

The Audacity of My Ass

by Jerry Ratch

Thinks he's dating super-models
but is never quite sure whether they're
really just high-priced hookers
on a charity binge,

singing:

I am man

I am whiskey, snorting trouble

I smell of our cars

I am trouble

in the disappearing night

The white moon is dangling

by a thread tonight

I close my eyes

and listen to it undress

undress

Then there were car windows

bashed out on both sides

Glass on the ground

like Kristallnacht

That's a fight

That's a romance

gone bad

