

Constantines, Some Party

This is some party. a capacity crowd on some fifty-four story
a mile above the lowly stations and any honest crime
sick with the stars consolidating on the vine

I'll play the witness, every line here is baited
the spoils got us impressed, the wine- intoxicated.
saw this slow city buried in confetti,
some night, some time ago, at some party

Tonight we milk the stiffs, storm the Bastille, raid the throne,
mock the swine who'll rot in heaven
swinging on the velvet ropes

Some punks getting some kicks at some party

the shell of busted ex-rocker just lucking to get laid,
the season's new rock hopefuls just hoping to get paid
the stilted sharkskin boys picking game bird out of their teeth:
It's a lottery of promise, it's an old joke underneath.

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