

Hey, I know you!

Kevin Lee

About a guy who goes for a beer with a mate, and they wander into the first bar they find, which happens to be a Bikers Bar. It's a case of mistaken identity.

Well, I just stepped in for a quiet beer,
And, to wag my tongue with a mate over there,
When a bloke says, "Hey, don't I know you?"
And some other goon says, "Yeah! I do too!"
Well, I says, "Nope, and I dunno why,
'Coz you've mixed me up with some other guy?"
So, I got the beers, and I turned to go,
But they tripped me up an says, "Wait a mo!"
And I don't know who hit me, or where, or how,
But everything's hurting everywhere now.
And my mate says "Hey, are you alright?
You goes up for a beer, an comes down with a fight.
An' you've gone an' spilt my blinkin' brew,
But I still want one – an' I'm sure you do?"

So up I goes, an' I orders some others,
And King-kong's there, with his King-kong brother.
On his forehead, Harley-Davidson's tattooed,
An' I'd hate to think what's elsewhere too.
Then, he sees me lookin', an' I know I shouldn't,
'Coz he grabbed me somewhere, that I wished he wouldn't.
Then he decides to throw, instead of chop me,
An' this stupid wall decides to stop me.
An' I says, "Ooo," an "Aah," an "Ohh,"
And my mate says, "Well, whaddaya' know?
'Coz, you starts a fight, an' you spills my beer,
An' I can't even take you anywhere!"

So I crawls back up, in *awful* pain,
An' collapse on the bar whisperin', "Same again."
An' this one-eyed brute, with a claw for a hand,
Asks his mate, "Is that the man?"
Then, he belches some hamburger flavoured stench,
An' he asks, "That him?"
When he talks to his wench.
But, at least the carpet softens the fall,

When he starts playin' soccer – with me for the ball.
An' I lands on my tail, then I lands on my head,
An' I ask him to check if I'm alive, or dead?

Then I chances one last go at it,
'Coz that last forty bucks didn't wet my lips.
An' there's this other Ape – an' he looks *real* mean,
'Bout that meanest Ape I've ever seen.
An' I know I'm marked when he starts to stand,
So, I scribbles my Will on the back of my hand.
Then my mate drags my carcass back to the table,
An' he says, "We'd better scoot – while you're still able."

Then, the Publican says. "You're a game little cove,
To tackle those deadly types-by Jove."
But, he warns me, "Son, you ever come back here,
An' I'll boot you hard where you sit on that chair."
An' I don't know *why*, an' I don't know *what*,
But, he gave me one – just to mark the spot.

And my mate says, "You know, after all that?
I think I fancies a quiet sap.
An' I knows the spot – but it's a dangerous place,
It's okay if you stays in your own little space."
An'! He says, "Come back." An' he yells, "Where you goin'?"
An' he says, "You're the funniest mate I've known!"
Then he asks, "What sort of friend are you?
You won't even come with a mate for a brew!"

END

The Lord Jesus was called 'A friend of sinners.' And, we *must* be friends with sinners too, because Paul asked, "How will they hear without a Preacher?" We must get close enough to people to be able to testify to them about the Lord. But, we shouldn't be dragged along to places we shouldn't go to, by them.

Paul tells us in first Corinthians six, twelve, that, "All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient." So, we can do anything we want to, but, many things won't be helpful to us as Christians, or be good for our Testimony before others. In John chapter seventeen the Lord prayed "For their sakes I sanctify Myself." And, to be an example to those who we testify to, we must also *resist* doing those things, and going to those places, that 'aren't expedient' as Paul put it.

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