

Suicide Room

Dan Bern

Bludgeoned and bloody
Walking around from memory
Scared and lost and broken
Only the whisky still talking to me
I inquired at the big apartment
Building there in town
Man there said, yeah, we got one room
And as he said it he frowned
He said that room is bad luck
Couldn't rent it out, I wouldn't try
We've lost two tenants in that room
Both to suicide

And I asked for and did receive
The suicide room
Figured if I can't beat this world
Maybe I can beat this room

One fellow tied a rope around his neck
Fixed the other end up there
And before his final struggle
Kicked away that chair
The other one stuck a shotgun
In his mouth just over there
Hoping for something better, something else
Or else just addicted to despair
And every day I'm in here
I think about those two
And what hopelessness can lead to
And what some folks finally do

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And all the doors in my life
Slammed and locked away
And my string of keys now useless
And needing a place to stay

And nearly two years in here now
Two years of Sunday chimes
And it's like those bumper stickers say
One day at a time
And I see the crazy patterns when the sun comes in
Through my window that I try to keep clean
And I breathe the night air deeply
As I'm pulling off my jeans
Some men fall, some men fight
Some just carry on
I'm still here in my apartment
Trying to beat the odds

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I can beat this room