

Free Pour

Wintersleep

On the shy side of forty
In the land of free pour
Nobody's writing, there's nobody left
Order a beer, let's have a drink to my death
Is there nobody else coming?
Have you got any friends?
Pulled up a seat and took off my hat
Took a drink and sucked another one back
Ordered again and said

Baby, I'm on the shy of forty
Still writing riffs like nobody's business
Except in my case it most certainly is
I'm a professional riff writer
Slinger of pure metaphor
I named my band and couple of stands I commanded
Even TM'd on a gaggle of tours
Then she laughed, I said
Maybe you have no reason to know me
I don't care, I ain't keeping score
Nobody's faith here you need to restore
I'm on the shy side of forty

I'm on the shy side of forty
Is that a reason to love me?
I like your jacket, you hardly tip
I like your smile, but I have to admit
I have never heard your body of music before
I act surprised, turned on Spotify, it isn't there
Some copyright territorial rift
Will you just take me at my word?
Nothing less nothing more
Out of my mind, I'm down on the floor
All out of time but I'm begging for more
I'm on the shy side of forty
Is that a reason to love me?

I had a dream of my old high school
There was nobody left
Just that old janitor Russel Avery Smith
My first girl, my first love, my first kiss
I caught them fucking in basement
The type of place it would happen
The kind of thing at this type of event
You'd never believe but kind of always suspect

But it was kind of romantic
It had its own inner logic
They asked me why, and how I got in
I could not emit the sound to tell them
It was our twenty year reunion
I got the email, I went
Russel was kind, he was good to his kids
Maybe I always underestimated
Everybody else around me
We gotta make our own beauty
Time and time we have to find it again

