

far outside

by Tim G. Young

I'm stuck but i'm not a truck
Even if i'm down deep in the muck
Caught between a rock and an all night fuck
Not too bad if you ask me
Call me in the morning
Might need a crane to lift me out of this position
Listen do me a favor and don't mention
This to anyone or i could end up
Committing some kind of crime
I'm not prepared to do the time for
I'm simply not fucking prepared
Don't ask so many goddamn questions
When did this turn into a court case
I'm taking the fifth
I've got absolutely nothing to say
I told you before
I'm staying in swinging all night
Hell not just all night but every night
I can possibly sink my teeth into
Grab around the neck and fucking choke
Breaking out the coke
Putting the biggest line right across my face
Have my friends come by and taste that shit
But you know what i just remembered
I just remembered a joke i heard when i was a kid
Something about a hole in a keg of beer but
Not in the woman who chased me up the stairs
With her breath racing all around my neck
Then she talks so sweet in my ear i can't hear myself drink
I'm losing it and i'm chasing it down the street
Oh man can't you see it now
It's just about to sit on my face

Blow my coca cola skinny up my nose
Bubbles right uptight in my brain
Like an old man with a cane
And one bad eye dragging three suit cases
Down to the bus stop led by this weird little guy
In a black ball cap with a supermarket
Logo pasted half on the hat the other half across his eyes
The old man's can rapping on the sidewalk
Scratching at his balls like some old dog
Barking outside the window while the party blowing
Bad inside behind the thick pained glass
Testing the strength testing the fucking endurance
But now oh no how can it be now the lucky old sun peeping
Its bright head out of the wild darkness
Cause its got nothing better to do
Than ruin another fine oh so fine perfectly fine
Kind of time down the street from
Where i used to live

