

# You Talkin' To Me

By Mark Edgemon

He drove me over to the side of the road  
I said, "I wasn't speedin' copper  
You'll never pin that rap on me,  
Do ya hear me cop!" I screamed.

He kept writing, one page after another  
As I spouted on, "There's no need to look  
In the trunk, there's no dead man in there!"  
I said agitated as he calmly kept writing.

"It may only look like I'm on drugs,  
But I'm not, I'm not high...I'm not high...  
I'm not high...I'm not high...can't you see,"  
I said as he stopped and looked at me!

"And I didn't steal any money, I didn't!  
I was...I was...going back to work, you know...  
You know what I mean...you know...what'd mean...  
I'm not a liar!" I told him nervously. "I never lie!"

The officer walked to the front of the car and stared.  
"That's...that's not blood! It's a...it's a...a...a...  
Hey, I'm not a liar! Damn it! Damn it to hell!  
I'm not a..." I protested as he called for back up.

I started my car and the officer got in front, pulled his gun.  
I wanted to leave and so I floored it, dragging him underneath.  
"Damn it...damn it to hell..." I yelled as I drove onto the highway.  
"Now, no one is EVER going to believe I'm not drunk...crap!"

The End