**Nothing Yet**

*December 5, 2014*

I Like My Women Wild Round Tall Honey Sweet.

Feisty Hot.

I Drink My Rum And Vodka Clear.

I Drink My Whisky Neat.

Sometimes I Hook Up On The Street.

I Always Give The Ladies All My Loving.

Give Them All Amour I Got.

Sometimes It Breaks Them Down In Tears.

Cause You Know They Say I.

Have Got Quite A Lot To Give.

And They Say I Give To Quite A Lot.

One Thing For Sure. Sure As Sure.

I Have Got A Lot Of Years.

Lots Of Scars Wrinkles Grey Gaze Out Of The Mirror.

Once I Start I Never Stop.

I Am A Man Of Fire.

Fine Faith Rare Taste.

Good Cheer.

I Never Let An Angle Go To Waste.

Give A Sucker An Even Break.

Love To Eat Red Meat.

Smoke Good Cigars.

Blew A Pile On Fast Women Slow Horses Cold Champagne Ford Trucks Racing Cars. Always Reaching For The Stars.

It All Plays. Lays. The Same.

I Always Bet On Pass And Come.

I Stand Pat. Take No Hits On Seventeen.

Or Hit On Four Ten At In Between. When You Do.

Dead Meat. Dead Coals. Cold

Toast. Gelid Ashes. Yesterday's Papers.

Busted Out. Hit The Post.

What You See Is What You Get.

Looks Like My Ways Are Set.

I Keep My Whistle Wet.

All My Powder Dry.

Every New Woman I Meet Is The Perfect Mate.

My Love

Rendezvous With Fate.

For Sure The Only One.

My Momma Said For Sure I Should Want Need Seek Get.

Until She Is Out The Door With No Good Bye.

Then It Hurts Too Much To Cry.

Why Do They All Must Lye.

It Always Stays Inside My Head.

Where. With Whom.

They Share A Bed.

For Once Love Struck.

It Never Dies.

Old Loves Ere Survive. Passion. Must Of Lust.

Not Over. Finished. Dead.

Had My Fill Of Heartbreak.

Not Sure How Much More I Can Take.

I Never Draw To An Inside Straight.

Thumb My Nose At The Gods Of Faith.

Show For Dinner Full Or Late.

Still Might Take A Chance On A New Blind Date.

I Wear A Borsolino Hat.

Filson Pants Coat Belt Suspenders Vest.

Might As Well Have The Best. Bator Bunny Boots.

Split My Wood With A Two Blade Axe.

Hit My Target Before I Shoot. Double. Triple.

Check My Facts. Still Smoke Some Rope.

Snort Some Snoose.

I Spin The Wheel For Double Zero Black.

Pay My Tab And Don't Look Back.

Do My Best Work In The Sack.

Hit My Foes Like A Heart Attack.

Cut My Friends A Lot Of Slack.

When It's Dark. Gloom Pours In.

Turn To My Old Dogs.

Let Them In My House Head Heart Bed Again.

Like To Do It How She Wants.

Top. Bottom. Front. Side Or Back.

Like To Kiss For Hours. Taste Private Velvet Flower.

Go For Silk Pie And Honey Snack.

Opened Grab The Sky.

Bit Dust. Throd. Stomped Tromped.

Hard Rode. Hard Rough Landing.

Rough Dead End Road.

Broken Up Inside.

Got Up. Dusted Off.

Go For Another Ride.

Give It Another Try.

Always Go For Broke.

Win. Cash In. Tip The Dealer. Lose.

Shrug Go On Down The Track.

Looks Like That's All She Wrote.

So I Am Down. Busted. Broke.

Not My First Love Or Life Rodeo.

Still Hope In My Poke.

Been Years Since I First Kicked The Gong.

Passed The Acid Test. Still Trying.

Trying. To Get A Long.

But I Seems Now The More Ladies For Love I Ask.

The Less Of Them Say Yes. Still.

My Dog Still Hunts.

I Can Still Throw A Rope.

Hog Tie And Brand Three Year Steer Like A Week Old Calf.

Break A Two By Four In Half.

I Know Precisely What I Want.

Kicked Too Much Tobacco Gambling.

Barm Rambling.

Peyote Shot Pills Booze Dope.

Nothing Now But A Sip Of Wine.

Now I Can Handle This.

Now I Can Make It.

Least On A Hug And Smile.

Go Another Mile.

Walk The Line.

Try To Fake It.

Stall For Time.

Cruise On Fine.

I Can Take All Life Deals.

Begets. If You Worry Bout Me.

Maybe Fear What You See.

Hang On. Keep Cool.

Get Set.

Lay Down Your Money.

Place You Bets.

You Ain't Seen

Nothing Yet.