

Liz Durrett

"Bouncer's Conversation"

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See that girl alone
Dressed all in her evening clothes?
She's dying
'Cause her boyfriend didn't show up

Pull her out of line
Stick her in a waiting room
And ignore her
'Til her face gets really bloated

And I wonder what it's like
To be suckin' all the time
You never get it right
And you're never gonna win
And your ass is on your face
And your life is such a waste
And there's sugar
Leanin' in the window

See that amazon?
Her head looks like it's connected to her shoulders
They look like little boulders

Turn her 'round and 'round
Take a mental picture of her naked
Inebriated
Face down on the linoleum

And I wonder what it's like
To be suckin' all the time
You never get it right
And you're never gonna win
And your ass is on your face
And your life is such a waste
And there's sugar
Walkin' to the dressing room

What would I give to be her
Joyride, daddy-o, tonight

And I wonder what it's like

To be suckin' all the time
You never get it right
And you're never gonna win
And your ass is on your face
And your life is such a waste
And there's sugar
Headin' to the barrio

With a faggot on her left
And a faggot on her right
And my dick is getting limp
'Cause the chicks all suck tonight
And the band is such a bore
And I've seen it all before
And there's sugar
Making me a video

What would I give to be her
Joyride, daddy-o, tonight

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