

# The Rooster

## Atmosphere

Blue collar Eddie and his better half Delores used to be mantel pieces down at the Black Forest.  
And I don't know if that bar still exists, but when it did, so did they, a couple bleeding heart  
kids.

Everything volatile, every night vodka style. Hop a stool, be discrete and just watch a while.  
But do your best to keep the level observational, drama is attractive so push it when it takes a  
pull.

And each night's a random when you pay a ransom for the right to sing along with them  
drinking anthems.

And these fools paid so many dues that everybody stops to salute. But one night after another  
fight a couple from an opposite table offered an invite.

Dolores didn't want to join 'em, wasn't feeling social.

But Eddie was so aggravated that he had to poke holes.

He walked over, sat in the dialogue and called at Dolores like some kind of dog ("hey girl come  
here")

She can't believe it, she's done, she's had it, but she doesn't want to make another scene in this  
establishment.

She got up and moseyed over, and put her arm up around Eddie's shoulder.

Nobody's sober the song is the same; sometimes you stick out your chin to catch the rain.

You can be a winner, you can be a loser, gotta wake up when you hear the rooster.

Sometimes it's just too simple to live your life wrong, gotta do what right for you when the time  
comes.

You can be a winner, you can be a loser, gotta wake up when you hear the rooster.  
Sometimes it's just too simple to live your life wrong, gotta do what right for you when the time  
comes. The clock keeps drinking, they keep ticking. There's two more people who get to play  
positions.

Samantha and Chuck; not a couple, just roommates; out having too many shots on a Tuesday.

Who knew they'd be tools for the duo, put a little bit of fire on the fuel.

It's a kinda blue, intentions ain't cruel, but everybody's so ready to bend up the rules.

Now there's Chuck, staring at Delores.

Eddie is distracted by Samantha so he doesn't notice.

And everybody's too fucked up to even assess the mess, much less care enough.

More whiskey, a pitcher of Premium, Eddie's getting tipsy, he didn't see it comin.

On his way back from a visit with that urinal, tryna straighten out his thoughts and the vertigo.

Weaves through, stops when he's seen em.

Picture perfect, it looked just like freedom;

Dolores on Chuck's lap kissing him hard. Eddie dipped into the winter left them all at the bar.

Sometimes ya gotta follow what's felt inside; between the power struggle and selfish pride.

No one's allowed to cry unfair because now they both get to drink alone somewhere.

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