

## I MADE IT OUT OF NANCY'S BATHROOM

Some things in life are never quite clear  
They can happen each day or just one time  
And how I got to this place right here  
Is a scene that passes as one of mine

My legs are stuck behind the toilet  
The most revolting smells surround me  
One arm's hanging in the tank-the other's on a waste pipe  
There are strange symbols all around me

I got half a liverwurst sandwich  
Sticking out of one of my Cons  
I'm wearing a half-leather,  
Half-spandex tutu number  
That I don't remember putting on

Now there's no way I got here on my own  
It had to be the work of Beelzebub and The Big Guy  
One day they must have come to duke it out downtown  
While I was there just doing a swing-by

Maybe those guys wanted to show off their pop  
By making their mark on my humble person  
I'm sure they commanded the crowd to part  
And demanded that the tape must stop  
So I'd never recall the battle of prayin' against cursin'

I guess I fell on the field of glory  
So how the fight ended, I have no clue  
If one guy quit or said: Let's fight fair  
I figure that's when they both were through

They must have stashed me inside the john  
In a dirty limbo beneath the stairs  
Just as the barman cried out: "This Is The Last Call"  
So they had to split to get themselves a final smash  
At downtown's favorite Wailing Wall

*CHORUS*

*Hey Guys, I understand that you are gone  
And don't care about me anyway  
But, you know, I've been on both your sides  
So there are some things I just got to say*

*I have enjoyed the singing choirs  
And I've had fun in the infernal fires  
So I am troubled that you left me alone  
Like you wanted this place to be my tomb  
Now the both of you need to know the stone-cold truth:  
It took me forever to get out on my own  
So you better harken up there in the spires  
And pay attention down there in the gloom  
As I raise my beer on high in living proof*

*I made it out of Nancy's bathroom...!!*

Chuck Casey  
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