

## DRINK (allen kitselman)

In the hazy magic lantern show of our past

You're in all my favorite slides

So let's tack a sheet up on the wall

Sit back and take a ride, to that sunlit room, those two big old dogs

And that plastic wood-grained TV, those Alabama games, tall boys in hand

On that yellow and white love seat

But you, you've got to know, though we're scattered far and wide

This gravitational pull, we all feel it deep inside

So drink, deeply from the water of this deep clear pool

Feel clearly, all the love that surrounds you

He caught us in the boxwoods smoking that day

We thought the house painter was our man

But it turns out that Rembrandt was a snitch and told Mama about our clandestine plans

It's not like we burned the house to the ground or sold both the cars for parts

And she didn't come down on us all that hard; she knew our young sweet hearts

### CH

It was a warm summer night with nothing to do

It might have been my bright idea

To whip out the moons at the passing cars, a line-up of vertical sneers

Until the Colonel locked his high beams on our lily-white rears and we ran in your house to hide

You answered the door with that sweet white lie, no sir, there are no boys inside

### CH

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