

Mel Cooleys "Two Men"

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Count them on your fingers
With fingers left to spare
Turn your head, blink your eyes
They're no longer there
Two men, Two men
Drinking in the corner
Waiting for their wish
Shooting for the young ones
Barrels full of fish
Two men, Two men
Printed in the papers
News that you can trust
Dresses us in stretch-pants
Covers us with dust
There were two men
There were two men
There were two men
And three of us
Take it slow and steady
Toughen up your heart
Take longer to get ready
You're further from the start
Two men, Two men
Waking in the new world
With men who have to breed
Breaking in the new girl
Johnny Appleseed
Two men, Two men
Shorter in the saddle
Smaller in the bust
Kept away from battles
Anything can rust
There were two men
There were two men
There were two men
And three of us
Some go out too often
Some come on too slick
Some speak really softly
(But carry a big stick)
Some of us are graying
Some of them are bald

None of us are chosen
But all of us are called
Knit another sweater
Pick another flower
Dream of getting better
Not older by the hour
Two men, Two men
Take it like an eyesore
Disposable and quick
Fewer men to die for
More of us to pick
Two men, Two men
Heed the living legend
Feeding off his lust
Leads us to the edge and
Throws a little crust
There were two men
There were two men
There were two men.....

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