

## Hightower Tony "Bar B Q"

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There's an old lady, she lives on my floor  
She broke her hip last spring, she don't get out much  
anymore  
She's up with all the phone in hosts  
Though she don't care if she know 'em  
And it was for her that I wrote this poem.  
I ain't as old as I like to think I am  
Sometimes I still get that lively feeling  
I wanna clean the house or run a mile  
Or try to jump up and slap the ceiling  
Throw the furniture across the room  
Sing to myself a little out of tune  
Turn out the lights and hang a moon out the window at  
the neighborhood below  
I sent a postcard to Jeopardy! Last year  
It'd be a good excuse to get down to L.A.  
I won a freezerful of beef on a phone-in show  
My freezer's full but give it time, y'know  
When I'm on, my luck is out of sight  
But I work hard and I do alright  
So let's have a barbeque tonight at my house!  
If I sat down and counted my blessings  
I'd be cheating if I got past two or three  
So if I seem a bit wierded out sometimes  
Just smile and nod and humour me  
And this is Louie the Mute, say hello to him  
And Maxie makes shoes out of soda straws  
And that in the corner is Carlos;  
He's got the biggest collection of bullwhips I bet you've  
ever seen!  
And who cares if our friendship is discreet  
Or if it's mainly because of the meat  
Cos I'm completely happy tonight  
Well, pretty close.  
(Hey Carlos, can I touch them?)

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