

Tony Hightower

"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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