

Apocolypse, No!

Bonnie 'Prince' Billy

We dined in the breezeway
And met later in the carport for drinks
We rationed out the pills
Splitting evenly the blues and the pinks
We didn't really split the blues
I only mean that's what he thinks
He's got the mother lode this time
Why, o why are best friends such finks ?

We met on the causeway
Unloading all our grievances there
He pat me on the shoulder
And I playfully ruffled his hair
Then brought him to the waterline
And constrained him while he struggled for air
Then I pulled him back and kissed
And we both went arm in arm to the fair