



## Bar Love

She lures me with her winking  
From my tall stool at the bar.  
“Come back it’s dark.” She  
whispers.  
“See it’s not so far.”

So I glide up to her quickly,  
Touch her body, sleek and sweet.  
As I touch her bottom,  
I can feel her heat.

She knows then my desire,  
An’ whispers, “First you pay.”  
I give my money happily,  
She giggles, “Now we play.”

She moans an’ sighs so loudly,  
As I ball her in the dark.  
I shake her hard, slap her knobs,  
To fire up her spark.

Her moans become a shriek,  
As I make her click an’ come.  
I wipe the sweat from my brow,  
An’ smile when it’s done.

I pay the waitress for fresh beer,  
Turn back to her and beam.  
She’s hot to trot, so I’ll game her  
again,  
My favorite pinball machine.