

MILC

"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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