

Ookla The Mok, Jeff's Corner

There's a stool that waits in the corner of the corner bar
six nights a week
Til six pm that's when Crazy Jeff comes in
Between drinks and under his breath you can hear him speak
There's one at every bar there's a bar at every corner
There's a corner at the end of every street
Don't get too close or Crazy Jeff will corner you
He tries to tell his whole life story to everyone he meets
All he wants is somebody anybody
Friends Romans countrymen lend him an ear
But seldom can he get their attention
So he bends his head and mutters softly to his beer
He says, "Hey let me tell you something,
I got to tell this I'll tell this much for free
Hey I'll tell you right now I'll tell you I'll tell you, hey
How bout them Bills?"
And he hardly even thinks about her twenty times a day
or maybe thirty at the most
but still that's half of what it was eight years ago
that's when she left and took the kids he almost didn't notice
he had his job he had to work he had to feed his family
There's a thought that hides in the corner of the corner
of Crazy Jeff's mind
As the memories linger as memories do
He sits and drinks and hopes
For an early grave