

## Maryann Cotton

### "King Of The Sidewalk"

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I'm the first in line, a wellknown face, a V.I.P. in  
Everyplace  
My goal's set high to feel alright, get even more drink  
Than last night

At the fucking bar the floor I hit, don't need no  
Chair, I'm too drunk to sit  
A girl comes asking me to dance, "Of course not,  
whore,  
So kiss my ass"

The bartender refused me more to drink  
So I hit him on the nose, cause his bar stinks  
I try to leave but I just can't find the door  
They throw me out to an all-night pen store

In to the store, proud of myself, with empty pockets  
And drunk as hell  
I bounce between the food and stoof, convinced I'm  
Still not drunk enough

A six-pack beer and a porno-mag is what I need in my  
Shopping bag

The paper of a six-pack is my royal crown  
I'm the one who's thron out from every bar in town  
King of the Sidewalk

Back in the streetlight, stolen brew in my hand  
I behave like a asshole, a horrible man  
Loud and unpleasant, always the worst  
A king of bad manners, proud of my thirst

Bought or homemade booze, don't really mind  
Cause you're still able to drink even if you're blind  
To see double or nothing is what I choose  
As long as I can feel the taste of booze

Totally gone I sleep somewhere'til dawn  
Don't know where I've been, I wake up on someone's

lawn

I find yesterday's dinner all over my chest

On my leatherjacket and on my blue jeans-vest

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