

Strange Man

Lauren Hoffman

The room is spinning,
And I feel dizzy like a rat trapped,
On one of those things that goes round and round and round.
All I can see are neon lights,
And the silhouette of man,
He's sitting to my right,
His hand is on my knee,
His hand is on my thigh,
His hand is on my arm,
His hands are covering my eyes.
The boom, boom of the bass drum,
Is like the thudding of my blood,
It's mixing with re wine and nicotine,
It's pumping through my heart like mud,
His eyes are closed,
His mouth is open,
His eyes are closed,
His mouth is open.
I don't remember what he looks like,
But he smells like a man and Marlboro reds,
His face is coming closer,
His fingers on my chin,
He smells like whiskey,
He smells like sin.
And now it's over,
And I know exactly where I am,
In a familiar bed,
With a strange, strange man,
I'd seen him around before,
And I said,
"I'll see you around Man".