

The Boy in the Bar

By Elaine Smith

I met you at the Horse and Trap
My friends thought you were kind of crap
You talked so much about yourself
and women you knew, with a filthy mouth

But later on the conversation
Turned to bigger things and self-deprecation

*And I could feel things starting to shift
Before us and between us...*

You asked me what I liked to drink
“No top shelf” is what I said, I think
We talked, and drank, and took our time
World hunger, Obama, those mortgages were sub-prime

And like my Dad you called me “Pet”
And laughed at things I thought no-one would get

*And I could feel things starting to shift
Before us and between us...*

The chairs were upside down on the tables
You said “We could squeeze in one more at the Gables”
The talk had turned back onto you
But different now – more sad but more true

And I let you rest your palm on my back
As you guided me down to the cab by the train track

*And I could feel things starting to shift
Before us and between us...*