

Sheer Terror

"Drunk! Divorced! And Downhill Fast!"

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When the sleet smacks you in the face
And you've fallen down in his backyard
A stiff cold breeze blows right up our ass.
You clutch at snow as if it were his eyes.
You want to scream. All you do it spit.
The neighbors are staring, they're calling the cops.
So you crawl back to who's pouring the shots.
We've got some civility, after all!
Apologies are made for the wrongs
You take the blame for.
Now clean up this mess and show them what you're
made for.
Spike heeled shuffle across the linoleum tile.
Fall over, stumble - you're a black-toothed joke.
He puts you through the wall, again.
And dopes you up to take you out.
So you don't see the ones he's balled behind you.
You're an ignorant drunk and he's there to remind you.
But you're wearing his ring wrapped around your
yellow finger
And for now that seems to be enough to tide you over.
But when he throws his fits of rage, you'd better run for
cover.
He's your deathbed in the waiting, your conscience and
your lover.
One day you'll be his bride. Be it a blessing or a curse
You'll kneel there by his side. For better or for...
Your son will never call him "daddy"
Like the broads he's had on the sly.
He's been through many before you
And lost them all, oh, how he's "tried."
You're his whore, beer rag, punching bag
For all to see abused.
But you keep coming back for more
For the glorious feeling of being used.

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