



ODE TO JIM BEAM

*Jim'll make you moody. Jim'll make you mad.
Jim'll make you insult your parents' friends
and call their son outside for a fight.*

*Jim'll make you happy. Jim'll make you sad.
Jim'll make you fuck your sister's friends
and give em all cab fare for the nite.*

Strange Dreams when you drink with Jim.

The problem with Jim is that he tastes so damn good. Cut him with some Coke and he's sweeter than a sixteen year old's snatch in the bed of a pickup at the Drive-In Movies. You never wanna stop.

Oh sure—he's your best friend for the first eight or nine glasses. You're giddy. You're gaudy. You're the Life of the Party. Whether you want to be, or not to be. But then he sneaks up on you, see. That tenth brotherly handshake can turn you into a Muther. And Bruther—that's no place you wanna be.

However, before Jim'll let you fall into that deep, restless sleep—before he let's you pass out in the backyard naked with the dogs

lickin at your feet; he has a mission up his sleeve. Like a stark raving lunatic you run through the house destroying whatever he deems necessary to go—to make mad, random phone calls to people you haven't seen or talked to in years and berate them on the quality of their lives, espousing Words of Wisdom of which we'll/you'll never know.

Jim'll turn you into that 'Superman' you always dreamed of (a little courage in a shot). That 'I Spy' guy you never could be (invisible/invincible)... impossible. He takes the David Banner in you and makes you green. Mean. The depths of your Soul. The bottom of Low. Not good, my Hulkian friend, not good.

Yep. He's a handful, alright. And he'll make you pony up the next day. Ten-fold. He's cold. You play—you pay. Physically, Mentally, Spiritually. Yeahh... he take's a toll. But, God love ya, Jim. I know I do.