

Lay on Me

by Jules Archer

When I think about you
On Friday nights
I'm not there

You're the man and
The God of a thousand faces
And what I'll never be

I'll repeat October
Just for a taste
Of what you won't give

I stare at wet palms
Thinking about William Faulkner
And Jack Daniels

Scuffed knees
Make crouching dangerous
But it's nice to pretend

