

Game Theory

"One More For Saint Michael"

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Michael you
Don't know the half of a mess
Getting made
Down at your favorite address
Pretty seraphs
Cutting holes in us all
Checking stains in the stalls
Getting season box seats for the fall

With their challenge
To the too weak to fight
Leave them shaking
With their faces drained white
Shooting red glare
In the dawn's early light
Knocking doors in the night
Flush them out, they'll get picked off in flight

Angel gel it awhile
And take some appropriate notice
Before all the numbers are in
Saint Michael you don't need one more win

Who's that little pile of smiles?
Get away thank you I don't need a tax audit
I haven't made one ha ha half dollar all year
I'm a man in the clear
Who does not need company here

Must be old heathen Ed
In a rail stop gin bag rain tarp
Nobody bother me spree
Comic relief pee sprays down his knee
I know kids about three
More goddamn impressive than me

Boards and tin and empties of gin
And god only knows how many holes he's been in
Saint Michael you don't need one more win

Captain Jim throws the prime directive out
For the umpteenth time

It's habit for him now
Reeling wild from the stern to the bow
With T'Pring and T'Pau
I know why they call a starship 'she' now

Volunteers the man needs volunteers
It's a special mission for a special deputy
Up jump an eager pup saying
Put in put in put in put in put in put in put in
Put in a good word for me

Oh no master my teeth aren't to chatter
That's just them dry bone crack down
Right down under the skin
Saint Michael you don't need one more win

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