

Two Songs
Bill Miller

Here are my *Before* and *After* country-western songs about motivational interviewing. The first one is entitled “I’ve Got a Beerkeg Where My Six-pack Used to Be” and illustrates Change Talk – mostly Reasons; in this case about weight loss and secondarily about drinking.

I used to have a great physique from sweating at the gym.
When I went walking down the street the girls said, “Look at him!”
My gut was hard and rippled, just as tight as it could be
And I had the sweetest six-pack that you’d ever hope to see
But I’ve been noticing some changes in my energy of late:
I’m fast asleep at ten o’clock instead of on a date
And I guess that it’s related to my physiognomy.
I’ve got a beer keg where my six-pack used to be.

My dance steps ain’t as frisky and my swagger ain’t as strong
And I find that I get out of breath before the second song.

Now I’m more inclined to watch TV than take a walk outside
And my horse ain’t glad to see me any time I come to ride.
I guess that all that drinking is catching up with me.
I’ve got a beer keg where my six-pack used to be.

Now all these things are changing and I really ain’t that old.
I suppose I ought to exercise and eat like I’ve been told.

The staircase seems about twice as long to get to Sunday school
And I need a longer cue stick at the table shooting pool.
All the girls don’t seem as interested as they once were in me.
I’ve got a beer keg where my six-pack used to be.
Yeah there’s a beer keg where that six-pack used to be.

The second song, entitled “I’ve Got a Six-pack Where My Beerkeg Used to Be,” imagines the same fellow after a motivational interviewing session. What MI skills did the counselor apparently use?

I used to have a great big gut from drinking all that beer.
MacDonald’s fries and burgers were the food that I held dear.
I never did like exercise or eating like I should
And I figured that the way I was, I was gonna be for good
But then I went to see a counselor who really made me think.
When I told her all the things I did she didn’t even blink.
I found myself describing how I’d like for things to be
And it began to dawn on me that it was up to me.

She asked me several questions and then listened while I spoke.
I thought I made a lot of sense, and then I had a smoke.

And after that she asked how I could eat to live to ninety-four
So I explained to her about fiber, fruits and vegetables and more
And on a scale from one to ten I’d give it ‘bout an eight.
I don’t know why I said that, but she told me it was great
And so I went right on describing all the things that I could do.
She said them all right back to me like it was something new.
She asked if I could do it and I told her that I could
Then she asked if I would do it and I told her that I would.

“Now if I do all this talking what the heck are you here for?”
She told that she didn’t know and I headed out the door.

I started eating vegetables and going to the gym
My muscles started growing and my waist was getting trim
I had to do it all myself, but looky here and see:
I’ve got a six-pack where my beerkeg used to be!