# Extract only

# Strip Club Blues

The neon lurid parade Of nubile naked flesh Freeze-numbed my woes Like sexual Novocain As tequila backwash Stripped the virtue off my soul And hard cash slipped Through my drunken quicksand fingers But once the show was over Reality’s knife twisted I was broke and alone Save for the fumes of debauchery And I slumped into the taxi home Having lost my hope and dreams

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