You Can Buy Friends

The Bears

A squat greek sips his ouzo
fingering his gold neck chain
robust corn-fed american beauties
lick the salty rim of margaritas
in the corner lies a comatose musiciandreaming on the job againyou can't buy love
but you can buy friendsupon her breast a shiny crucifix
holier than me i guess
sheds friends like a snake sheds skin
her laughter sounds so venomous
in his corner lies the once proud musician
thinking on the job again

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