**The Beer Hall**

Dozens of men
Drinking super and scud
In the early morning sunshine
As the smells of urine and burning plastic
Drift through the warm dry air.
Litter and dust and the
Stress of yester days
Pervade so heavy that
There's nothing to do
But drink beer and forget
Forget the sorrows
Numb the pain
And kill the thought
That there may be something more
Or a solution to the problem.

If something leads to something
Then nothing leads to nothing

There is wisdom hidden in the dust