

Thirteen Hours

Andy Shauf

Is it my fault that you never got home?
If we'd taken the train, I guess you would've got home.
I was so tired of lugging those bags around.

We hopped in a cab, you were so excited
To stretch out in bed, it was such a long flight.
Thirteen hours of trying to fall asleep.

Judy and me crossing the street,
She said, "What did you leave for the cabbie?"
"That's such a bad tip."
She walked back to give him some more.

I heard tires come screaming around the corner,
Some drunk asshole saying he was so sorry.
One broken hand, two bruised ribs, and one hospital gown.

"If you weren't such a cheap bastard, I'd be at home."
"Oh, I'm not made of money, you should have left it alone."
As soon as I say it, she looks at me so surprised:
"Of course it's your fault that I never got home."