The Player

by Tim G. Young

He played real good
But never looked
At no one
Strong guitar
Weak knees
And the melody
Bounced off the tv
While bar people
Stared at their phones
The beer made shallow
In the tall glasses
He told me a story
About his mom
And a corvette
From the eighties
Crazy in Oklahoma
Drunk and police
And I know it was all true
Meanwhile the pool shooter
Sunk the 8 ball
And the bartender
Spilled the drink
And the glass broke
Smashed on the floor
A table of loud mouths
Left without leaving a tip
Crowding around the door
So I ordered one more
Adjusted the hat
On my head
And wiped the smudge
Off the lenses of my glasses

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Then he began
The Redemption song

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