**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