

## Shell Game

Banner Pilot

Stumbled up the alley over tins and wires and broken boxes left  
for us to trip across.

Another bunch of rotten bad luck; you can't win man, what'd I tell you?

Mucking hands can have a cost.

First soaring then collision; like my television, stories all end up the same.

So we just drink deep, inhale, and cough; move on before it wears off.

Are we smarter than this shell game? I blinked (I'm not).

Up the street to Grand Avenue, end up at the water front

Where pollution's made the sky go black.

Never trust the books and never screw the ones who don't deserve it.

Slump let reflections play back; watch.

It's no use kid, I can't stop bleeding.

Take this old guitar; it's all I'm leaving.

It's seen the Jersey pines, bright neon signs and rode the Brighton Line.

I'll tell you what you're up against, it's the toughest fucking town

I've ever seen and you're going it alone;

You're an outsider so keep your profile low.