

A Teriyaki Night

So we're in this sports-type bar for a few drinks
And to watch whatever game might be playing
And I feel good because I had my friends and my
teriyaki wings. So I go for the brew of choice-
cheap, big, and keep 'em' comin'
A pitcher'll do, a special on some Milwaukee macrobrew
that tastes like piss but that's okay I say
Because we got the teriyaki wings for taste
And a good brew would just confuse the day.
Besides at these costs, we can be drinkin'
All night- and who's gonna stop us.
I light a smoke and bum three to friends who don't
and we sit here in a thick cloud of Marlboro
With our big as buckets beers and then a bunch of
girls we all know come over to us and we get
real loud and I bum three more to these girls
who don't smoke and our cloud of Marlboro gets thicker.
Now we're all real happy and the beers keep coming and
Going and Pete starts talking about masturbation,
But that's okay because Pete can get like that
and the girls are drunk anyway so they
Just laughed. I keep eating my teriyaki wings and someone says,
"Shit Phil, how many them you gonna eat?"
But I don't answer because I am eating and
it's rude to talk with your mouth open.
But I do say later that I love this sauce
That the teriyaki tastes so good
I could lay in it, rolling around with
My lover covered in teriyaki.
Through the smoke, everyone looks
At me as if I've lost my mind, although
I'm not sure where it could have gone.
and then one friend says,
"Shit Phil, that sure is funny."

-Philip Dawalt