

Legendary Afterparty

Teitur

We bought a six-pack and headed to the Austin Motel. Stars were aligned between heaven and hell. The door was open, we sat on the floor. You rolled those cigarettes like you'd been to war.

You told me how you met Andy Warhol when you arrived on the New York scene. I may not remember everything just right. I was more impressed by the music you had played that night. You said that songs were what the world needed. That you liked those singers that really mean it!

You don't even say that you ain't going back to rehab. You kept that pretty silent. Guess I wasn't meant to know.

Your mouth was aching, you said it would be alright. You traveled alone and your girlfriend cried at night. Forsaken talents feel so sorry for themselves. I felt sorry for you and all your shame.

I told you to shut it, to stop complaining. I felt like beating you up with your guitar. But you had your reasons and now you are gone. You are still my hero, if I ever had one.

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It takes a great man to go the way you did. My picture of you is when you played your "Dirt Floor" music. The crowd was electric and you stomped your feet. The whole place was shaking, I had never seen anything like it.