**Cirrhosis Halitosis**

Cirrhosis, halitosis, mitosis of body and soul

I’m leaning of a crutch because I neglected the clutch

When I shifted my love into low

Symbiosis without psychosis demands roses and gallons of wine

I’m high-stepping my feet just to escape the heat

Of the coals that you left at the door

Indications of complications, when you emptied my bottle on the floor

You took that last slug, it pulled out the rug

I knew you wouldn’t see me no more

Notions of stormy oceans, when the AA blackballed me again

Sure smells like smoke, a real funny joke

Guess I’ve forgotten the punch line again

Cirrhosis Halitosis, miosis of body and soul

I’m going off today to smell the red Georgia clay

And leave my love here behind for the blues...