

# Life at the Brew-Ha-Ha Pub

*by* Jerry Ratch

No matter what you may discover  
Or come to believe during the drinking life  
The question still remains:  
What if everyone was an accident?

But still, while time may appear  
To be nearing its own end  
And the sun seems to be getting  
Larger and larger every morning  
As it swerves over the horizon

I think we'll all be all right —  
I think we'll all be all right...  
As long as Schrodinger's cat  
Doesn't start chasing  
Dostoyevsky's mouse

