

## American Doggerel/ Country Song

My bed tonight is square and true,  
Set six feet underground.  
We shall kiss as the light decays.  
The bottle is my bride.

I will bleed out before the morn,  
The bottle was my bride.  
Her eyes were brown, breath so sweet.  
You could smell the corn and rye.

I traded pain for something worse.  
The world's beauty burned away.  
I bathed in essence golden,  
If poison I cared naught.

The bottle is a widow now.  
Where once she was my bride.  
No doubt she will remarry soon.  
And cleave unto your side.

I scored some shit behind a Motel 6.  
I stole pills from a friend.  
I had prescriptions, twelve or more.  
I took the extended hand.