

## Tank

### "Barfly"

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D.T. empty stare and body shiver  
Whisky - need a shot to stop the quiver  
I've been here for days or minutes  
Where is here? I couldn't tell  
Somewhere in the outer limits  
Pretty close, I guess, to Hell  
Hazy names and places  
Foggy memory  
Help me - Mister, can you spare a dollar?  
Need a drink before I start to holler  
Seedy bars is where I hang out  
Crawling up the Strip all night  
Dodging tabs and seeking spenders  
Passing out or starting fights  
It's a way of living  
In the underworld

Close to the edge - Barfly  
Ready to fall  
Walking the ledge - Barfly  
Nothing or all  
Playing your part - Barfly  
Searching... Barfly

Barrooms - stench of beer, the smell of losers  
Lowlifes - aging whores and senile boozers  
We're a family of zombies  
But a family nonetheless  
Gotta hang on to each other  
When your life's a filthy mess  
Fighting for survival  
Fighting loneliness

Way out - got a choice, I'm not a dumb one  
Create - write a book and be a someone  
Memoirs very popular  
In those intellectual circles  
Barfly turns to cult - scene start  
Sleaze can be attractive  
Viewed from safer shores

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