

Tilt

"Unlucky Lounge"

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Bad ventilation duration of a beer, commonplace
shithouse drown my fear, =
this whiskey goes down easy, smooth as a sow's ear,
belly up and suck =
another, you're in the clear. Every day deception,
faking a motive, a =
regular jokes "This is where I live" appraising each
intruder, one tipsy =
glimpse of them, loyal to a forgotten stratagen. Get on
in, shake off =
the road, don't you know that you're blocking the door?
Unlucky lounge, =
keeps her tables clean for you, forever darkness at
noon. A vestige of =
some former self saddles up slowly to the bar, she
recieves the news =
above, where the bottles stand, at least in here you
take your luck wash =
it down with a beer, you'll know soon enough, don't
expect nothin' fancy =
here, all you have is what we got.
Submitted by: Mel

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