

Existential Crisis at the Cask 'N Flagon

A Loss for Words

She packed up and left.
A still lit cigarette brandishing silhouettes
against a backdrop of regret.
She needs an escape.
I mean how much could she take.
My derision and hate.
I'm a sullen paperweight.
I'll sit here as long as it takes
until bouncers carry me away.
I'll sit here looking for a sign at the bottom of this pint.
I got out of bed.
Unemotional, half-dead whiskey poured to clear the head
of all the reasons that she fled.
She needed escape.
I mean how much could she take of my inebriated states.
I'm a drunken paperweight.
I'll sit here as long as it takes
until bouncers carry me away.
I'll sit here looking for a sign at the bottom of this pint.
I'm only looking for someone else to blame,
some kind of scapegoat to shoulder all this shame.
Another Sam Lager to help forget the days,
forgetting myself in the shadow of Fenway.
Will I ever get it right?
I'll sit here as long as it takes
until bouncers carry me away.
I'll sit here looking for a sign at the bottom of this pint.