

R. S. Gwynn

ANACREONTIC

You drink to piss it all away
You play it tough to seize the day
Toss out more chips and spread your stuff
Or end it with enough's enough
But it doesn't matter what you say
They always seem to call your bluff
It doesn't matter what you do
When you're through you're through

You hit the dirt and slide and slide
Flag down a fox for one last ride
Steal second and go on to third
Or cock the piece and kill the bird
You hope you pray the throw is wide
They'll hold you hold you to your word
And get you down to get you out
When you're out you're out

It's not you didn't do your worst
To quench your everlasting thirst
You kissed them and you made them cry
And didn't wonder how or why
You never even got to first
Toss in the sponge and say good-bye
And let them strip you of the crown
When you're down you're down

It seems a pity seems a crime
They'll get you get you every time
It doesn't matter where you go

Somehow they always seem to know
You're out there but it's closing time
Up to your nuts in drifting snow
Up to your eyes by frosty dawn
When you're gone you're gone