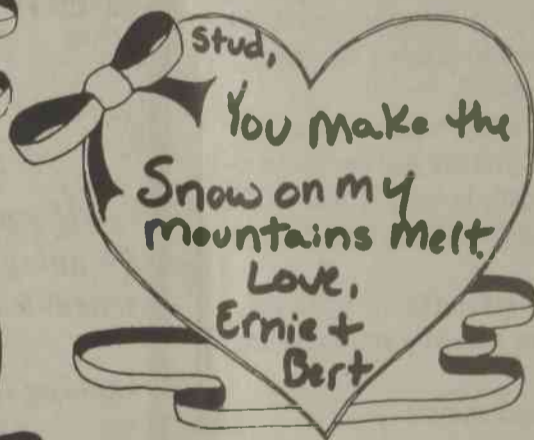
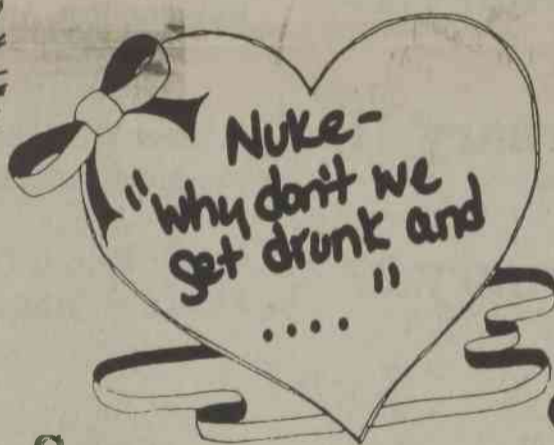
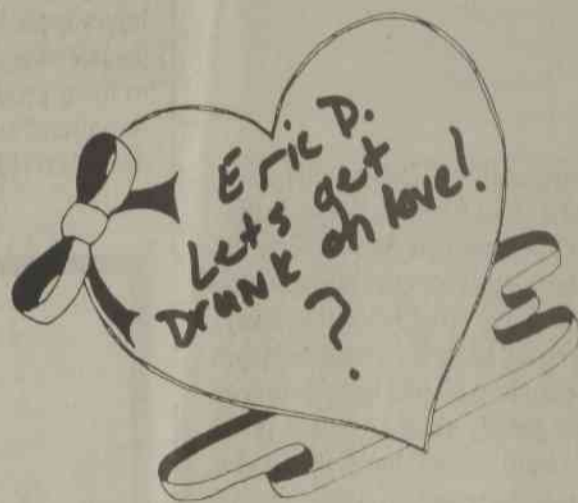
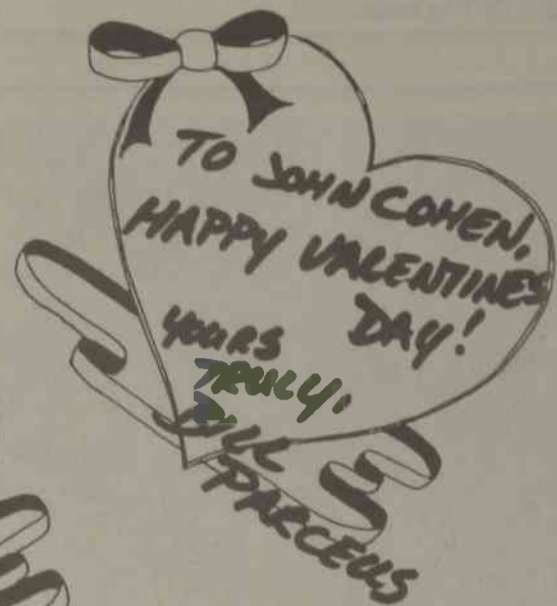


## Love

Broken heart  
Torn apart  
By a single word  
That was never heard.  
-Bubba



## A Beer-Bellied Love Song

Oh love is but a wanton slut,  
a painted, face-lifted whore  
dancing minuets off-beat in my dreams

Masking a fiery desire  
that touches my deepest depths  
in some sort of slutty soul kiss

I didn't know what held my gaze,  
but something in that lover's look  
masked by Ray-Ban shades

Did my heart in  
like the cheap thrill of a rickety carnival ride,

Yeah, your love is a roller coaster  
of ups, mostly downs  
in this pathetic little shack  
we call home

I fear that your days will reveal  
empty six-packs and cold pizza,

Beer, lukewarm and old,  
much like the sorry excuse  
you call sex,  
I've forgotten the joy,

But until I win the lottery,  
I guess we're stuck with  
this crazy little abomination  
they call love.

