

Atmosphere "The Rooster"

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Blue collar Eddie and his better half Delores used to be mantel pieces down at the Black Forest.

And I don't know if that bar still exists, but when it did, so did they, a couple bleeding heart kids.

Everything volatile, every night rocker style. Hop a stool, be discrete and just watch a while.

But do your best to keep the level observational, drama is attractive so push it when it takes a pull.

And each night's a random when you pay a ransom for the right to sing along with them drinking anthems.

And these fools paid so many dues that everybody stops to salute.

But one night after another fight a couple from an opposite table offered an invite.

Dolores didn't want to join 'em, wasn't feeling social. But Eddie was so aggravated that he had to poke holes.

He walked over, sat in the dialogue and called at Dolores like some kind of dog (hey girl come here)

She can't believe it, she's done, she's had it, but she doesn't want to make another scene in this establishment.

She got up and mosied over, and put her arm up around Eddie's shoulder.

Nobody's sober the song is the same; sometimes you stick out your chin to catch the rain.

You can be a winner, you can be a loser, gotta wake up when you hear the rooster.

Sometimes it's just too simple to live your life wrong, gotta do what right for you when the time comes.

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The clock keeps drinking, they keep ticking. There's two more people who get to play positions.

Samantha and Chuck; not a couple, just roommates; out having too many shots on a Tuesday.

Who knew they'd be tools for the duo, put a little bit of

fire on the fuel.
It's a kinda blue, intentions ain't cruel, but everybody's
so ready to bend up the rules.
Now there's Chuck, staring at Delores.
Eddie is distracted by Samantha so he doesn't notice.
And everybody's too fucked up to even asses the
mess, much less care enough.
More whiskey, a pitcher of Premium, Eddie's getting
tipsy, he didn't see it comin.
On his way back from a visit with that urinal, tryna
straighten out his thoughts and the vertigo.
Weaves through, stops when he's seen em.
Picture perfect, it looked just like freedom.
Dolores on Chuck's lap kissing him hard. Eddie dipped
into the winter left them all at the bar.
Sometimes ya gotta follow what's felt inside; between
the power struggle and the selfish pride.
No one's allowed to cry unfair because now they both
get to drink alone somewhere.

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