

The Abs, Twelve Bar Tender

Throughout the riff, a melodic crest
Intrudes with a crashing splendour
I'd never clocked this feeling
Ask any other twelve bar tender
Never been stricken with awe
Before the familiar row
May never capture again this moment to relate to you

A carefully restructured attack
Tight arrangements hooks that are crisper
Have flushed us with a fierce intent
Left me with a touch of the Charlie Rich whisper
I wear my heart on my sleeve
And wipe my nose in it, forgetting it's there
It won't be broken beneath these crusty blankets of snot

This is the fluid of inspiration
Drawn from deep within the heart of itself...
The well could use an new rope

The undertow of a six-string swell
Breaks resistance with attrition
Our budget deficit is such
We laid off Fatty's dietician
You gotta put some lead in your pencil
We're on your case
Play to your strengths and submit a legacy to embrace

I have one solitary course before me
This is it... I will try
I don't regret for one second
That I paint myself into a corner
I'll still be here when it's dry!