

Earl

By Robin Lipinski

So true to the left it's right,
But nix the cold one as its winter,
Right?

So to please much
Too, this songs on me McKoy,
Just for you.

Whoopee! It's Saturday night,
Tomorrow is Sunday,
Followed by Monday,
And then the rest of my life.

Got me no money, no honey, no life, just lots of words drooling inside.

Inside what?
A hollow shell of pretend,
Choking on pretzels and ale,
All to show it is fun,
To vomit a paycheck,
Lose another job,
With only Rusty my horse to love.

What's that?
Rusty just died?
Well, if I had me a family,
Friends or wife,
I guess it would be horse steak tonight.

The End