# Notes In His Pockets

## The Good Life

Drunk at the bar at last, last call - my baby's home on her night off, So I'm involved in a serious talk with a girl I had known growing up. So we buy a six; decide to split - she has a downtown apartment. She opens the door, falls to the floor, says, "I'm bitter sick of sweet and pure, take me now I'm yours."
Notes in his pockets, rumors in the mill, phone calls after the bars close - unlisted numbers. If she only knew, then he'd be through - but who knows which parts are true. She hates how it looks, but what can she do? The girls all talk behind her back, they say she's being used.
At Sullivan's drinking with Justin, he says he's seen my ex-girlfriend. She's back in town - and what's worse - he knows where and when she works. So we head over to the Underwood, she's trading shots with regulars: She gives me a hugs 'til our hips are flush, says, "Boy, we've hardly kept in touch - it's time for catching up."
Notes in his pockets, rumors in the mill. Phone calls after the bars close - unlisted numbers. Still, he insists on his innocence; says those girls are all gossips. She's gotta drop the axe -catch him in the act - with his shame around his ankles, chain the guilt around his neck.

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