

Ass Ponys, Peanut '93

Peanut rides his bike around
The drive-in in the daytime
Bagging trash and hanging up
The speakers on their poles
When he finds a bottle
He imagines women drinking from it
What it looked like, how it sounded
Trickling down their throats
Peanut has a brother, lost his father
Hardly sees his mother
Once a month he visits
At her trailer near the lake
Sometimes when it's not too humid
Chances are you'll catch him spearing
Shiners in the spill-way
With a nail on a stick
Peanut knows a guy
His name is Mike, he's not too bright
He says he'll suck you for a cigarette
Down underneath the bridge
This very thought disgusts him
"I don't see how you could trust him."
He says, "If I get my pecker sucked,
It sure won't be by him."
