

# COUNT THE WAYS

*C.B. Anderson*

Let me count the many ways you've failed me.  
For one, that cold and lonely night I spent  
lyin' on the concrete when they jailed me  
for kickin' in your door. I never meant  
to wake you up. You could've bailed me out.  
Another time, your wrist was in a cast  
because you'd tried resistin' me. No doubt  
you'd learnt a lesson, but it didn't last—  
to top things off you then refused to cook  
my supper. Worse than this was when I saw  
you talkin' to that lawyer, though the look  
he had when I explained to him *my* law  
was priceless. I'm tired of all the cursin'  
at you. You're not a very nice person.

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