

Busted

I'm busted again

in a world of squares
I'm back at one
looking out the window
at a sad and lonely sky

if I were talking to my great uncle
he'd say to me:
"You spend your money faster
than a Nigger on payday!"

but he was a racist fool...

I was having a good go of it
for a while there
but I have this problem, see

when I've got money
I spend it too freely

I buy women
drinks and food
and I take the taxi
instead of the bus

I tip 5 on a 7 dollar bill
and valet instead of parking in the lot
and walking a quarter mile
to the entrance

I buy top of the line cigars
and good whiskey
I dress in the finest
of swim wear

I splurge at the record
store
buying up
every
Reed, Waits, & Costello

there is

every Chopin
every Bach

then I buy
the bargain vinyls
and fling them out of
moving cabs
laughing
and kicking

god it's good
while it lasts
but
when
all the woman
are gone
and the cupboard is empty

the hard, cold
typewriter
stands alone,
glorious

and I approach it
as if it were a sleeping lion

the weather is bitter cold
but the sun is out
and untouched by clouds

all I want it a glass of water
but there's only a 22 FL. OZ.
Fat Tire beer
with the name Colby
written across it
left in the refrigerator

I drink it down

it doesn't fill the place
that buttery mashed potatoes

could have
but it will keep me alive
for tonight

and now the place
has gone back to its
comfortable and funky self

and I can write again
for I write my best when broke

it gives me incentive
and a place to start

it gives me
a peace
and
a
quiet
that
I've grown
to adore