Barfly

Tankard

D.T. empty stare and body shiver
Whisky - need a shot to stop the quiver
I've been here for days or minutes
Where is here? I couldn't tell
Somewhere in the outer limits
Pretty close, I guess, to Hell
Hazy names and places
Foggy memory
Help me - Mister, can you spare a dollar?
Need a drink before I start to holler
Seedy bars is where I hang out
Crawling up the Strip all night
Dodging tabs and seeking spenders
Passing out or starting fights
It's a way of living
In the underworldClose to the edge - Barfly
Ready to fall
Walking the ledge - Barfly
Nothing or all
Playing your part - Barfly
Searching... BarflyBarrooms - stench of beer, the smell of losers
Lowlifes - aging whores and senile boozers
We're a family of zombies
But a family nonetheless
Gotta hang on to each other
When your life's a filthy mess
Fighting for survival
Fighting lonelinessWay out - got a choice, I'm not a dumb one
Create - write a book and be a someone
Memoirs very popular
In those intellectual circles
Barfly turns to cult - scene start
Sleaze can be attractive
Viewed from safer shoresClose to the edge - Barfly
Ready to fall
Nothing or all - Barfly
Searching... Barfly

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