

Michael McGuire "Barbarians At The Gates"

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BARBARIANS AT THE GATES

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After everyone sat at the table and had there fill, they sat around some

more fighting over who pays the bill, now we could split it three ways or

skip out and let the waitress pay, or let the barbarians at the gates come

in and save the day, but come on we canÂ't get anywhere with all this anti-

trust, leave it in the rain to long even gold will rust, hey we all want the

same thing we just want to pay for our meal, but the barbarians at the

gates are trying to force a deal.

On the instant replay it didnÂ't seem like such a big mistake, giving the

enemy everything that we had to take, there not jealous of what you had

you know that couldnÂ't be it, canÂ't figure out how to make you lose so

theyÂ'll make you quit, but you couldnÂ't fight fire with fare so thatÂ's the

breaks, but you shouldnÂ't judge a millionaire by how much he makes, so

if youÂ'll scratch my back lÂ'll pull the knife out of yours, and weÂ'll build a

landmark on the spot and give fifty cent tours.

They want me to believe they did it all for me, I guess they think IÂ'm ten

times dumber than I am free, but I know who pays the bill but I wonder

who left the tip, it hurts to take the kiss of death when youÂ've got a fat

lip, now your paying for a free lunch but you feel lucky to have eaten at

all, what goes on under the table is the only thing above the law, heÂ's got

a micro-soft on; guard at the door while he masturbates, spectacle to the voyeurism of barbarians at the gates.

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