

## A Caucus Race

### Murder by Death

Take the last bus home with the quarters in your pockets left over from pinball machines at the bar many streets from your house. casino lights still flicker in your eyes your teeth taste faintly of flesh and gold tonight. you've been waiting for a long time between the dancing and the refill line she touches your wrist you start to sweat but it's just drinks and time playin' tricks. go back go back just get away from me your teeth taste faintly of flesh and gold.