

This was written in October, 2002, the day before I performed the first time in 25 years. It was written about the old days of open mics and the super-intense, sincere, pathos- and guilt-ridden young folk singers of the day.

Old Man's Open Mic Blues

Ken Cashion

**I can feel as bad az-chu.
But why would I really want to?
I've had problems --
I've had cares --
I've been pretentious --
I've put on airs --
And I can feel as bad az-chu.**

**I hear in all the songs
"Bout everything's going wrong.
Now I'm old and fat,
And losing my hair,
And smart enough to know,
The listeners don't care,
That I can feel as bad az-chu.**

**I know you want to work.
I know you don't want to shirk.
You want a good job --
You want to be a hit --
So why'd'cha get a degree --
In English Lit?
I can feel as bad az-chu.**

I know you from your old job.
You can really handle a mob.
I was real impressed --
With your swell hat --
I like the way you ask,
“Do you want fries with that?”
I can feel as bad az-chu.

So go ahead be depressed.
I'll think about the ways --
That I am blessed.
But I know its real fun to act so blue.
I used to enjoy doing that, too.
And I act as bad az-chu --
And I can feel as bad az-chu.