

# M I L C

## "One Foot On The Floor"

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Straight from the grindstone,  
He steps up to the bar.  
Where the burdens spawned  
At work and home,  
Will slip away so far.  
The happy hour solution  
Sets the mind at ease.  
One hand tips the bottle -  
The other holds the keys.  
And he has one more for the road.  
One more for the road.  
New York's Finest flashing,  
Have saved us twice before.  
But a clever lawyer's closing,  
Brings him back for more.  
He jokes about the system,  
And how he cut the deal.  
But the deck is stacked against us  
As he climbs behind the wheel.  
He has one foot on the floor,  
One in the grave.  
One foot on the floor, one in the grave.  
Drink has dulled the senses'  
Reactionary need.  
Blood shot eyes burn heavy,  
As the driver picks up speed.  
Mirage - familiar driveway,  
Mistaken for his own.  
Will the excuse of a liquid backbone,  
Let him live with what he's done.  
And it's one foot on the floor  
One in the grave.  
And the kids in the yard  
Where the kids are meant to play,  
Nowhere to run when the car  
Came through the gate.  
One foot on the floor,  
One in the grave.

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