

You Talkin' To Me

By Mark Edgemon

He drove me over to the side of the road
I said, "I wasn't speedin' copper
You'll never pin that rap on me,
Do ya hear me cop!" I screamed.

He kept writing, one page after another
As I spouted on, "There's no need to look
In the trunk, there's no dead man in there!"
I said agitated as he calmly kept writing.

"It may only look like I'm on drugs,
But I'm not, I'm not high...I'm not high...
I'm not high...I'm not high...can't you see,"
I said as he stopped and looked at me!

"And I didn't steal any money, I didn't!
I was...I was...going back to work, you know...
You know what I mean...you know...what'd mean...
I'm not a liar!" I told him nervously. "I never lie!"

The officer walked to the front of the car and stared.
"That's...that's not blood! It's a...it's a...a...a...
Hey, I'm not a liar! Damn it! Damn it to hell!
I'm not a..." I protested as he called for back up.

I started my car and the officer got in front, pulled his gun.
I wanted to leave and so I floored it, dragging him underneath.
"Damn it...damn it to hell..." I yelled as I drove onto the highway.
"Now, no one is EVER going to believe I'm not drunk...crap!"

The End