

HARD DAWN

DAWN CRACKED HARD – LIKE A QUE BALL HITTING A NINE BALL RACK

IT KICKED MY ASS LIKE A HEART ATTACK

I ROLL OUT OF THE RACK - THE SHOCK OF THE COLD DIRTY LINENOLIUM  
FLOOR – SENDS A SHIVER UP MY SPINE

COUPLE OF SMOKES AND A CUP OF JOE AND I'LL BE FINE

THE PHONE RINGS – THE SOUND RIPS ACROSS MY SKULL  
I GRAB IT BEFORE IT CAN GO OFF AGAIN

WRONG NUMBER

THE STORY OF MY LIFE