

# The Bears, You Can Buy Friends

A squat greek sips his ouzo  
fingering his gold neck chain  
robust corn-fed american beauties  
lick the salty rim of margaritas  
in the corner lies a comatose musician

dreaming on the job again

you can't buy love  
but you can buy friends

upon her breast a shiny crucifix  
holier than me I guess  
sheds friends like a snake sheds skin  
her laughter sounds so venomous  
in his corner lies the once proud musician  
thinking on the job again