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# Bad Apple

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Little old ladies see me coming, best little  
doobie they could hope to meet  
They jostle to catch my eye, to carry their  
groceries, help them cross the street  
They say my parents raised me right  
But they can't make me like it

I hear my next door neighbor coming,  
ringing the doorbell, calling on the phone  
Don't care what he wants to borrow, he's  
already borrowed everything I own  
He drinks my water, breathes my air  
My lawn is parched, my clothes are damp  
I've got no kidney I can spare  
Here in Mr. Rogers' prison camp

Just once  
I'd like to know how it feels  
To lay down the law and disregard the  
appeals  
Spoil the other apples in the tray  
Be a bastard for a day  
Yes, just once

I wanna take what I stole from the payroll  
and waste it on hookers and blow  
Explain to the cop that I won't stop just  
because the sign says so  
Yell at the neighbor's spawn to get off my  
lawn  
Get a nipple ring and a rude tattoo  
And shoot a man in Reno just because I'm  
not supposed to

Just once  
I'd like to know how it feels  
To chase down the law and grind it under  
my wheels  
Mock the other apples in the tray  
Be a cancer for a day  
Yes, just once

I'm a crossing guard and a registered voter

A teacher's aide and a courteous boater  
I compost, and mentor, and volunteer  
Feels like whenever the buck stops, the  
buck stops here

Just once  
I'd like to know how it feels  
To lay down the law and disregard the  
appeals  
Spoil the other apples in the tray  
Be an asshole for a day  
Yes just once  
Just once  
Just once  
Just once



# The Complaint Department

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I had a complaint  
I was loaded for bear  
I had documentation  
I drove off in my steed  
On a holy crusade  
For a full explanation  
O the battles I'd wage  
The laurels I'd earn  
No quarter given, none sought in return

He was dapper and trim  
Had a stapler and phone  
And a desk organizer  
In a windowless room  
With a plaque on the door  
That said "Supervisor"  
As I pictured the pike  
That would soon host his head  
He looked at me grimly and stopped me and  
said

"You're barking up the wrong tree  
These decisions don't involve me  
I'm just a cog in a broken machine  
The people upstairs, maybe they'll  
intervene  
Thank you for visiting  
The complaint department"

So I stomped up the stairs  
And I waited in line  
And I seethed in frustration  
And I gritted my teeth  
And my fist made a ball  
Of my documentation  
And I opened my mouth  
And he held up his hand  
And tutted his finger, said "Please  
understand

That you're barking up the wrong tree

No one's sorrier 'bout it than me"  
Then he glued on a smile  
He'd been grooming for years  
That said I'm just the sand  
In society's gears  
Thank you for visiting  
The complaint department

I was unmoored  
My faith ground to dust  
If you can't trust the system, well,  
Who can you trust?  
Couldn't focus at work  
Ended up on the street  
Then I saw a help wanted sign at my feet

So I sat in my chair  
And I filled out the forms  
And I peed in a beaker  
And they gave me a jog  
'Cause my outlook was bleak  
But they wanted it bleaker  
I was taught all the rules  
And extensively trained  
And stripped of what little initiative  
remained

"Just tell them they're barking up the  
wrong tree  
No one's sorrier 'bout it than me  
And if you show them the void  
That's behind the veneer  
And if you break their resolve  
And they don't reappear  
You'll be the employee of the year  
In the complaint department  
Yes, you'll be the employee  
Of the year

Thank you for visiting



# Nail

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As I walk the miles  
Of this great land  
I've heard you all complaining  
And you can go pound sand  
You might think you're not ungrateful  
But I've already had my plateful  
Of your whining ways  
And the crap we tolerate these days

If I had a hammer  
I'd hammer in the morning  
I'd hammer in the evening  
The hammering would sound like hail  
I'd hammer till my point was made  
The scars would never ever fade  
If I had a hammer  
You'd look like a nail

I'll be a rock, I'll be a pillar  
A firm hand at the tiller  
The iron glove, the velvet fist  
The ruthless clear-eyed pragmatist  
A scout for indecision  
With moral X-ray vision  
The kale and spinach on your plate  
Cincinnatus at the gate

It was a simpler time  
And all our needs were met  
And the status quo  
Well, that's the only quo you'd get  
Take your liberal agenda  
And stamp it "Return to sendah"  
With postage due  
For all the crap you've put me through

If I had a hammer  
I'd hammer every morning  
I'd hammer every evening  
Cooler heads would not prevail  
I'd hammer on the choice you've made  
The hammering would never fade  
If I had a hammer

You'd look like a nail

If you're the wheel that's squeaking louder  
The spider in my chowder  
The tab that doesn't fit the slot  
The thespian who's lost the plot  
The path of some resistance  
I'll be the bane of your existence  
A show of force to keep you pure  
Someday you'll thank me, that's for sure

If I had a hammer  
I'd hammer every morning  
I'd hammer every evening  
The hammering would sound like hail  
I'd hammer till the sirens wail  
I'd hammer till the hammers fail  
If I had a hammer  
If I had a hammer  
If I had a hammer  
You'd look like a nail



# My Friendly Ghost

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There was a haunting in the hall  
I thought I heard you but it wasn't you at  
all

Just the whistle of the breeze  
Or the rustling of the leaves amid the trees  
The rattling of your chains  
Is barely louder than the silence that  
remains  
These are the things I miss the most  
About my friendly ghost

A brush against my thigh  
From a source that I could not identify  
It chilled me to the bone  
These sheets that seem to have a motive of  
their own  
Perhaps a dream, perhaps a kiss  
I'd know the difference if I weren't so bad at  
this  
These are the things I hate the most  
About my friendly ghost

An itinerant phantasm  
Or a blob of ectoplasm  
The otherworldly traces  
Of your passionate embraces  
There are simple explanations  
For these troublesome sensations  
If we view them through the prism  
Of your impending exorcism

I opened up the blinds  
Searched the corners that the moonlight  
never finds  
I checked under the bed  
In case that was your hiding place instead  
But I never found a clue  
Or anything that implicated you  
These are the things I ask the most  
About my friendly ghost

A transient phantasm  
Or a blob of ectoplasm  
These are the otherworldly traces  
Of your passionate embraces  
Perhaps a miscommunication  
From my vast imagination  
Or should I view it through the prism  
Of your impending exorcism

My eyes and ears are playing tricks  
Perhaps they'll put me with the other  
lunatics  
The ones convinced they'd found the key  
To the secret that I thought you'd shared  
with me  
Or were you just one of the sheep  
That I encountered on my way to sleep  
This is the thing I ask the most  
About my friendly ghost



# The Boys of Winter

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I found a reinder in the alley with a pistol  
in his lap  
He said the end is near  
I thought the Pole was awful but it ain't  
even lawful  
How much worse it is here  
I've seen Subarus surrender to the snow's  
embraces  
And people doing shameful things in  
parking spaces  
It ain't Armageddon  
But that's where we're headin'

I found a penguin in my kitchen with his  
head in the oven  
And his fin on the gas  
He said Antarctica was taxing but it's so  
much more relaxing  
Than this white morass  
I've seen neighborhoods of major cities  
glaciating  
And pedestrians who might as well be  
figure skating  
It ain't Armageddon  
But that's where we're headin'

There's a hundred words for snow  
And every one of 'em's a curse  
Most of them I know  
But the other ones are worse  
And I don't wanna be a grinch but if we get  
another inch  
To the rubber room I go  
Watch them slam the door and you'll  
probably hear me roaring  
Those hundred words for snow

I met a yeti in a Starbucks with his head in  
his paws  
He said I just can't win  
This vast accumulation is a worse

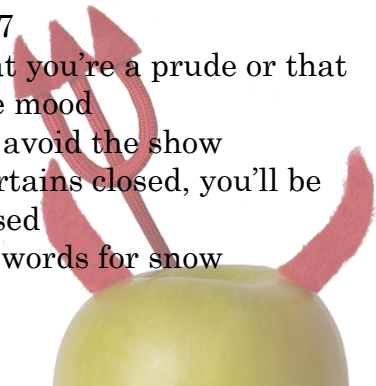
abomination  
Than I've ever been  
I've seen drifts piled higher than the  
Himalayas  
Pleas for mercy from the region's mayahs  
I may be a rumor  
But I got no sense of humor

For those hundred words for snow  
Every one of 'em's a swear  
There are children in the room  
But I don't really care  
It goes against my grain to be any less  
profane  
About this loathsome status quo  
And that's how I came to know  
The hundred words for snow

I've lost the will to shovel  
Out the doorway to my hovel  
I'll just hunker down and burn all my  
furniture for heat  
And when the winter's ended  
And martial law's suspended  
We'll just wait another month or two and  
lather, rinse, repeat

I found Santa in the scuttle with a spade in  
his hand  
And he was stealing coal  
He said I know this might be shocking but  
I'll need a bigger stocking  
For this hellhole

There's a hundred words for snow  
And every one of 'em's obscene  
They all used to start with X  
But now it's NC-17  
You might say that you're a prude or that  
you aren't in the mood  
But you just can't avoid the show  
Curtains open, curtains closed, you'll be  
indecently exposed  
To those hundred words for snow



# The Sausage

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I told you not to come  
Said to look the other way  
What happens in the shadows  
Best to leave it where it lay  
Don't be misled by what the mystics teach  
The truth is out there just beyond your  
reach

Abandon your senses  
Let down your defenses

You'll ask an awful lot of questions  
You'll hear an awful lot of lies  
But the ones who know the answers  
They have a million ears and eyes  
The secret handshakes and the knowing  
winks

The louche disdain for what the public  
thinks

Extravagant dreaming  
And intricate scheming

Take off your tinfoil hat  
See where the mines are laid  
Yes, this is where the bodies are buried  
This is how the sausage is made

Forget those mumbled incantations  
They're just a foolish superstition  
We're not Illuminati  
Or the Trilateral Commission  
The backroom smoke exhaled by ruthless  
men

The curtain raised and quickly dropped  
again

The tapestry fraying  
Is our way of saying

Take off your tinfoil hat  
See where the mines are laid  
Yes, this is where the bodies are buried  
This is how the sausage is made

Kennedy's assassins

Have been safely squirreled away  
And Neil Armstrong's footsteps  
Were taken on a soundstage in LA  
The president's a lizard  
And also Marie Antoinette  
Keith Richards died a while ago  
But no one's told him yet  
Queen Elizabeth's an agent  
From a planet far away  
Who liked us and decided to stay

Hey, take off your tinfoil hat  
Unmask the masquerade  
Yes, this is how the cookies are crumbled  
This is how the sheeple are  
Ground 'neath the farmer's boot  
Pierced by the butcher's blade  
Yes, this is how the bodies are buried  
Stripped of their skin  
Sorted by grade  
Yes, this is how the sausage is made



# The Ballad of Stinky LaFitte

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Stinky LaFitte was a foolish lad  
His eyepatch was his affectation  
He apprenticed himself to a pirate king  
Over his summer vacation  
They surprised him by heading to sea  
The dullest of cutlasses he

Stinky LaFitte was a seasick lad  
His bucket was his consolation  
He lay on the deck, in the rolling waves  
A victim of regurgitation  
His gills were as green as the sea  
The dullest of cutlasses he

So it's heave ho  
To the railing we go  
The remains of his lunch fed the fishes  
below  
He resembled a corpse to a startling degree  
The dullest of cutlasses he

Stinky LaFitte was a clumsy lad  
The target of pirates' displeasure  
He tripped on a rope near the mizzenmast  
Into a barrel of treasure  
It went overboard into the sea  
The dullest of cutlasses he

So it's heigh, ho  
Off the gangplank we go  
Worth less than the limes that they store  
down below  
His apprenticeship ended ignominiously  
The dullest of cutlasses he

He washed up on the shore of an island  
Produced a piratical curse  
He had no way of knowing, but where he  
was going  
His fortunes were bound to reverse  
He set out as a callow young schoolboy

Bound to return as a man  
With a devious, devilish, dubious, sinister  
Don't tell the minister kind of a plan

Stinky LaFitte was a pirate king  
As long as you discount the rumors  
He wrote down the tales of his rakish deeds  
And sold them to star-struck consumers

So it's heigh, ho  
To the tabloids we go  
A new line of clothing, a traveling show  
What's better than treasure is celebrity  
He told crowds of the sailor that gave them  
such grief  
Dumped their gold in the ocean, sailed into  
a reef  
They kept him on mostly for comic relief  
The dullest of cutlasses he





# Bliss

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I didn't think  
I'd find anyone who didn't mind my  
    slurping when I drink  
Or stopping strangers to criticize their  
    clothes  
Or picking my nose  
I'm unbowed  
By the idiotic things that I say out loud  
You're not kind  
But you don't seem to mind

I'd lay a bet  
You despaired of sharing hating people you  
    had never met  
Or finding someone who didn't mind the  
    volcano of your wrath  
Or the ring in the bath  
You're unbowed  
By the undiplomatic things that you say out  
    loud  
I'm not kind  
But I don't think I mind

And it's  
Been bliss  
From the first intemperate kiss  
You were looking for a schmuck like me  
And it's true  
That I was looking for a jerk like you

I assume  
You despaired of escaping the laundry  
    jungle of your room  
Or the dust bunnies who'd claim the final  
    corner of the den  
If they caught you again  
Yet you agree  
To every nitpicky rule inspired by my OCD  
You're not kind  
But I don't think I mind

And it's  
Been bliss

From the first preposterous kiss  
I was looking for a schmuck like you  
And I see  
That you were looking for a jerk

With a bee in his bonnet  
And a stick up his ass  
About the Law of the Seas  
The nonexistence of God  
We've spent so much time on it  
That we could offer a class  
Just two unpleasant peas  
In an unpleasant pod

And I'll admit  
That sometimes I think you you ought to  
    scare me just a little bit  
When you mutter things about the people  
    you would put to death  
Under your breath  
And I'm not proud  
That if the wrong folks were to overhear  
    you say it out loud  
I would let  
Them know that we'd never met

And it's  
Been bliss  
From the first intemperate kiss  
You were looking for a schmuck like me  
And I knew  
That I was looking for a schmuck like  
You  
It's bliss  
From the first preposterous kiss  
You were looking for a schmuck like me  
And it's true  
That I was looking for a jerk like you



# Second Fiddle

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She's a little high strung  
A little off key  
She stands in the back, holding onto a tune  
Straining to see  
But the instrument he's playing  
Has a strap of hand-tooled leather  
And a dark and husky timbre  
And a certain savoir faire

There were promises made  
That haven't been kept  
She counted them up last night in the dark  
In the case where she slept  
But the instrument he's playing  
Has a capo rimmed with emeralds  
And a charming British accent  
And a certain savoir faire

He'll never break his stride  
Or set her free  
Or meet her gaze  
Or change his tune  
Each day she asks  
Each day it's way too soon  
So she just sits there waiting

He's been such a flirt  
Keeps her under his thumb  
Takes her out of her case, changes her  
strings,  
Gives her a strum  
But the instrument he's playing  
Has a rosette from Barcelona  
And an enigmatic smile  
And a certain savoir faire

She'll never breach the shell  
Of his cocoon  
Or hold his gaze  
Or change his tune  
Each day she asks  
Each day it's way too soon  
So she just sits there waiting



# Sloth

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Al Capone, he was bad to the bone  
Had a heart like a stone  
Didn't make any friends  
But he was lax with his federal tax  
Went to jail for the max  
There his chronicle ends  
He ran afoul of the Ten Commandments  
Yes it was greed that finally put him away  
But if he'd sinned with a little less ambition  
He'd might still be sinning today

Well, I ain't very much of a saint  
But I've got a complaint  
About the wages of sin  
Yes I need something simpler than greed  
A little more my speed  
A better fit for my skin  
Gluttony and lust, well, they're mostly a  
bust  
Envy and pride will eat you up inside  
But if you sin from a seat on your sofa  
You could be sinning till the day you've died

So don't bother biting the apple  
Let someone else take the fall  
Sloth is the sin that just keeps on sinnin'  
Feels like you ain't even sinnin' at all

Robin Hood used his powers for good  
Roamed the Nottingham wood  
With the law on his tail  
Just a thief whose career would be brief  
Was the sheriff's belief  
Justice soon would prevail  
On the horns of a moral dilemma  
Where crime both does and doesn't pay  
But if they'd simply agreed to do nothing  
They could have sinned all their troubles  
away

So don't bother biting the apple  
Let someone else take the fall  
Sloth is the sin that just keeps on sinnin'

Feels like you ain't even sinnin' at all

Alice in Wonderland slumbered in bed  
While the Red Queen shouted, "Off with her  
head"  
Everyone seems to be stubborn or late  
Or pompous or greedy or rude or irate

But the Cheshire Cat seems contented and  
fat  
Never cocky or proud, or too mad or too loud  
He's the laziest sin to the end of his grin  
And ain't that the state that I wanna be in

Sloth ain't a race, so there's no sense  
winnin'  
It's the stillness of space where the world is  
spinnin'  
Yeah, sloth is the sin that just keeps on  
sinnin'  
Feels like you ain't even sinnin' at all

Well, I ain't very much of a saint



# Tomorrow

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I'm at the mercy of my muse  
She's sabotaging my career  
She calls me up with some excuse  
Or stops by when I'm not here  
I'm waiting for my inspiration  
I swear it's not procrastination

Just a sec, I'm almost done  
I hope I'm not the only one  
Today slipped away like a shadow in the  
sun  
Like a frisbee in the breeze, or a con man in  
a crowd  
I'll finish it tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow  
Yes, I'll finish it tomorrow

I've got a list of tasks to do  
It's a bottomless abyss  
Each day presents a thing or two  
Plus the several that I miss  
I write them down so I'll forget them  
Can't bother me if I don't let them

What's the rush, hold the phone,  
Keep your pants on, where's the fire?  
Today slipped away like the last note of a  
choir  
Like a frisbee in the breeze, or a con man in  
a crowd  
I'll finish it tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow  
Yes, I'll finish it tomorrow

There was gonna be a bridge  
And it was supposed to be right here  
It was supposed to lay the groundwork for  
the verse that's yet to come  
But today slipped away like the foam atop a  
beer  
Or a sunbeam on the floor, or a football in a  
scrum

La la la la la la la la  
La la la la la la la

Something something something something  
something  
Something something blah blah blah  
As we approach the final chorus  
This song still holds a message for us

Catch your breath, take your time  
It's a better paradigm  
Let today slip away like the vowel in a  
rhyme  
Like a frisbee in the breeze, or a con man in  
a crowd  
You can finish it tomorrow, tomorrow,  
tomorrow  
You can finish it tomorrow, tomorrow,  
tomorrow  
Yes, you can finish it tomorrow

