

GOING BEYOND BARS

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A six pack a' Schlitz and a bag a' chips
And I am a self-sustaining Saturday-night mobile one-man-fiesta
a party-priest.

The beer that made Milwaukee famous and one bag of fried potato slices
Are what I possess in my coffers,
But that's not all I offer
You. You. You.

I am the guru against the drinking establishments of high cover.
I am one truth out standing in the multitudes of trendy night revelers--
Wild and ready to rampage--
I am one man wandering without the need of a bar.

For I possess an abundance and
I am not shackled to the regular regime of the bar hopping herd,
Which lolls around me on the sidewalk outside the
Thirsty Beggar, for example,

Waiting behind velvet lines to get in to the
smoke laden
spilled beer slick
loud poundin' pulse
silver palace

Made to seem like a night-time nirvana,
To be attained by simply showing an I.D.
And shelling out a 5 dollar cover
a 7 dollar cover
a 20 dollar cover

What level of party consciousness do you wish to attain?
What level of consciousness is this?

O great guardian of the gate,
Keeper of the door,
Ripped, shaved headed, monster of the portal,
winking to those who physically match your ideal;
Letting them through to play in the fields of the hoards;
Letting them in to crush their way to the trough;
To pay more for one single solitary beverage
Than I paid for my whole sixer of Schlitz
And my bag of chips.

I don't buy what you sell as entertainment.
I don't buy what you see as enlightenment.

I don't buy it!

For I am a dangerous Schlitz drinking shaman
Here to ruin your rape of mankind
Here to change the rules of unwinding
Here to convert the those who will
 follow my wisdom
 share in my Schlitz
 feast on my chips
 and take the party elsewhere
 to a new utopia
 no lines
 no smokey confines
 no high priced pints
 no stumbling fumbling over served freaks
 vomiting at your feet.

So follow me--

 For I am the High Priest of Schlitz
 And in my church it flows free and clear and cold
 As the great prophet Joseph Schlitz wished.

So follow me

 to the Land of Schlitz--
 where barley and hops grow
 and ferment and flow
 like Joe
 wanted,
 peacefully and freely for all.

So follow me,

 if you believe,
 To the lands of the perpetual beer festival
 not those of sky blue waters
 not the cold cold mountains
 not some dirty brewery where they need to date the beer for freshness.
 We'll drink Schlitz so fresh you'll see the golden temples of Schlitz
 and behold the Schlitz source and the almighty Joseph Schlitz
 in all their brewing glory.

So Follow me, yes

Follow me, yes you can

Follow me for I am

a self sustaining Saturday night mobile one man fiesta

 a party priest,

Armed with only

 the gospel according to Joe,

 a bag a chips,

 and a six pack a' Schlitz.