Down Town Again

Slobberbone

The kids are loud, the house it stinks He cracks a beer and pours another drink Says he needs some time to think Hindsight askewed, today's the day She'll be home soon, the kids'll be okay He finds the keys and drives away The barroom reeks a golden stench Assume your place upon the weary bench You take the hit, don't even flinch And the ghosts of friends who've moved along Can still be felt but they don't sing along To your stubborn, stupid song You've been pretending loss could be your gain But in the end you're just as lame Now where have you been? You've been in the down town again And it's the same old thing: The flailing fall, the flake and wallow, forsaking And where have you gone? 'Cause you been gone so damn long. Okay, what's wrong, Are you the only one to have ever once felt strong and then lost where you belong? Some buffer for the years ahead Means nothing if you're living dead

Now where have you gone? Your thoughts are dulled, her words are sharp Your memory's stained, you make the disconnect between the heart and brain You figured loss could be your gain You read the contract and you signed your name Said goodbye and walked away You figured loss could be your gain In some fickle lease that's paid in shame But in the end you're just as lame In sad attempts to pluck some gem From down below and deep within With hazy eyes and sallow skin you wait to find just Now where have you been? You've been in the down town again And it's the same old thing: The flailing fall, the flake and wallow, forsaking And where have you gone? 'Cause you been gone so damn long. Okay, what's wrong, Are you the only one to have ever once felt strong and

And what have you seen? Was it all that you had ever dreamed?

Is there beauty to be dredged and skimmed in filthy

then lost where you belong?

Is there beauty to be dredged and skimmed in filthy nets $% \left(1\right) =\left(1\right) \left(1\right) +\left(1\right) \left(1\right) \left(1\right) +\left(1\right) \left(1\right) \left(1\right) \left(1\right) +\left(1\right) \left(1\right)$

And lifted from these beery depths? To be dragged and strewn upon the shore or simply scraped up off the floor

Attested to through glass-bottom eyes soft and sad and sore $\label{eq:bottom} \mbox{Where have you been?}$