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

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