

Johnny Cash blared across crackling speakers,  
misplaced in the ambience of money. The dresses were  
Armani and the purses were fat. What was old Johnny doing  
here?

*I keep a close watch on this heart of mine.*

The feet stepped out of rhythm, unsure of this new  
design. Chatter remained at a minimum until a heel broke  
off a much too celebrated pump.

"Shit!" shrieked the brunette-gone-redhead. As a  
slouch to inspect the sorely misplaced damage gave a bored  
purple strap the opportunity of a lifetime, it boldly  
stepped into its new self and dove off its boney residence  
with too much fervor. This excitement invited what would  
soon be known as the unwanted trouser effect.

*I keep my eyes wide open all the time.*

Feet shuffled quicker now.

A lonely olive hovered on the brink of its existence,  
daring to make that fatal jump - the one which would  
inevitably end with a freshly polished black boot squeezing  
its insides to its outside.

Voices were on the rise, ready to start a movement,  
unaware that those very same voices were the exact  
manifestation of movement.

The olive leapt.

If suicidal olives are bad for parties then Johnny Cash was the apocalypse for this one.

*I keep the ends out for the tie that binds.*

While the caviar remained somewhat aloof, the cheese and crackers conspired behind the bar. Crackers have a rather slippery nature when confronted without introduction, especially on the dance floor. One cracker in particular got a little gun-shy and pulled the slip on a vivacious blonde.

The floor got the gist of the game and gave her a pat on the rear, but the blonde having too much excitement, got fed up and took it out on the Gucci purse dangling just within arms' reach.

*Because your mine.*

"Hey! My purse!" cried a rather tall brunette.

*I walk the line.*

A fist swung, but missed the intended target. Armani ripped. The brunette slipped. Everyone was witness to the delicate thought put into the brunette's wardrobe this evening.

Twinkles devolved to winks and Johnny Cash began to fit in. He likes it here and wants to stay. Armani, step aside.

*I find it very, very easy to be true.*

Glasses clinked across the room. A toast to the elevated excitement, cause: unknown - they lie to themselves. One glass became too enthusiastic. It showered its benefactor in glass confetti, preemptively celebrating. Misconstrued, the wet shards provoked the unwanted attention of the other glasses. Chiming in, they sprayed crystal across the dance floor.

*I find myself alone when each day's through.*

Feet were no longer keeping any kind of beat.

Johnny tried to calm the enthusiasm, but no one listened. Fat purses meant nothing when it's every dress for itself. But what good are dresses amidst broken glass.

Purses fell to the floor with the slippery cracker.

Lying among them all, the dying olive thought it heard Johnny laugh, but maybe it was only imagined.