

Sixty Stories

"My Ruin"

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MY RUIN

Wretched red tooth and the claw

The tables stick to the floor

Dirty flies and stale tobacco

And the price of my soul

So fuck it all what's in store

No remedy for the poor

Fill my glass

Against these ruins

My fragments are shorn

My lordâ€¦!

Now pick me up should I fall

Careful I might spend it all

The bar is tapped into poison

For a fix and a brawl

So keep 'em coming I call

Beer is blood

Pour it all

Turn up that goddamned music

Till they show me the door

My lordâ€¦!

Line 'em up

This ain't just pissin in the wind

A sty will blind you in the end

Believe there's wisdom in my plan

Another roundâ€¦!

My ruin

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