

Central Valley Drive-In

Two big farm boys
Sit on the tailgate
Of a 1967 Chevy stepside.

They drink from quart bottles of Colt 45
Watching the chicks in the parking lot.

It's ten at night and it's hot outside.

Penny Hartwig's t-shirt sticks to her tits
As she orders a milkshake from the drive-up window.

Bobby Summers' heart beats a little faster
And he's embarrassed that he has to wear
The stupid uniform and the paper hat.

"Thank you ...ma'am," he says.

Mr. And Mrs. Alfree
Don't take their kids to the drive-in anymore.
There are unsavory elements
That hang out there.
There are wild boys and loose girls
Who come over from the bowling alley.
The drive-in didn't use to be that way.

"Let's go out by the river and get high."
The Mexican boy says to the farmer's daughter.

She wears gym shorts and snaps her gum.
She arches her back
And fluffs her straight blonde hair.

He's nervous about being with her.
He looks at the farm boys.

"It's cooler out there."