

The Easy Mark & The Old Maid

Bad Books

Some men collapse at the racetrack
Their wrong and beat up, their eyes black
Others wilt in casinos
Roll dice and piss away speedboats
Some dissolve into bar stools
Scratched off in boxes and playoff pools
I spent myself on a psychic
I lost my way and a friend said she would find it
Man, we were wrong.
Man, we were wrong.
I asked for the future,
She only sang me a song.

Some men they go make their own luck
Grow fat from feeding on lame ducks
The easy mark and the old maid
The invalid and the ingrate
Others wait for that high sign
Some holy hoax in the tree-line
Me, I'm counting my canned food
Bunkered down waiting out our slingshot moods
But what if I'm wrong?
What if I'm wrong?
I'll open my doors up
People, come sweep me along.

Eyes are fixed and my palms are spread
Dissonance floats my shipwrecked head
God sleeps in the Gaza strip
And man alone's left alone to live with it
The coin-flip faith of the optimist
It's beginners luck in a sewing kit
What's to do when there is no fix
On the unflinching ambivalence?

But you say that's wrong
Hopeless and wrong
We re-thread your needle,
You say, "God, play along."