

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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