

## Mike Cosa

### "Busting Up A Starbucks"

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It will always be  
The end of time  
The end of law  
The end of life  
The dogs will howl  
And yank the leash  
From tree to tree  
From each to each

Does the man who makes the shoes own you, clown?  
You can't even pry the nameplate off, now can you?  
Fix it with your tiny fist there  
James Van Der Beek and them sisters from Sister,  
Sister  
The only one that's ever felt this is you  
The force that's forcing you  
To feel like busting up a Starbucks.

This bitter drink  
Has made you drunk  
The thoughts you think  
Become unthunk  
The sea's ablaze  
The sky is too  
The water's red  
And the flames are blue

Nyack! Ronkonkoma! East Orange! Piscataway!

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