

Lex Zaleta

"An Oxycontin® Tale"

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Here comes Peter OxyContin® Tale,
Hopped up on that funny trail.
You know he is especially prone
To anything that ends in "codone."

He views life as a series of straws,
Bags of weed, needles, and vials.
Sees as much white stuff as Santa Claus;
In bipolar denial.

Life for him bounces from bad to no good,
A blurred barrage of starts and stops,
From robbing homes in the neighborhood
To run ins with cops in pawn shops.

Here comes Peter OxyContin® Tale,
Hopped up on that funny trail.
Pretty good at picking locks, he
Just has to score his roxy.

Says, "Soon as I can shake these chills
And this fire in both my eyes,
Gonna find out just how many pills
This small pile of money can buy."

Got himself a new fake MRI,
Found a brand new pain clinic.
Scored himself another month's supply;
Had a private pill picnic.

There lies Peter OxyContin® Tale,
Stopped upon that funny trail.
Said he'd get more pills or die trying --
Guess this time he wasn't lying.

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