

NIGHTMARE

i was being divorced
and thinking about all my problems
had had a couple of drinks
and was feeling a little sorry for myself.
i was just feeling bad
so i decided to go out for a walk
and set off for a stroll down st charles road.

three blocks from home
this squad car screeches to a halt
six inches away from running me over
and this cute young girl gets out screaming
that i was the guy.

and i thought to myself
you know, with a little bad luck
you could end up getting into some real trouble.

GOOD JOBS DON'T GROW ON TREES, YOU KNOW

it was a tuesday morning
typical mid february chicago
gray chill gray cold damp gray.
so i drove 122 miles an hour
down some crummy short cut side street
during the morning rush hour.

i could tell that the lawyer was worried
and not too thrilled with my prospects.
he explained that they've got new laws in this state
and one never knew where the next undercover agent
was going to turn up.
all sorts of things had changed recently
and he couldn't give any kind of guarantee
for any amount of money.
we were going to go in and present a case
where i've had it tough lately
and maybe hit the skids a little bit
but see, we've cleaned up our act
we're clean shaven and dressed nice
and back on track and hope for the best.

so there i was
thinking about how much i hate this little town
and this stupid little life i'm supposed to live,
telling the judge i was sorry and ashamed
about what i did and so on.

the sad truth of the matter is
i was really lucky i got arrested.
otherwise, i'd have got fired
the minute i showed up at work
drunk as i was.

NO QUARTER

it was so typical.
i was driving on an expired license plate sticker
hoping to sneak by for a few days till payday
when i could buy a new one.

by now you've probably guessed
that i got the ticket.
that's typical enough for the average person
but i got this ticket
just down the street from the currency exchange
about five minutes before i'd have bought the new
sticker.

how could they possibly expect me
to be a decent, law abiding citizen
after that?

SOAKIN DONUT

we stopped at the dunkin donut
for coffee and sweet rolls.
i paid the cute young doughnut girl
with a twenty dollar bill.
when she gave me the change
she accidentally got my twenty
mixed in with it.
i was only too happy
to call her over
and give it back to her.
she was very grateful
thanked me profusely
wished me a long happy life
and so on.

about ten minutes later
she asked if we'd like refills on our coffee.