

By Tim Fox

Thirty-Six Dollars Of Drugs

I didn't plan on drinking (anything)
No holiday or birthday
Didn't plan on badgering you
Chewing away at you

You came upstairs quietly
Dropped it all on the table
36 dollars of drugs
How I wished I had cable
A show to watch, to rest my mind
Keep me from doing a line

My hands buried in the couch
No fable or parable
My hands not in my mouth
No table deep with snow

I didn't plan on caring
No you and none of your body
Didn't plan on spitting
My mouth all over you

But when you the laid the drugs
At the front of my mouth
My insides came out
Each line in the table

My hands pounding on the table
No fable or parable
My jaws gnashing in my skull
36 dollars of drugs