

Whiskey's Dead, You're Next

The Forecast

have you told her son about the alcohol and medicine or
the wasted days while friendships frayed where you could
barley carry your weight flip the lights down or pretend
you're not alone and spill the secrets you bought and
sold for rock and roll dreams have you told her son how
you up and leave all your loved ones how all the lies
slip past your tongue you choke them down like smoke in
your lungs