

MORALITY TAIL

Well, if you made it this far, I should say ‘thank you.’ Thank you for putting up with all that self-important, self-absorbed, bloated and loaded meandering through the mind of a self-important, self-absorbed, bloated and loaded Ego. Then again, if you’re one of those who cut to the chase, read the End before the Begin kinda folk, well... look at you, smarty pants. You just saved yourself a heap of time wading through all that previous gravel.

So, here’s the bottom line: I don’t give a damn about how you live your life, just as you shouldn’t how I do mine. Oh sure, I wish I was optimistic enough to think we could all get along if we could all just give an inch. But the world doesn’t work that way. You know it and I know it. There are too many egomaniacal, one-upping, couldn’t give a rat, jack-asses out there to make this A Perfect World.

We do the best we can.

Raise your kids well. Instill strong values and solid morals. Respect your parents (unless they were complete assholes). Take care of the Young and watch out for the Old. Teach some and learn some. (Unless, of course, you’re a complete moron; then just stay out of the way.)

I’d love to sit here and tell you that for all the bullshit me and the toony loons went through, we finally saw the Light and it shone everlasting. But the truth is, the machine doesn’t crank thatta way. At least, mine doesn’t. Life’s too short without enjoying the Ride. And there’s too much scenery that’s gonna pass us by anyway. Get an eyeful while you can, I say.

Having said that, I’m not about to endorse getting all fucked up and tearing down main street in your two-ton wrap around cage taking out mailboxes and trash cans, quarter-panels and pedestrians. Messing with your mind has consequences. And by all means they should be paid if you’re unaware of how to play. If you kill, maim, or even scratch a mineral/animal/ vegetable while living the Life you think you gotta live, then pony up. And if that human being that you just killed, maimed or even scratched happened to be a child, then I will personally ride to wherever you are and take you out myself. Children are the last bastion of Innocence this human race has; I’ll be damned if the way you choose to live your life fucks with that.

Stupidity runs rampant in America and round the Globe. Mixing alcohol, drugs, or a penchant for mischief with that only leads to More Stupidity. Have your fun, I say, make peace with your own god; but leave me out of it. Drink your bourbon, quaff your beer, smoke your pot and do your line. Chase your dragon, drop your tab, heat your spoon and tap your vein. As long as you mind your manners, it can be one helluva ride. Cross the line, though, and the Boys in Blue will be more than happy to take you away for a spell; not to mention the Men in White Coats for an even longer duration if you can’t snap to.

But more than that – you’re no island. Somewhere on that terra firma of yours is a family member, friend, or loved one who cares; someone who cares enough to be really pissed off if those actions of yours gets you locked up, laid out, or put under. So... know that.

Addiction & Redemption – boo-fuckin-hoo. We’ve seen it, we’ve done it; it’s a broken LP. If I had a coin of particular denomination for every alcoholic/addict I’ve met with a sad-ass story, well... I’d have enough money to go buy me some more liquor and weed. We’ve become a cliché, folks. Doesn’t get any sadder than that.