

I drink my drink from your mug made of tin,  
but what happened 7/31/76 that made them etch your name and the  
date?  
what'd I miss? It was a Saturday.  
You got your wasting,  
you got away,  
you got your dad,  
his dying days,  
you got it all,  
I've been wasting,  
I've been away,  
it's not that bad, most days.  
Those towns that shut down so early,  
I think of your body right where it should be,  
and I think I should get rid of it,  
that old brown chair clicked and rang loud as hell,  
you said you were a drunk, it rang loud as hell,  
and your brother said, "bullshit,"  
I never told anyone but it kept me awake,  
spring sleep's never been good to me anyway.  
I got your picture sitting on the sink,  
you were so young, so skinny, so quick to laugh,  
water dripped and hit your cheek in the right spot,  
it ruined my week, when I just wanted to wash the filth off.  
I have this feeling where I'm still owed something,  
every April I'm reminded about those bright flowers they talk a  
bout,  
every May I'm reminded that it's better buried in black and whi  
te,  
and I'll allow myself this tonight.