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Adrian Ott

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ADRIAN OTT

Michael Taylor

Adrian Ott was of healthy stock
And felt well every day.
His friends abounded but were always
Confounded by Adrian's sulking way
"Cheer up," they said, "and come on out,
We're going to hit the town.
We're meeting some bitches
Who like to grant wishes
And will turn you into a man."

Adrian Ott looked at his clock
And said he wouldn't come out to play.
They shrugged and they turned and smiled like always,
Confounded by Adrian's way.
"Grow up," he said, "You always go out
And come home with some young clown.
They're scratching your itches
And granting your wishes
But what's your master plan?"

Adrian Ott heard the click of the lock,
They hadn't cared to stay.
He read or he slept or did work like always
Confounded by his friends' ways.
"Hollow talk," he said, "and sex no doubt
A few drinks and the clothes come down
No strings attached, no unseen hitches,
The guy can do whatever he wishes.
Is that how you are a man?"

Adrian Ott was of healthy stock.
(He hit the bottle each day.)
Friends still abounded but remained always
Confounded by Adrian's ways.
"They don't understand what life is about."
He slurred as he set his glass down
"I scratch my own itches,
And as far as my wishes,
I'm an incredibly patient man."

Adrian Ott sat alone and he thought
I'm sick of my sulking way.
By friends I'm surrounded, yet remain always
Confounded by my dark days.
"It's my choice," he said, "fade away or burn out.
I think I'll go hit the town."
But Adrian just twitches,
He sits and he wishes,
And dwells on his dying plan.