

Quiz Night at Looky Lou's™

John K. Samson

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I trust you will know what to do I can't recall what we were waiting in line for
When the first plane fell a block away
And the next even closer
Massive thumps and flames
And then I woke up with a calico cat on my chest
In the basement of a bar in Sudbury
I sang to it calmly with my mind and it obeyed my commands
Slunk off to rub itself against the leg of a broken Terminator 2 pinball machine
I dream of the line and the falling planes
Once or twice a week these days
Usually after a particularly challenging quiz night
Which, for a reasonable fee and a place to sleep
I administer in bars and lounges across the land
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When we meet and I sing you this song with my mind
You will know what you need to do The quiz I have developed is an elaborately coded message
A quiz within a quiz
Answerable only by Alpha Adepts and mind singers
Each night I am certain they will reveal themselves to me
Each night I am disappointed
I must admit I am getting older
And years of folding my legs into a Greyhound seat every day
Is beginning to dull my powers
Which were once considerable
And are now wasted instructing cats
Or warding off the body odor of my fellow passengers
So when I saw you standing in line in the dream
I felt joyful and certain
When we finally meet tonight at Looky Lou's Sports Tavern in Sioux Lookout
I will sing you the following song with my mind
And hand you all my quiz materials
I trust you will know what to do
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When we meet and I sing you this song with my mind

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I trust you will know what to do
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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