

THE BALLAD OF THIRTY ONE

Stagger John was only thirty one
when he passed away on the old chaise longue

drank so much that his legs had gone
he lay six months on the old chaise longue

he shook so bad that he couldn't speak
and they fed him lamb rib twice a week

old dogs chewed the knuckle bones
from his hands that hung from the old chaise longue

dying for a bottle to burn his tongue
and that golden moment on the old chaise longue

wiped his mouth on the back of his cuff
lips so dry that the skin peeled off

lips that whispered the saddest song
with his body twisting on the old chaise longue

reaching out with a desperate moan
I stood and stared at the old chaise longue

I gave him whiskey, right or wrong
then walked away from the old chaise longue

for I saw myself with my luck real done
wasting away on the old chaise longue

but I had luck, and John had none
that day he died on the old chaise longue..

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