Peanut '93

Ass Ponys

Peanut rides his bike around
The drive-in in the daytime
Bagging trash and hanging up
The speakers on their polesWhen he finds a bottle
He imagines women drinking from it
What it looked like, how it sounded
Trickling down their throatsPeanut has a brother, lost his father
Hardly sees his mother
Once a month he visits
At her trailer near the lakeSometimes when its not too humid
Chances are youll catch him spearing
Shiners in the spillway
With a nail on a stickPeanut knows a guy
His name is Mike, hes not too bright
He says, hell suck you for a cigarette
Down underneath the bridgeThe very thought disgusts him
I dont see how you could trust him
He says, If I get my pecker sucked
It sure wont be by him

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