

## **Rum Drunks, The**

### **"100 Ft"**

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The shiny ring that slipped away  
A rusted chair had seen its day  
The echo of a thousand rants  
The remnants of a potted plant  
A child who eats his food alone  
A ringing phone and no one's home  
A photo from the Internet  
A G.I. Joe, a cigarette

The glad you made it out alive  
A picture frame, some 45's  
A drunken sleep that void of dreams  
Explained to me and so it seems  
A leather boot, a dusted wink  
The gin is stirred; the bracelets clink  
And when your finally satisfied  
You pour the whole thing down the sink

It eddies down the drain below  
Through the pipes under the floor  
It travels southward in a ditch  
The refuse of the poor and rich  
And even though you can't decide  
To tell the truth, you tell a lie  
I swear that you don't want to know  
What's down a hundred feet below  
I swear that you don't want to know

I knew a man who felt alone  
His soul was searched for love and found  
That all the money in the world  
Could not buy happiness deserved  
And when he finally realized  
To himself he could not recognize  
He groped for darkness for the soul  
He found he could not grab a hold

It eddied slowly down the drain  
Through the pipes out in the rain  
It traveled southward in a ditch  
The refuse of the poor and rich

And when he finally realized  
His tears had many times been cried  
You don't really want to know  
What's down a hundred feet below

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