

Skiff for the Suits

Arsonists Get All The Girls

I'll just get the oars
And push myself right off
How could I hold myself liable
Under such madness, do pray tell
Faces of bottles read through the night
Swaying in context, warning light
Yet another patron is dedicated
To this last jam
It's only 40 seconds till the show begins
Watch the screaming squabble of drunken state
Son, another grayscale of apathy in such a place
Not much time for reaction if one is wake
For fear of contracting such vile taste
This has been the last time
He'll leave here almost deadly undone
Pre-empt of fear
10 seconds now till the curtain is raised
Cold sweat seeps from his liquored brow
No one to throw the ring
One foot of water now
In panic stricken reigned he forgets how to swim
I'll scratch another from the cleansing post
It's almost a rush to reach for the blade
It goes from shame to shambles in less than days
Natural selection with a shove I'll take it from here