes, Mr. Bourgeois

We have a job to do

Mr. Bourgeois

Now here is the news

And Mr. Bourgeois

Don't let us down

'Cause we're counting on you

They saw Mr. Bourgeois when they came through the door
He was out like a light and sprawled on the dancefloor
He'd drunk a fifth of tequila and a pint of one-ten
The medics couldn't stop him, he was going to heaven
Lady Liberty was right where he'd left her to sit
With a cigarette fuse that would never be lit
A couple days later the Saloon closed down
Jim was convicted and sent to the Old Town

All the others were fingered or they turned to the state
Except for the lucky ones who escaped their fate
By running for the border like roaches in the light
Screaming hard down the highway in the middle of the night
Jim sold the saloon so his lawyer would get paid
Some chain from the coast turned it into a ready-made
With Lady Liberty hanging up on the wall behind the bar
And nobody ever said another word again...

About Mr. Bourgeois

We're coming for you

Yeah, Mr. Bourgeois
 We've got a job for you
Mr. Bourgeois
 We need to give you the news
Oh, Mr. Bourgeois
 You've got to pay your dues
And, Mr. Bourgeois
 Would you polish your shoes
Mr. Bourgeois
 Remember your cue
And Mr. Bourgeois
 We know you won't let us down

