

T'was the night before Tailgating, and all through the lot
Not a person was stirring, not even a Cop.
Big Red was being packed, with meticulous care,
In hopes that friendly faces would soon be there.

The kegs were all nestled and the can beer was cold,
It wouldn't be long before a buzz would take hold.
Tried to work on the TV but didn't know how,
So I threw up my hands and said, APRIL BEER NOW!

I was adjusting the coolers when I heard such a clatter,
I thought maybe I broke something, b/c I've gotten a bit fatter.
Realizing I didn't, I jumped quickly from the truck,
Saying softly to myself, "what in the fuck?"

The moon on the breasts of what appeared to be a stripper-
When I was at the Uptown last, could I have forgotten to tip her?
But then she smiled gently, and motioned me over,
I thought "This \$hit only happens when I'm drunk, never when I'm sober".

Around the corner was a dude with a beard and big belly,
I smiled as I yelled out "Eddie Romanelli"!
But a second look revealed that this wasn't Eddie,
My knees began to shake – my hand was unsteady!

" Jason we've been watching you", in a deep voice he said!
We've got a special job, for you and Big Red!
We need your answer now, this job it can't wait...
There's a lot of sad people who don't know how to Tail-Gate.

"We want you to gather, your truck and your crew,
And travel around the country showing others what to do.
Flip Cup and Quarters- Oh the joy you'll spread,
Brats and BBQ – from the grill, they'll be fed."

With my head held high, my voice strong and hearty,
I said, "No worries Fat Man – We throw the best fucking party!"
He was gone in a flash but left parting words -
"Your job starts Sunday morning at Poplar and 3rd."

I stood for a few moments, bewildered and thinking,
Did this just really happen or do I need to quit drinking?
I was going to tell April but she wouldn't believe me,
"Jason, you're fucking crazy, quit trying to deceive me"

I turned back towards Big Red, and nearly fell out!
She'd been touched by Pimp My Ride, or maybe Dirty South.
"SON OF A BITCH", I ran over to kiss her
She was completely retooled and even had a Pisser!

"Everybody's gonna shit", loudly I did scream,
"I feel like I'm in a house full of hookers, and I'm Charlie Sheen."
Big Red looked so sweet, she could outrun a comet
Over come with excitement – I knelt down and did vomit!

April came outside and couldn't say a word
Earlier she said I was wasting our money, and called me a turd.
"This guy showed up and said he was a fan,
He wants us to travel and tailgate, just look at the Van!"

"He wants us to spread good tidings, and tailgating cheer,
We have endless food, red cups and bottomless kegs of beer.
Because it's all free, there won't be any dues,
I'm happier than Justin, with new pair of white shoes!"

April leaned forward and gave me a kiss,
But something was different, her breath smelled like piss.
"Get up, Get up, are you all right"??
My eyes opened slowly to blurry sight.

Our dog standing over me, licking my face
Me on my back, staring off into space.
"Apparently you fell, you've been out for a while"
You must be dreaming about porn, your face had a smile."

I got up slowly, a bit dazed and confused
Remembered my dream and was thoroughly amused.
"I'm fine, I'll finish up, you go on inside...
Tomorrow is tailgating, and early we ride."

As I stowed the last table and shook of the haze
I saw a piece of paper where the bull horn usually lays
It said "It wasn't a dream – we're counting on you...
Big Red and the rest- of the Tailgate Rescue Crew!"